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PHASES OF OPINION AND EXPERIENCE DURING A LONG LIFE :

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY CHARLES BRAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE PHILOSOPHY OF NECESSITY," ETC.

"Nature, which governs the whole, will soon change all things which thou seest, and out of their substance will make other things, and again other things from the substances of them, in order that the world may be ever new." . . .

"But in the things that are held together by Nature there is within and there abides within them the power which made them ; therefore the more is it fit to reverence this power."—*M. Aurelius Antoninus*.

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CONTENTS

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CHAPTER.	PAGE.
I.—EARLY LIFE ; SCHOOL DAYS	1
II.—LIFE IN LONDON ; RELIGIOUS CONVERSION	6
III.—PHILOSOPHICAL NECESSITY AND RE-CONVERSION	10
IV.—PHRENOLOGY AND THE NATURAL LAWS OF MIND	20
V.—MARRIAGE ; INQUIRY CONCERNING THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTIANITY	47
VI.—MY EARLIEST PUBLICATIONS	50
VII.—THE ORGANISATION OF INDUSTRY ; FREE TRADE AND THE ANTI-CORN LAW AGITATION	58
VIII.—ROSEHILL AND FRIENDS ; HENNELL'S INQUIRY AND THE TRANSLATION OF STRAUSS'S "LEBEN JESU"	69
IX.—PURCHASE OF THE "COVENTRY HERALD;" LAMMAS LAND ENCLOSURE ; LOCAL CHARITIES	81
X.—RETIRE FROM BUSINESS—PRIVATE AND PUBLIC ; PERFECT LEISURE ; SECOND EDITION OF "PHILO- SOPHY OF NECESSITY ;" "FORCE AND ITS MENTAL CORRELATES ;" "MANUAL OF ANTHROPOLOGY, OR SCIENCE OF MAN ;" SCOTT'S PAMPHLETS ; "ILLUSION AND DELUSION," &C.	89
XI.—MESMERISM AND SPIRITUALISM	107

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
XII.—TALKING AND WRITING	114
XIII.—SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY ; RESULTS OF MY EXPERIENCE : PROGRESS DEPENDENT UPON IMPROVED BODILY ORGANISATION ; CAUSES OF THE FAILURE OF COMMUNISM ; BREEDING ; MARRIAGE ; AND MATERNITY ; DISTRIBUTION OF FORCE	117
XIV.—OUR INSTITUTIONS AND HOW FAR THEY TEND TOWARDS THE IMPROVEMENT OF OUR BODILY ORGANISATION ; SOCIALISM AND CO-OPERATION	130
XV.—LIBERTY ; EQUALITY ; AND FRATERNITY	148
XVI.—THE HABIT OF LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THINGS, AND ON THE CULTIVATION OF A TASTE FOR GOOD READING	156
XVII.—ENTIRELY PERSONAL	159
XVIII.—THE FUTURE STATE	166

A P P E N D I X .

LIFE—LIFE IN OTHER WORLDS—THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST—OUR OWN WELL-BEING—CREATION—THE MYSTERY OF EVIL—PESSIMISM—DEATH—DEITY—THE EVER PRESENT SPIRIT, THE ALL PERVADING MIND—FINAL CAUSE—THE SUPERNATURAL—MIRACLES—THEISM AND PANTHEISM—FORCE AND INHERENT TENDENCY—ATHEISM—A-PRIORI REASONING AND THEOLOGY—PRAYER, BELIEF, TOLERANCE, AND COMPROMISE—REVOLUTION—SUPERSTITION—BUDDHIST INFALLIBILITY—INSPIRATION—ASPIRATION—CIVILISATION—CHARACTER—MODES OF MOTION AND WHAT THEY REPRESENT IN THE MIND—REALISM AND IDEALISM—ON THE ANALOGY BETWEEN SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S UNIVERSAL "SPIRIT," AND THE "FORCE" OF OUR MODERN DISCOVERY—THE EGO—THE SENSES—CAUSATION—THE FORMATIVE PRINCIPLE, OR LAWS IMPRESSED ON MATTER—FATALISM AND AUTOMATISM—UNITY IN APPARENT DIVERSITY—ELEMOSYNARY CHARITY—ORIGIN OF MAN—CONSCIENCE AND OUR MORAL INTUITIONS—ON FOOD FOR THE MIND—TRUE FREEDOM—WE MUST LIVE—THE OWNERSHIP OF LAND—THE SLOW GROWTH OF TRUTH—CRITICISM—THE SOUL AND ITS IDENTITY—UNIVERSALISM—THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS—THE POWER OF WILL ON MIND—GOETHE ON ORIGINALITY—THE FUTURE STATE—LIGHT AND SOUND—ACTION AND REACTION IN MIND AND MATTER—DURANCE AND ENDURANCE—EVOLUTION—APHORISTIC.

PHASES OF OPINION AND EXPERIENCE DURING A LONG LIFE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE : SCHOOL DAYS.

It is not my intention to give a detailed account of my life,—in which the incidents have been of a very ordinary character and little calculated to interest the general reader,—except so far as this is necessary to explain the course of thought and opinions of one who now for fifty years has been zealously endeavouring to discern the truth, regardless of any consequences to himself ; and who has been so fortunately placed with respect to its pursuit, that no special educational bias, or necessity for holding or teaching one opinion more than another, has influenced him.

Opinion thus honestly formed may interest and be serviceable to those to whom the writer as an individual is nothing, and the hope of this seems to transform itself into a duty to leave behind me some published account of my inner and outward life, and of the causes why that

life has been happy beyond the average, although not successful in the worldly sense of the term.

I was born January 31st, 1811, at Coventry. My father was a ribbon manufacturer in one of the leading firms in that old city. He was well-to-do, and made a considerable fortune. He had eight children, and left them all tolerably provided for. When I was about five years old I had measles, followed by whooping-cough, which left my lungs in such a weak state that I could not for years afterwards live in the town. Consequently I was boarded at various farm-houses in the neighbourhood, where I ran wild without any kind of regular instruction whatever, except such as I picked up among the ploughmen and farmers' boys, which was by no means of a civilising or comprehensive kind. I can remember the scorn and air of superior wisdom with which I corrected another little boy who spoke of the ships at sea. "Ships at sea!" I exclaimed, "Why a ship's on the common, a ettin the graass," for such is the local pronunciation of sheep.

Our nurse's father and mother lived at a small farm about five miles from Coventry, and there I passed the greater part of my time, petted, indulged and spoilt in every possible way. Of my mother I have no recollection, as I spent so little of my early days with her, and she died when I was nine years old. At this age I was sent to a boarding-school in the country for the next five years. Here I learned nothing but bare reading, writing, and arithmetic, which was about all that the school could teach. Nevertheless, after the first three years I went about with a brass plate

round my neck marked "Daily Assistant." I was taught Latin from a phrase-book, with such sentences as "*Quomodo Vales ?*" "How do you do?" &c., and the higher arithmetic and geometry by copying the master's old books without understanding them in the tales. These copies I had to take home as my own works. There was only one book in which I took any interest, called "The Elements," containing, I believe, the elements of physical science, and this book was my constant companion. There were many mean things practised by both master and boys, and as I think the elements also of truth and justice were active in my childish nature, I never could see an unfair thing done by either master or boy without protesting. Consequently I was continually in hot water and all kinds of scrapes; in fact, during the last two years of my stay there, I was in a state of chronic rebellion against authority. For instance, at one time, I would not stay in when ordered to do so, consequently I was tied by the leg to the desk. I cut the cord, and then a heavy logger was padlocked to my leg for weeks together. But I carried this over my shoulders, and I recollect was very proud of it—as proud as Satan himself is supposed to have been in his rebellion against authority. At last I ran away, and the master refused to take me again, being no doubt only too glad to get rid of me.

Before I was twelve the fundamental principles of both my Philosophy and Religion were laid, and from these I have never since departed. Before I went to school, when I was a perfect little savage, my motto,

constantly reiterated, was, "Follow Natur," meaning then, I suppose, not the fundamental principle of the stoics, "Live according to Nature," but a sort of protest against the civilised usages to which I was unaccustomed, —in the sense that "fingers were made before forks." This was my *novum organum*. My Philosophy was then embodied in the doggrel, that,—

" For every evil under the sun,
There's a remedy or there's none ;
If there is one, try to find it,
If there is none, *never mind it.*"

Here we have the *summum bonum* of all philosophy, resignation to the inevitable. Spare no effort to find a remedy, but if you cannot, "grin and bear it"—you have then only the evil itself to bear, pure and simple, which is comparatively easy when freed from all extraneous worry of the mind, whether it be physical pain or mental trouble. This juvenile homily was afterwards embodied in my motto, "Do your best, and leave the rest to God." My religion at this period was formed in this wise. My schoolmaster was a Methodist, and Mr. Swan the baker, Mr. Beard the shoemaker, Mr. Pettridge the saddler, and others, used to hold forth in the hall on Sunday nights to the boys and such villagers as cared to attend. My master had also established a Chapel in a neighbouring village, where I used to go with various preachers to give out the hymns. I recollect that I was most taken with Mr. Beard, as a very sensible man. After full acknowledgment that "he was the greatest sinner on God's earth—surely," and after many earnest petitions to have our "souls made fat," he generally

ended his prayer in these words: "O Lord, in consequence of the depravity of our 'earts we know not what to ask, but yo (you) know what's best for us in the long-run, and we lave (leave) it to you." The language here is certainly not classical, but the sense is good. I thought so then, and I think so now. Thus, to follow Nature reverently, to accept the inevitable, after doing our best, and the firm conviction that under all the circumstances, and "in the long-run," God knew best what was good for us, formed my earliest creed. I literally knew nothing of these subjects educationally, and yet I consider that in this way I was not badly grounded both in religion and philosophy; and it has been the aim of rather a long life to carry out the same principles in theory and practice.

Poetry had great charms for me, and as soon as I could read I learned quantities of it by heart, giving a decided preference to Burns. My first, and I believe last, effort in poetry, when I was about twelve, may be mentioned, as it was characteristic. It was to put the Three Laws of Motion, which I suppose I found in my favourite book, "The Elements," into verse, thus:—

"A body in a state of rest
Continue will until impressed
By some external cause.
But if in motion a body be
It will continue, you may see,
Till stopped by Nature's Laws," &c., &c.

Here we have, if worked out to its logical and legitimate consequences in matter and *mind*, the whole secret of science and philosophy. It will be evident, however, that

although the subject I had chosen was rather a difficult one to begin with, poetry was not my forte. At fourteen I was sent to a really good school at Isleworth, near London, where, if I could have stayed long enough, I might have been well grounded. During the year or two that I was there, I learned some Latin, French, mathematics, &c. which, so far as I know, were never of the slightest use to me in after life. I had most facility in mathematics, in which the Master's nephew, who had taken high honours at Cambridge, bestowed great pains upon me, and I spent most of my half-holidays in his room. But nothing afterwards came of it.

My own school days afforded very decided evidence of the superiority of kindness over brute force in the training even of boys who seem to be by nature refractory. I was considered to be a very bad boy, whom it was impossible to render amenable to any authority, and for whom, of course, nothing could be done but to send him to sea. At this last Isleworth School, however, what little talent I possessed was drawn out, and for the first time in my life kindness was tried instead of coercion. Although I never could be driven, a word of kindness was irresistible. The better part of my nature being now appealed to, I came off with flying colours.

CHAPTER II.]

LIFE IN LONDON : RELIGIOUS CONVERSION.

At seventeen I was placed in a large warehouse in London, and articted for three years. After months of

idleness, luxury, and indulgence at home, the work was certainly very hard. The boys were expected to be at work an hour before breakfast, to sweep and tidy up, and thus the working hours were from seven in the morning till eight at night, standing all the time, there not being a chair or stool about the place. A quarter of an hour was allowed for breakfast and tea, and twenty minutes for dinner. In Spring and Autumn, when retail men came up to purchase their stock, the hours were much longer. It required much persuasion and the great kindness of my friends in London to induce me to stay, but in less than six months I got used to it, and became interested in the business, and sitting, and not standing, it was that tired me. After the first year my hours were reduced from nine to eight, and to show how little exhausting was the day's work, I often walked, on a cold winter's night, two and a half miles and back to see a certain lady's shadow on the window-blind, and frequently went to sup with friends at Camberwell, four miles out. After a while my condition was improved by lodging away from the house, although the change involved a daily walk of five miles. Then for the first time I had quiet and leisure, and read more steadily than I have ever done since. I could get to my books at nine at night, took strong coffee to keep me awake, and filled volumes of manuscript with the opinions of the Greek Philosophers.

But a friend lived near, about five years older than myself, under whose influence I was "converted," or "convinced of sin," and then the philosophers had to give way to Dwight and Doddridge. Hitherto I had

been indifferent to so-called religious influences, notwithstanding my early Methodist training. It is true I went regularly to church, but it was to see the young lady in the next pew, whose shadow on the blind tempted me out on cold foggy winter nights. My friend who "converted" me was a medical man, and a highly intelligent Evangelical Dissenter. I went through the usual process,—a period of exceeding depression, followed by the customary reaction when I began to feel myself among the elect. At the same time my health gave way, owing no doubt to over-work and this new mental strain, and I was ordered to the sea-side by a physician, who feared consumption. At Ryde, where I spent three months, I enjoyed the privilege of "sitting under" the Rev. Mr. Sibthorpe, a most eloquent preacher, who wonderfully fed my new enthusiasm, and I can recollect how at that time there was not a line of the Church service which did not seem specially adapted to my particular case. Being quite alone at Ryde, with not a soul to speak to except my landlady, who seemed to delight in dilating upon her religious experiences, there was nothing to disturb the current of my new impressions, and with a nice little edition of the poets which I had purchased, and with my new views, I wanted no other companionship. The poems of Henry Kirke White had a special charm for me, no doubt enhanced by the fact that the young author had died early of consumption, and I read these so frequently that I can still repeat nearly all of them by heart. No three months of my life were happier than these, and to this not only the cessation from too hard work, but my new

religious views greatly contributed ; and they also enabled me to break away from bad habits, and to withstand temptation, as I am sure nothing else would have done. I returned to London to work out the remainder of my term after this time of pleasant seclusion, but although my position was higher and the work lighter, and I was more interested in it, my health broke down again, and I joined my sisters and some relations in visits to Teignmouth, Ilfracombe, Swansea, and Tenby. This must have been in the summer and autumn of 1830. My health now being tolerably re-established I was installed in my father's warehouse at Coventry to apply my London ideas to an old country practice ; for I had certainly learned more in the two-and-a-half years I spent there than I could have done in seven years elsewhere.

My Religion was now my great delight ; my sisters were also what is called "Evangelical" ; and my first appearance in public was on the platform at a meeting of the Bible Society, the Bishop of ——— in the chair. In strict accordance with my opinions I avoided general society in a world to which I did not belong ; to me it was "the unclean thing." "Come out from among them and be ye separate and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you," I accepted literally as applicable to all convivialities.

My leisure time at night was spent principally in my own room, either in religious reading or devotional exercises, and the intense fervour and glow which frequently accompanied the latter I regarded as the gift of the Spirit in answer to prayer. This form of

excitement was indeed my sheet anchor, and I always said to myself that if ever sceptical doubts should trouble my mind, here was practical, positive proof of the truths of my religious belief. Of course, as I was a very general reader, sceptical thoughts would occasionally arise, but I most resolutely shut my eyes to them, regarding them as the temptation of the Devil through the pride of human reason. Gibbon and Hume were objects of my pity, and especially did I wonder how so large and practical a mind as Benjamin Franklin's could possibly doubt. Naturally this attitude of mind engendered an immense amount of self-sufficiency and religious pride, which led to what many will regard as my fall, and which I look upon as my emancipation.

CHAPTER III.

PHILOSOPHICAL NECESSITY AND RE-CONVERSION.

Among our Coventry acquaintances who were frequent visitors at our house was the Unitarian minister of the Great Meeting House. Of course, the members of our family, including myself, who belonged to the strictest Evangelical sect, regarded him as worse than an infidel;—for an infidel might sin by his unbelief in ignorance, but to this heretic the truth had been made manifest, and he ought to have known better than to reject it. He was an exceedingly modest, intelligent, and well-informed man, and I felt great interest in him, and determined in consequence to convert him, feeling so certain of the infallibility of my own views, that I had

not the least doubt of my power to do so. I did not for a moment think that his worldly interests would stand in the way, any more than they would have done with myself. So I prepared myself with "Jones on the Trinity," and a great many other books which I deemed unanswerable. My own view of the Trinitarian doctrine had been formed on Dr. Watts' Sabellian interpretation, viz., that God the Father was our Creator and Preserver; God the Son was the only mode of directly manifesting Himself to creatures like ourselves, and God the Holy Ghost was the pervading Spirit of the Universe. This appeared to me to be the most reasonable way of interpreting the mystery of the Trinity. But I soon found how little I was prepared for the task I had undertaken. The passages upon which I most relied the Unitarian did not admit. The "Three Witnesses" was an interpolation, shown by Sir I. Newton to be such, and for others he had a different interpretation. I could have beat him with my own Bible—the English, but he had the Latin or the Vulgate, used by Roman Catholics, and a special interpretation of the New Testament for his own particular sect. Since then our English version has been revised, and in May, 1881, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol presented to the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury the revised version of the New Testament. "What has actually taken place," he said, "is an average for the Gospels of between eight or nine changes for every five verses, of which three changes in every ten verses were changes of importance. In the Epistles, of course, the number of changes had necessarily been larger; they had been fifteen changes in every five verses, but still

only three changes in every ten verses were changes of importance." How can that be the Word of God which requires so many *important* changes? In fact it became clear to me that if we had the "Word of God" we required also an inspired translation, and more than that, since all the world interpreted differently, an inspired interpretation. Both of these the Romish Church profess to have, if you choose to take their word for it. The first inroad on my faith was the being obliged to give up plenary inspiration. I began to read the Bible critically, venturing here and there to put a different interpretation from that which I had been taught by my own narrow Evangelical sect. But I did this with fear and trembling. I looked upon such freedom of thought as a direct temptation of the Devil, and morning and evening I prayed fervently to be delivered from "the pride of human reason." But reason would be heard, and ultimately got the upper hand. Notwithstanding the straining which I had hitherto practised with respect to the Mosaic account of the Creation, as to the six days meaning indefinite periods,—ultimately I was obliged to agree with the Rev. Baden Powell, that "Nothing in geology bears the smallest resemblance to any part of the Mosaic cosmogony, torture the interpretation to whatever extent we may." ("Christianity without Judaism," p. 257.) And may we not say the same of astronomy as of geology? The God of the Hebrews—"God's chosen people"—was a very different being indeed, as painted in the Old Testament, from what I had hitherto conceived of Deity; possessing man's greatest vices greatly exaggerated. It is true the

conception improves as civilisation advances, and after the Jews had passed seventy years at Babylon under the higher teaching of Zoroaster. He is presented to us as angry, furious, cruel, vindictive, jealous, treacherous, partial, easily turned from his purpose, and repenting in consequence of the smell and sweet savour of slaughtered beasts and birds, and of incense and sackcloth and ashes. It is difficult to see in what the conception differs from that of the neighbouring gods of whom he is represented as being so jealous. He appears as a man to Adam and to Abram, walks in the *cool* of the evening, shows his parts behind to Moses, *comes down* to prevent a tower being built *up* into heaven, &c. This is certainly not the God I worshipped. It was long before I dared to give my reason full scope. What appears to me to be so obvious now appeared then as the spirit of the Devil blaspheming. I durst not listen to it. For instance, I thought if God knew what he was going to do, and what would therefore take place, he would either have made Eve strong enough to resist temptation, or have kept the serpent out of Paradise. To make a Paradise out of which he knew his new-made creatures would be immediately driven was "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." But it is said Eve must have been left *free*, or there would have been no *virtue* in resisting. What, left *free* to destroy herself and all her race? Surely no such fatal gifts could be safely entrusted to so frail a creature; particularly as God knew perfectly well how it would end. And then again, if on the day of her disobedience she had surely died, according to promise, no great harm would have been done; she

would simply have been as she was the day before her creation, and the world none the worse. We might have had another Adam and Eve, not free, but both able and willing to resist the Devil and all his works. But we are told in the Westminster Confession of Faith, that "This their sin God was pleased, according to His wise and holy council, to permit, having purposed to order it to His own glory;" *i.e.*, He permitted the Devil to tempt our first parents in the full knowledge that they would fall, and having already prepared a place of torment, that He *might order it to his own glory*. This scheme of redemption which was to be turned to His own glory was, according to the same orthodox Confession of Faith, the *election* of a few to everlasting life, while the majority were fore-ordained to everlasting death—"ordained to dishonour and wrath for their sin, to the praise of his glorious justice." It was the offer of salvation on terms which He knew would not be accepted by the great majority, and of which the greater part of the world would never even hear. This was worse than making the Paradise out of which he knew the occupants would immediately get themselves turned. This way of stating the case must appear very distasteful or even blasphemous to those who now think as I once did, but they must endeavour also to realise how such a libel on the Supreme is likely to appear to those who feel themselves at liberty to use their common sense. And yet at one time I believed this, and found not only no fault with it but my joy in it; for who was I to judge the Almighty? With all my sense of justice I did not then see that both the fall and the redemption—the sin

and the atonement, were based upon a great injustice. It was not just that the innocent should suffer for the guilty—Adam, or that the guilty should be saved by the sufferings and death of the innocent—Christ. Of course I believed all this to be a great mystery, that God's ways were not as man's ways, &c., but the greatest of all mysteries to me now is how I could ever have believed it, or that greater and better men than I still continue to believe it.

According to Natural Law, which of course is God's Law, the highest virtue—i.e., that which brings most good to our race—is justice, and it is not at all probable that God's direct dealing with us should be based upon such a manifest breach of it. Though the Unitarians do not hold the doctrine of the Fall and of the Atonement, I could not stay with them. As a matter of Faith I had believed, and could still believe much, but on investigation, although I found that the Old and New Testaments contain much that is good, I could not find evidence for their being more inspired than the sacred writings of other peoples and times, and there was much in Christ's doctrine that I could not accept. Of course I did not go this length at once, and many efforts were made to stay my progress, both by judicious and injudicious friends. One lent me "Leland's Answers to the Deistical Writers," in which it certainly appeared to me that the Infidels had the best of the argument. Another lent me Jonathan Edwards on "Freedom of Will." Here I found Philosophical Necessity clearly and logically proved. The author professedly held both doctrines, the one based on reason, the other on Scrip-

ture, but I could not do this. I held firmly to the first; but what was I to do with it? It was fundamentally opposed to all my previously recognised principles of ethics.

And here I must pause. The next year was certainly the most miserable year of my life. I had given up my faith, and with it many of my dearest friends. I had no faith, no friends, and I had to begin to build my life over again; my mind was in a complete anarchy, or in a state of blank despair.

Since this was written I learn from Froude's "Life of Carlyle," that Carlyle, in his youth, when about the same age as myself, had gone through a very similar experience. "In the Mainhill household," we are told, "the Westminster Confession was a full and complete account of the position of mankind and of the Being to whom they owed their existence. The Old and New Testaments not only contain all spiritual truths necessary for guidance in word and deed, but every fact related in them was literally true. To doubt was not to mistake, but was to commit a sin of the deepest dye, and was a sure sign of a corrupted heart. Carlyle's wide study of modern literature had shown him that much of this had appeared to many of the strongest minds in Europe to be doubtful, or even plainly incredible. Young men of genius are the first to feel the growing influences of their time, and on Carlyle they fell in their most painful form. Notwithstanding his pride he was modest and self-distrustful. He had been taught that want of faith was sin, yet, like a true Scot, if he knew that he would peril his soul if he pretended to believe what his

intellect told him was false. If any part of what was called Revelation was mistaken, how could he be assured of the rest? How could he tell that the moral part of it, to which the phenomena which he saw around him were in plain contradiction, was more than a "devout imagination?" Thus to poverty and dyspepsia there had been added the struggle which is always hardest in the noblest minds, which Job had known, and David, and Solomon, and Æschylus, and Shakespeare, and Goethe. Where are the tokens of His presence? Where are the signs of His coming? Is there in this universe of things any moral Providence at all? or is it the product of some force of the nature of which we can know nothing, save only that 'one event comes alike to all, to the good and to the evil, and that there is no difference?'

Common-place persons, if assailed by such misgivings, thrust them aside, throw themselves into occupation, and leave doubt to settle itself. Carlyle could not. . . . The result of it was that he was extremely miserable."

I had one Truth, however, about which I was certain, viz., that no part of the Creation had been left to chance, or what is called free will; that the laws of mind were equally fixed or determined with those of matter, and that all instinct in beasts, and calculation in man, required that they should be so fixed. I set myself to work, therefore, gradually and laboriously, to build up a system of ethics in harmony with this established fact. I found that *everything* acted necessarily in accordance with its own nature, and that there was no freedom of choice beyond this; consequently, if there could be no virtue in the ordinary sense of that term, *i.e.*, in action

that is determined, neither could there be any sin. This quite settled the religious difficulty to me as to rewards and punishments. What then was virtue? Not that which is free, or spontaneous, or uncaused, but that which does good; that being the greatest virtue which does the greatest amount of good, or produces most happiness. Our likes and antipathies have no relation to the question as to whether what we like or dislike made itself, or could have been other than it is. We like a rose, but we dislike assafoetida; and we are influenced precisely in the same way in the moral world. We love that man best who, we know, CANNOT, from his *nature*, be a nasty sneak, or do a mean thing. We should be sorry to think he was *free* to be the one or to do the other.

How is it that mankind generally have come under this delusion as to actions being free and not determined? A man feels that he is free because he can do as he likes, but that is not freedom of will, but freedom to act in accordance with the dictates of the will *when formed*. What he liked to do, *i.e.*, what he willed, depended upon his own nature, combined with the circumstances in which he was then placed. "I call a thing *free*," says Spinoza, "if it exists and acts merely from the necessary laws of its own nature, but *constrained* if determined by something else to exist and act in a certain determinate way." "You see," he says, "that I make freedom to consist not in a free decision of the will, but in free necessity." Locke's opinion on Freedom of Will was that though the agent is free to act as he wills, the will itself is immovably *determined* by motives. Real Responsibility

consists not in freedom, but in our being obliged to accept the consequences of our actions, which consequences, be they pleasurable or painful, are intended for the guidance of the will, and a responsible person is he who has power to be governed by such consequences. Mad people, and those whose passions overbear all restraint, are not responsible in this sense, and require, therefore, physical restraint. I gradually worked out this system into a form which I afterwards published as "The Philosophy of Necessity; or, The Law of Consequences; as Applicable to Mental, Moral, and Social Science." I had emancipated myself and gained the whole beautiful world, instead of the very limited portion of it which I considered myself entitled to use when I looked upon it as the mere preparation for another and a better. In another sense also I was happier. I could never before reconcile the Martyrdom of individual Man with the justice of God; not even in the sense that the wicked *born* to dishonour and misery in this world, were to be the most miserable in the world to come. But on the doctrine of Universal Law *individual men and nations were merged into one great whole*, and nothing and no individuality was allowed to stand in the way of the *general* good. The pressure of population on the means of subsistence was the great civilizer, and War was the great organizer, which supplied mental vigour and cleared out of the way old, effete, and inferior races to make room for the young and vigorous, and those who could add most to the enjoyment of the whole. Man did nothing before he came into the world, and he could therefore claim no special position in it; he merely took

his place as a unit in the system, and I had no difficulty in tracing the progressive good in the general effect, where happiness was made to depend, not on the good of one, but of all. But it is impossible to do this if man is to be regarded from the Individual point of view. No other world could compensate for the inequalities of this. Countless beings come into existence and go out again ; to all, perhaps, with few exceptions, this is better than never to have been, and to the great majority it is certainly much better.

CHAPTER IV.

PHRENOLOGY AND THE NATURAL LAWS OF MIND.

In 1835 my father died, and I took his place in the business ; a large and lucrative one. On visiting again the Isle of Wight with my sisters that same year I was forcibly impressed with the wonderful change which had taken place in my religious views and feelings since I was at Ryde in 1829, and I am now about to chronicle another important mental change, if not one equally important.

I had always been much interested in the cause of education generally, and a warm advocate of the National system. We had established in Coventry two Infant Schools on the Wilderspin system, and I had set up one on my own account in an outlying district where it was much wanted. I recollect that Dr. Hook, then Vicar of the Holy Trinity Church in Coventry, who was very active in all good works, albeit a very bigoted

Churchman, called the first meeting in support of Infant Schools, and proposed that the Church Catechism should be taught to the infants. Dr. Hook was always influential—no one thought of opposing him—but since it was obvious that this clause would exclude the children of Dissenters, I objected to it on that account, and was the only person in the meeting who did not put his name down for a subscription. But I helped to get up another meeting for an Infant School without the Church Catechism, and we consequently had two good schools instead of one. This was in the days of my religious fervour, when I considered myself a good Churchman. The establishment of our Mechanics' Institution had also my active support, and my leisure at Shanklin was occupied in writing a course of lectures on education for delivery at this Institution. In connection with this task a circumstance occurred which again gave a new direction to my inquiries. To aid me in my work I sent to London for Combe's "Physiology," written by Dr. Andrew Combe, but George Combe's "Phrenology" was sent me by mistake instead. Now I had at that time a most supreme contempt for Phrenology, such contempt being based, as it usually is, on ignorance. I was well read in the old and modern works on Metaphysics and Mental Science, and *prima facie* nothing appeared to me more absurd than the supposition that a man's character could be written in the bumps on his skull. I thought I knew how our Feelings had been gradually formed by Association, and that they did not therefore exist as primitive instincts as the Phrenologists asserted. But having no choice I began to read the book, (Combe's

“Phrenology,”) and soon got intensely interested, because I could not but be convinced that, *if true*, the system was much more practically applicable to education than any other with which I had been previously acquainted. My lectures were laid aside, and I got wildly excited about this new view. I went to London, had my head shaved, and a cast of it taken that I might examine the skull of the man whose character I knew best, and I purchased 100 of Deville’s casts, in which special organs were large or small. These I took home with me to study. I found afterwards that having my head shaved was quite unnecessary, as the hair, when properly dressed for taking a cast, interferes very little with the taking of the development; making no greater difference than there is sometimes between the external and internal plates of the skull, viz., from one-tenth to one-eighth of an inch, while the difference between a large and a small organ of the brain is from an inch to an inch-and-a-half. I never missed an opportunity of examining a head where the character was at all marked, and soon arrived at the conviction that there was much truth in what the Phrenologists affirmed. I experienced the greatest difficulty where I expected to find the least, in the forehead, as seemingly high and large foreheads were often found in combination with comparatively little intellect. Two years afterwards George Combe came to stay with us, and he showed me that the anterior lobe, or the part of the brain connected with the intellect, was not always that which appeared in the forehead, but was the part of the brain lying on the supra-orbital plate, over the eyes, which we have various ways of estimating;

whereas the size of the forehead is determined by the growth of the hair being more or less forward, and often, particularly in women, by the feelings nearest to the intellect forming part of the forehead. A more correct estimate, although still a very loose one, may be formed by taking the forehead above the face from the corner of the eye.

Thus, in Phrenology, I was introduced not to Free Will but to the Natural Laws of Mind,—the machinery by and through which the “Soul of each and God of All” worked such wonderfully varied but invariable effects. The study of these laws is surely the most interesting of all studies ; for a man carries his character about with him, written on his skull and reflected in his face, plainly legible to those who have qualified themselves so to read it. This study is not, however, an easy one, and can only be pursued by Gall’s method of comparing function with development, and not by any of the bye-paths now attempted of anatomy and vivisection. The science has now fallen into disrepute ; first because the clergy have given it a bad name as leading to materialism ; and secondly, it has been followed for gain by incompetent “Professors,” who profess to reveal a great deal more than phrenology in its present state is able to tell even were such men its competent exponents. The leading features of a character in the animal, moral, and intellectual regions are easily discernible, but those niceties of character dependent upon the mode in which the faculties act in groups or balance one another, and upon education and circumstances, are not so readily recognised. The subject is at present ignored by our

leading physiological professors, and in the absence of any qualified person among them to take it up, various efforts are made to carry us back to the old, exhausted, and worn out field of Metaphysics; notably in a quarterly publication called "Mind," which is purely metaphysical. Such a wonderful case of "reversion" cannot last, and it will not be long before we must be brought back to the only practical Science of Mind.

I call it a case of "reversion," because when George Combe was a candidate for the Chair of Logic in the University of Edinburgh in 1836, a host of the leading literary and scientific men of the day testified as follows :—

"That, Phrenology, viewed as the abstract science of mind, is superior to any system of mental philosophy which has preceded it ;

"That, Phrenology contains a true exposition of the physiology of the brain ;

"That, Phrenology is specially useful in its application in discriminating the varieties of insanity ; in the classification and treatment of criminals, and in the purposes of education."

To this testimony may be added that of Dr. John Conolly, the great and humane reformer of our asylums for the insane, and a valued friend of my own. When he first undertook the superintendence of the Hanwell Asylum, Dr. Conolly knew no more about phrenology than Huxley and other leading physiologists of the present day appear to do, and would speak of "long heads and short heads, round heads and flat heads," but after a few years' experience and close observation

at Hanwell of the cranial peculiarities often accompanying the different forms of madness, he became more discriminating, and ultimately a decided phrenologist. In a letter to George Combe, he says :—

“Many and pressing avocations leave me no time just at present to express to you, in a manner at all worthy, my conviction of the great usefulness of habitual regard to the principles of Phrenology, especially in my department of practice, and of the confusion and imperfection of the views which seem to me to be taken both of sound and unsound mind, by those who reject the aid of observations, confirmed now by vast experience, and most of which may be daily verified in asylums for the insane.

“I am also convinced, that attention to the form of the head, conjoined with that cautious consideration of all other physical circumstances, which no prudent Phrenologist disregards, will often enable the practitioner to form an accurate prognosis in cases of mental disorder and foretell the chances of recovery or amelioration, or hopeless and gradual deterioration. But I am aware that I am now taking a very limited view of the applications of the science ; which, however, I know you will excuse, in consideration of the somewhat exclusive occupation of my mind on these subjects.”

All real progress must depend upon the perfecting the instrument upon which Life and Thought depend, and this must depend upon a true Science of Man ; but our scientific men of the present day, as regards the physiology of the brain, the special organ of thought, are not much in advance of the chaotic state in which

Gall found the subject nearly a hundred years ago. Our most popular writers on Ethics of the present day, Spencer, Lewes, Maudsley, Huxley, &c., lead directly up to the subject and there leave it—they decline to follow Gall's method of comparing function with development, and they believe therefore that the road to truth is not that way. But when we come again to the right path of the true cerebral physiology it is a question whether these writers will be read for the sake of the little truth they supply on the science of mind. J. S. Mill is principally responsible for turning a whole generation out of the way. Two phrenologists, he told me, had been altogether mistaken in his character by judging of it from the shape of his head, and he declined to go further into the matter. We have lately had one good book on the subject. Mr. Jolly, one of Her Majesty's School Inspectors, has edited George Combe's Views on Education, based upon a real knowledge of what the being to be educated is. This application of Phrenology to Education is a rather lengthy but very valuable record, which cannot now be destroyed or withdrawn.

One thing strikes me very forcibly, and that is, how little real knowledge of character exists in this 19th century, and how very little the public estimate is to be relied on. I have lately purchased a photograph of Thomas Carlyle, by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker-street. In this the organs of Congruity, Wit,* and Ideality, are

* The organ called Wit, or Humour, or the Love of the Ludicrous, is probably a double organ consisting of Congruity, a high reasoning power which traces purpose or design, and is a purely *intellectual* faculty, and the feeling of the Ludicrous arising from Incongruity. The outside or lateral part belongs to the Feeling.

very large, so much so as to give intense pleasure in their exercise. Wit is a sense of incongruity, and the marked peculiarity of Carlyle's genius is humour combined with sublimity—a grotesquely humorous originality of utterance. It is this that has formed his style. These organs are not so large in his earlier photographs; they seem to have grown enormously from exercise. Those in whom these organs are deficient cannot read him,—they thank God that they have never read a page, while his style is the source of great enjoyment to others. Sir Henry Taylor tells us (*Nineteenth Century*, June, 1881) that at a time when Carlyle was slowly emerging from obscurity and sadly struggling for the means of subsistence, he applied for a pension for him to one of our Statesmen, “who was the most distinguished for the love of literature,” and the answer was that a man who wrote in that style *ought* to starve. There are more people blind to all sense of wit than there are colour-blind, and no doubt this statesman, “distinguished for his love of literature,” was one of them. This fact also illustrates how apt men trained in the orthodox and classical school of literature are to make *what* is said quite secondary to the *way* in which it is said.

Carlyle had a small organ of Benevolence. He had infinite Pity, but this came from his Self-esteem. He thanked God that he was not as other men. Like Socrates, he found it difficult to find “the wiser man,” at least the man that was wiser than himself. His Firmness, Conscientiousness, Self-esteem, and Adhesiveness were his largest organs, and they were very large.

A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* (June, 1881, p. 701) says, "Of Dickens I will only say this: that to my mind the most melancholy record of any author's life that I know is the last vol. of *Foster's Life*, in which we see how a man of fine genius may be worn to death by vulgar admiration and the intoxication of pecuniary success. It is bad enough that authors should be starved or forced to uncongenial labour, or have to toil through ten-fold gloom of despondency in forcing their way to the front; but it is perhaps still worse for them, and certainly worse for their lasting reputation, that they should start with splendid success, and be stimulated by the shouts of the multitude to go on making more and more splendid successes till they have exhausted themselves in spasmodic grasping at cheap triumphs." No Phrenologist would have been surprised that this should have happened in Dickens' case; his head was very flat at the top, going straight off from the anterior lobe connected with the intellect. We are all greatly indebted to Dickens' large and peculiar intellect, but his strongest feelings were Love of Approbation and Acquisitiveness, and he literally killed himself in their gratification, unrestrained by the controlling power and higher motives which a larger coronal region of the brain would have given.

Our present leading popular statesmen, W. E. Gladstone, with a larger brain and even larger intellect, although acting in an entirely different department from Dickens, has the same deficiencies and the same organs in excess. The Political Economy of the present day wants a moral region: it is based upon unlimited com

petition or the ennobling doctrine of "everyone for himself and devil take the hindmost," and Gladstone is its most powerful and popular representative. With his 40-horse talking power he has been able to do much good in this and other departments, but whether he has not lowered the tone of Liberalism, of which he has been so long the leader, it will be for history to determine. I recently purchased two photos to show a large and small sized organ of Conscientiousness. The one of large size was Napoleon III., the small size was Gladstone. I know that the public will say that this shows that Phrenology is wrong. We will leave that to history. The moral instincts of the upper class, throughout the country at large, seem already to have divined the truth in this matter. Whatever was the means by which Napoleon III. became possessed of empire—and probably there never was so important a revolution accomplished at so small an expense of bloodshed—still it must be admitted that with all the drawbacks France was never so prosperous as during his rule. While he was prostrate with the most violently painful illness, he was pushed, against his will, into the German war by the War Party and the Empress, the latter being acted upon by the Jesuits, who wanted a war against the Rationalism of Germany.

A certificate given to the future Emperor when at school at the College of St. Anne, at Augsburg, 1821-2, when he was fourteen, says "This pupil possesses an ardent feeling for all that is elevated, good, and beautiful; he would have made great progress if illness had not on several occasions prevented him from attending the class." But

the world judges by success only. During his reign, before the war, he was supposed to be the wisest and most astute man in Europe; afterwards he was spoken of only with contempt.

In the time of Socrates it was as difficult to find the wise man. In "The Apology of Socrates," he gives us the result of his search, "O Athenians," he says, "I must tell you the truth, the whole result of my inquiry was this: all those who passed for the wisest men, appeared to me to be infinitely less disposed to wisdom, than those who were not so esteemed;" and a wise man of the present day, Thomas Carlyle, says "Human intelligence means little for most of us but Beaver Contrivance, which produces spinning mules, cheap cotton, and large fortunes: Wisdom, unless it gives us railway scrip, is not wise."

We have just lost a great man, Charles Darwin (April, 1882), who has most deservedly been placed among other great men in Westminster Abbey. I do not grudge him the reward of his long, laborious, patient assiduity, or underrate the fruits of his labour; but surely in their bearing upon the advancement of our race they are nothing to Gall's. Gall spent a long life in the study of Man, and laid the foundation of a system of Mental Science more needed than anything else, if Psychology is ever to take rank with the Physical Sciences, or is ever to emerge from what it is without Gall—mere Metaphysics. In real importance Gall's discoveries come before Darwin's as much as man is of more importance than plants and animals,—and there is more of real importance in the book to which I have previously alluded, based on

Gall's discoveries, and published by Mr. Jolly, than in all Darwin has ever written ; and yet of all who rushed to do honour to Darwin there was probably not one who knew anything of Gall. Mr. Darwin had a brain above the average size, with an active temperament, very large Perceptive faculties, with only moderate Reflective. His Firmness and Conscientiousness were very large, his Benevolence moderate. The development indicates predominant perceptive power, with great love of truth, and indomitable perseverance.

"The survival of the fittest" in the present day does not mean the survival of the highest type of humanity, but the one most in harmony with the moral character of the age, which is not high. Lord Amberley, Earl Russell's eldest son, had one of the finest coronal regions of the brain I have ever seen, and he could not live in the moral atmosphere of our House of Commons.

Thomas Carlyle, in a letter to Dr. Chalmers (*Good Words*, July 1881, pp. 477-8), says "We find, in all healthy ages, men have used their intellect, not for looking into itself (which I consider to be naturally impossible, and a mere morbid spasm), but to look out, as an eye should, over the universe, which is not *we*, and there to recognise innumerable things, and to believe and do, and to adore withal, as in that case is a very universal and infallible result among other blessed ones ! This I privately maintain as a very irrefragable article of faith to myself highly important and pregnant with results quite boundless. From time to time, too, I meet with gratifying confirmations. Goethe says once of himself, 'I never thought about thinking. I know

a better trick than that.' . . . Without the visual faculties," Carlyle says, "there could be no vision; yet is there no antecedent necessity to become acquainted with the visual faculty ere we see. Without the knowing faculty there could be no knowledge; yet there is not, on that account, the antecedent necessity for our making acquaintance with the knowing faculties ere we can know." Carlyle, however, himself says elsewhere ("French Revolution," vol. 1, p. 9), "In every object there is inexhaustible meaning; the eye sees in it what the eye brings means of seeing." But unless we make acquaintance with the visual and knowing faculties, how are we to know what the eye brings means of seeing, or natural power to see? If a small part of the brain, under the centre of the eyebrow, is deficient, people cannot distinguish some colours from others; and if it is very deficient they are colour-blind—the world has no colour for them, let them "look out," with Carlyle, "as an eye should, over the universe," as sharp as they like. It is the same with all our other perceptive faculties, and we may be equally blind to form and size and all the other so-called properties of matter, if the brain and mental faculty upon which these depend be deficient, so that we require to think about "thinking" that we may know what we cannot think, and if Goethe knew a better trick than that he should have told us what it was. If the brain is deficient a person may be as much morally blind as colour-blind, and in neither case is he often aware of his own deficiency. Such persons judge others by themselves, and they put down an active benevolence, veneration, or a scrupulous conscience, to

sentimentality, or shame, or deference to public opinion.

“The intellectual faculties are of two kinds, those which are acted upon by external causes, through the medium of the senses, and the ideas belonging to which, therefore, are modified by the senses ; and those faculties that act upon these ideas where so furnished by the first class. They have been very properly divided into ideas of Simple and Relative Perception.

“All the knowledge, therefore, that we acquire of our external world is of its action through the medium of the senses upon only a few of the mental faculties, and which action of the perceptive faculties alone would be quite insufficient to give us the idea of nature as we now conceive of it. The world, as it appears to us, is created in our own minds by the action of the faculties of Relative Perception and of Reflection upon the comparatively few ideas furnished by the faculties of Simple Perception.” “Philosophical Necessity,” p. 203.

Carlyle, we are told, differs from Kant, who regards “primitive judgments” as wholly subjective conceptions. With him, as with Reid, they are beliefs which have an objective counterpart.” *Good Words*, July, 1881, p. 478.

Surely our “primitive judgments” are the creation of the mind—subjective. There may be an objective reality that causes our sense of colour, but colour cannot be its counterpart : one cannot, in any sense, be *like* the other. The world is created within us by the action of something without, but what that something is in itself we cannot know. We know only of its action upon the brain, of its capability of causing sensations within us. We know only thoughts, not things, and each thought

may have its *cause* without, not its counterpart. "Natural Science can only be the science of human modes of thinking." Is it not, then, of the *first* importance to know how this world within us is created—to "think about thinking," to study the machinery through which this takes place? The perfection of our thinking depends upon the more or less perfect development of this instrument of thought; in proportion as that is defective will be the world it creates within us. The only way to find this instrument of thought, is the phrenological one of comparing function with development. And yet this method is utterly neglected by the physiologists and psychologists of the present day. Like our schoolmasters, who have too many subjects for examination to take up any new one, they have not time,—for it takes time to devote to it. The physiologists who have ventured to give an opinion on the subject show that they have not followed Gall's method, and, therefore, know nothing of the subject practically, and their theoretical objections they will find fully answered in the 20 volumes of the *Phrenological Journal*, published from the year 1823 to 1847, when the subject and its great importance occupied the public mind not only in this country but on the Continent and America.

To Mr. G. H. Lewes's objections to Phrenology in the third edition of his "Biographical History of Philosophy," I replied in the second edition of my "Philosophy of Necessity," and in his fourth edition he withdraws many of his objections, and considerably modifies others. His reasonings were mainly based on the false assumption that Intellect is dependent upon the general size of

brain,—whereas it depends upon only a small portion of the brain connected with the anterior lobe,—and that therefore we may have very stupid people with very large heads. Of course no correct conclusions could be drawn based upon so fundamental an error. In his last work, published since his death, “The Study of Psychology,” he says, “Another great step was taken by Gall in his search for the particular organs by which particular functions were effected. His localization of these organs in the cerebral convolutions was indeed definite in principle, since it ignored the organism as a whole, and assigned to one particular complex arrangement the results due to many parts; moreover his anatomical and physiological data were inaccurate. Nevertheless his hypothesis was truly scientific in character, and it gave an immense impulse to research. He taught men to keep steadily in view the constant relation between structure and function; he taught them the necessity of objective analysis; he taught them the futility of looking inward, and neglecting the vast mass of external observations which animals and societies afforded; he taught *where* to seek the primary organic conditions—in inherited structures and inherited aptitudes.

“The effect of this teaching is conspicuous in modern works, however little of his special system they may reproduce. Indeed, we may now say that the biological attitude has displaced the metaphysical: mental phenomena are everywhere regarded as vital, and not as having a source which is independent of the living organism” (p. 77, et seq.) Phrenologists do not “ignore

the organism as a whole, or assign to *one* particular complex arrangement the results due to many parts," for although they hold that vigour of function is proportionate to the size of the organ, they yet find that organs seldom act alone, but rather in groups, the result of association, education, and circumstance.

Dr. Andrew Wilson has an anti-phrenological article, very flimsy and shallow, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1879, to which there is an answer in the January number (1881) of the *Phrenological Magazine*. He, like Mr. Lewes, assumes that intelligence is measured by the general size of brain; of course, therefore, he can know nothing of Phrenology. Mr. Froude tells us, in his *Life of Thomas Carlyle*, that old John Welsh, of Penfillan, Mrs. Carlyle's maternal grandfather, was himself a tall man, and had a fixed notion that size of body and size of mind went together, and he would never admit a new friend till he had measured him. This is not a bit more absurd than that intelligence depends upon general size of brain. The Doctor makes other absurd statements; he tells us, for instance, that the organ of "Calculation" is a solid bony process, and that "Form" and "Language" are the result of bony processes. Dr. Wilson can never have seen a marked skull,—and fancy Gall, Spurzheim, and the Combes mistaking bony processes for brain! He must have had great faith in the ignorance, prejudice, and credulity of the public to venture upon such a statement.

Dr. H. Charlton Bastian makes a similar misstatement in his work on "The Brain as an Organ of Mind." He says, "If we take the organ of 'Philoprogenitiveness,'

whose assigned situation at the back of the head may be seen in any phrenological bust, we find that it corresponds with a bony prominence, which varies greatly in thickness in different individuals, whilst internally it corresponds to the point of union of four great venous sinuses, and within these as much to the tips of the Occipital Lobes as to a part of the upper and posterior border of the Cerebellum." Every Phrenologist knows this is not true. I have never met with a Phrenologist, who, like Dr. Bastian, is so ignorant as to mistake the Occipital spinal process, the bony prominence to which I suppose the Doctor alludes, for Philoprogenitiveness. That organ lies above that process, and occupies at least an inch of *brain* on each side of the head. Dr. Bastian says, "It would have been almost needless to have dwelt so long upon this subject (Phrenology) but for the fact that amongst the general public there are probably very many who, if not actual believers in this Phrenology of Gall and Spurzheim, may be glad to know upon what precise grounds this system should be rejected." I fear that if the "general public" follow Dr. Bastian on this subject they will follow a blind guide. The illustration I have given above furnishes a very correct measure of the Doctor's knowledge. In fact, if 47 years' practical study of the subject entitles me to give an opinion, I should say that Dr. Bastian *literally knows nothing at all* about The Brain as an Organ of the Mind. He is like a man with a lantern seeking for truths which Phrenologists have made clear as noon-day fifty years ago. He has never followed Gall's method, a long and laborious process, of comparing function with

development—for which he has either no time, or is too prejudiced to attempt. His objections are the “spontaneous generation” of his own brain, and do not in the least affect the thousands of facts upon which the Phrenological System is founded.

In Germany opinion seems very much divided on this subject of Phrenology among its Professors. Thus Lange says (“History of Materialism”), “it is always noteworthy, however, that our Materialists, and among them men of whom it would certainly not be expected, have expressed themselves surprisingly in favour of Phrenology. So B. Cotta ; so, too, especially, Vogt, who, in his ‘*Bilder aus dem Thierleben*,’ wrote the characteristically hasty words : ‘Is phrenology, therefore, true in its minutest application ? Must every change of function have been preceded, or rather simultaneously accompanied, by a material change of the organ ? I cannot but say, Truly it is so.’” Vol. 3, p. 118.

Lange himself is an Anti-Phrenologist. He says, “There are even cases in which quite unequivocally *both* frontal lobes of the cerebrum have been seriously affected and destroyed, and in which not the least disturbance was observed. Longet reports two such cases, which had been thoroughly observed. One such instance, however, is enough to overturn the whole system of phrenology.” Vol. 3, p. 117. Of course it is, if, as he says, it had been thoroughly and correctly observed, but if he had spent nearly 50 years of his life in observing the connection between the anterior lobe of the brain and the intellect, both in general and in special organs, he might have some doubt about this. He says, also, “But

it has been forgotten that even if a large frontal development coincides as a rule with great intelligence, there is as yet not the slightest proof of a localized activity in these parts of the brain." Vol. 3, p. 117. Now it has been found from an investigation on the railways, arising from fatal mistakes made in signalling, that 1 in 25, or 4 per cent. of the people employed, cannot distinguish some colours from others, and in them the organ of colour, over the centre of the eyebrow, is invariably deficient. To all who have qualified themselves to observe, other "localizations," are equally obvious.

I think if Physiologists, both at home and abroad, have no *practical* knowledge of Gall's system, they had better say nothing about it, and not expose their ignorance and help to lead the public away from the most important truths that have ever yet been discovered—from that Science of Mind upon which all real advancement of the race depends.

The Hatters' Gazette says:—

"The heads of the people are certainly getting less. This is simply indisputable, and in support of this the Bristol Naturalists' Society have recently been collecting some interesting particulars. In the early part of this month the following papers were read before the members of the Society, under the presidency of Dr. Burder:—'Evidence as to the gradual diminution in the dimensions of the human head in this country,' by Mr. F. F. Tuckett; which was followed by another on the same subject, entitled 'Additional evidence of the same,' by Dr. Beddoe, F.R.S. In the absence of the author, Dr. Beddoe read Mr. Tuckett's paper. His attention had first been directed to the subject of his communication by a remark made to him some time ago by Mr. Castle, hatter, of St. Augustine's Parade, to the effect that during the last twenty-five years the sizes of hats, as

regards the dimensions of the head, had been gradually diminishing, the difference of the circumferential measurement during that period amounting to as much as half an inch. Other hatters, both in Bristol and in different parts of England, were requested to communicate whatever information they might possess on the subject, and it appeared that their experience was similar to that of Mr. Castle. Messrs. Lincoln and Bennett, the well-known London hatters, kindly supplied a tabulated form, showing the progressive rate of diminution since 1855, from which it appears that the average size of hats sold by them had fallen from No. 7 1-25 in 1855 to 6 19-21 in 1880. The average shrinking in size being 1-7th inch, or rather more than one size, which is represented by $\frac{1}{8}$ inch. One hat manufacturer writes :—‘Fifteen years ago the usual sizes of hats in England were from 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 7 $\frac{3}{8}$, and even 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ was not uncommon ; but now if a 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ hat was wanted we should have to make a block purposely. While in Scotland last summer Dr. Beddoe inquired of the principal hatter what his experience was, and he also fully corroborated what has been stated ; so that the change appears not to be confined to the southern portion of the island. Several theories have been proposed to account for it, but none are satisfactory, and Dr. Beddoe was inclined to attribute it to a gradual decrease in development.”

There are many causes that account for *apparent* decrease in size, besides decrease in development. In the first place the hat does not correctly measure cranial capacity. Sir Walter Scott’s was undoubtedly a large brain, and yet he took the smallest hat of 24 people with whom he was dining. There can be no doubt that civilization, from the greatly induced activity of the brain, increases the size of the head. But the great object of civilization is to transfer the brain from the base of the brain connected with mere animal propensity, and, measured by the hat, to the higher or coronal region, of which the hat takes no account. No doubt there are

considerable exceptions to this rule in which there may be decrease in development. From the division of labour and in proportion as work becomes in consequence more automatic, there is less activity of brain and decreasing size. The habits of our factory population, also in our great cities, lead to degeneration of the species, and to diminished size both of body and brain. These people marry early, and beget children before their own growth is completed. When the mothers go to their factories to work, these children are badly nursed and badly fed, and one-half of them *quieted* out of the world with Godfrey's Cordial, a mild form of opium. The other half would most likely require less hats than their fathers did, in the good old times, to which Ruskin seems so anxious to return.

The following letter, which I sent to the *Phrenological Magazine*, may be interesting as illustrating the fact that the size of the brain is not always correctly indicated by the size of the hat, and also as illustrative of practical Phrenology :—

“A cast of Sir Walter Scott's head is now before me. It is a very good one, although by whom it was taken I do not know. I believe it came to me as one of a hundred others I had of Deville in 1835. It is a most extraordinary head, and if he were not an extraordinary man there cannot be much in phrenology. It is 6 inches wide, measured above the ears, and $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches high from the opening of the ears to the top of the head (i.e., to the middle of Veneration, not of Firmness.) Allowing half an inch for the hair and the cap in which the cast was taken, it would give 7 inches in height to Veneration—a full inch more than the average of the best heads. The head slopes down rapidly from this, with the exception of Firmness, which is nearly as large, giving the peculiar sugar-loaf appearance for which it was noted.

It differs essentially from Chantrey's bust, the Veneration being larger and the self-regarding organs—Love of Approbation and Self-Esteem—much smaller; in fact, the two last organs are small. The forehead is high and broad, but not deep, with the organ of Human Nature, as it is called, and which is supposed to give an intuitive knowledge of character, larger than in any head I have seen, except Bacon's, or perhaps, Shakespeare's. The organ of Number appears to me to be very small. I don't know whether this had anything to do with his financial difficulties. Scott's is a very large brain, but his hat was the smallest of 24 people with whom he dined on one occasion. It is not the head of a philosopher. What I want to point out is that the apex of the head, the enormous Veneration, was also the apex of the whole character.

“Helvetius says: ‘There is no memory without attention, and no attention without interest; and Scott's interest in the past amounted to an intense love, so great as to impress all he learned with respect to it *indelibly* upon his memory. His early life, we know, was spent in poking into whatever had the rime of age. Wherever a building was old and noted, he searched for all the stories connected with it, and he never forgot them; so that when he came long after to write his world-famed novels and romances he had all the material at hand; he never had occasion to read up or to refer; his material was all spun out of the then existing state of his own mind; whatever had been consecrated by time and situation, whatever there was of antiquated custom, was then ready to hand, with the intuitive knowledge of human nature to hang it upon. This it was that enabled him to write so rapidly. Scott had a much larger Veneration than any I have seen or known, and with less talent, and under other conditions it might have shown itself only in abuse, or a senseless love of the past; but he turned the stream of departed time over the whole world, to its great delight and improvement. The moral region generally was also very large in Scott. No one perhaps has given so much pleasure, and no one in the past that we can love so well, and upon whose character, as exhibited in

Lockhart's life of him and elsewhere, we delight so much to dwell. His was certainly, however, a singular head and a singular character. The moral of what I have to say, or the point of my story is this : you must hang what you want to remember on your strongest faculties, upon those things you love best, or in which you take most interest, and if one intellectual faculty is small, give it the aid when you can of a larger one ; some people can remember best by associating events with a large Individuality (i.e., minute knowledge of things) ; while others, with a large Causality, so connect them with that, and reason up to them from cause to effect. No doubt by such means a defective memory may be much strengthened."

In August, 1882, I received the letter below, which, with my reply, I think worth insertion in the present place :—

18th August, 1882.

My dear Sir,—I have thought much of a remark of yours when we last met and talked of the possibility of a resurrection for Phrenology.

I complained of the want of method in Phrenologists, and said that I had never yet seen a character chart which would bear mathematical examination ; that most of them gave more than a head to each subject, that is to say, if the numbers put down as representing the size of each organ were totalised they would make more than the medium number in the scale multiplied by 35. You thereupon remarked that *it was possible for all the organs in a given head to be large* ; and this remark seemed to me to show such absence of method, where method is essential, that it has troubled me ever since, and I take this course to relieve my mind.

I can understand how a head may be large as a whole, and how the whole of the organs in that head may be uniformly developed, and how, therefore, any and every organ in that head may be large, compared with the organs in a smaller head which is equally well developed. But this would probably be only a comparison of a strong with a weak man, a bilious

with a nervous temperament, and would tell nothing as to the general character of either subject.

The object of Phrenological examination is, I take it, to get at the tendencies of the individual by a comparison of the development of the various organs in the same head; and if they be unequally developed, then a standard of comparison is requisite; and for this purpose the practical Phrenologist sets up a scale of 5, 10, or 20 to indicate the various sizes of the organs as compared with each other. Of course if the organs be all equally developed the scale is useless, for the result is the same whatever the figure assumed as a standard.

But method would say, look out an organ which is moderately developed, and put that and all which are equally developed with it under the middle number in the scale, and range the more prominent above it and the less prominent below it, thus: very small, small, moderate, large, very large, making 5 terms. In this scale "moderate" would stand for $2\frac{1}{2}$, whilst "large" and "very large" would rank above it, and "small" and "very small" below it, but so that when added up the whole would be equal to 35 (the number of organs) $\times$ $2\frac{1}{2}$ (the size of the middle term) = $87\frac{1}{2}$.

It seems to me that if a practical Phrenologist accustomed himself to assign such numbers in his examinations as would make this total, he would soon achieve such accuracy as would very much increase the value of his science.

Please excuse my freedom in thus taking you to task, and assuming that I am able to teach you, and believe me it only arises from my interest in your permanent reputation, and my desire for posterity that your work should approach as nearly to perfection as may be.

I am, yours faithfully,

JOHN WATTS.

Charles Bray, Esq.

Coventry, August 24, 1882.

Dear Dr. Watts,—

Thank you for your notes on development; but no one that I know of, or ever knew, pretends to *mathematical* accuracy in

taking developments, and if you reduce it to *numbers* no doubt they will either come short of, or exceed, the average, and I *think always must* ; no more than an *approximation* can even be aimed at, and it is going for more, by quacks, that has got the Science into its present disrepute among men of Science—nevertheless a good organologist will give you all the *leading* points of a character. I don't use numbers, except for celerity, for used as you use them they *must* add up wrong. I use small (2), moderate (3), full (4), large (5). I seldom have occasion to use very small or very large (1 and 6), and the numbers corresponding to the others are as marked. The sizes are relative only to the *same* head. If a head is large, and is equally developed, all must be large in that head : the same in a small head, all must be small—although in practice this never happens ; for if you made the average size in the large head 6, and in the small head 3, one would be twice the size of the other, which also never happens. It is of no use attempting to use figures as you propose—we cannot do it. It might bring us a little nearer to the truth perhaps,—but the proximity would more probably be forced at the expense of the development. There is no mistaking a head like yours, moderate size, nervous, bilious temperament, with greatly predominating perceptive faculty and moral region, with large firmness—although no one could have predicted that it would have forced itself into the public notice that it has, although all must know it must have *excelled* in something. I have had 47 years' experience as a phrenologist, and with all its shortcomings have found it very useful to me, and it has enabled me to put many square pegs found in round holes into better fits.

Many thanks for the trouble you have taken with me ; we will see when we meet if anything more can come out of it.

* * * *

Believe me, very sincerely,

Your old Friend,

CHARLES BRAY.

In a letter since received from Dr. Watts, he says:—

“That manipulators are at present far from accuracy may be

demonstrated by any enquirer who will take the trouble to add up the numbers assigned in any chart of character which may come in his way.

"In my experience I have found a universal tendency to exaggeration; there are always more organs found large than small, and there are many cases where the addition of numbers instead of making just a head, viz., 35 times half the scale, make a head and a quarter, or even a head and a half; and I have never found one mathematically accurate.

"I think it probable that the quackery thus indicated has done much to depreciate Phrenology in public estimation, and that a generation of observation and accurate manipulation will be needed to restore it to its proper place as an Art, and to realize and confirm the functions of some of the organs.

It is a curious fact that a Science which has introduced method into moral philosophy, thus redeeming it from chaos, has itself failed as an Art, for lack of the very quality which it has established elsewhere.

Phrenology must be judged rather as a Science than an Art, although I have known several good organologists and careful manipulators, notably the late Cornelius Donovan, but whose book on Phrenology is well worth consulting as containing a good deal that is new, the result of a life-long experience; also, we have at the present time a Mr. Nicholas Morgan, of Sunderland, who bears the highest character in his native city, and who has given us several very useful books—"Phrenology, and How to Use it in Analysing Character," crown 8vo., 380 pp.; "The Skull and Brain: Their Indications of Character and Anatomical Relations," 224 pp., and other minor works, all of which show a man of highly cultivated intellect, who well understands his subject, and who might be consulted with advantage.

CHAPTER V.

MARRIAGE : "INQUIRY CONCERNING THE ORIGIN OF
CHRISTIANITY."

Marriage is a question of elective affinities, of reciprocity, of give and take. Even the Vitality is divided, for it is well known among the poorer classes, where the practice sometimes necessarily prevails, that when children sleep with their grandparents, or other older relations, the young life is abstracted to feed the old, and the children get prematurely old ; so in man and wife the vital power is shared between them, the stronger giving to the weaker. And if this is the case physically, much more is it the case mentally, where the union is a real one ; the higher mind raises the lower and is itself lowered proportionally in doing so, or there is a mutual raising or sharing of good and bad qualities. Where the union is intimate the individuality is soon lost, and it is difficult to say what each person was originally, or would be again if alone. Each character, however, estimated by the world, has all its borrowed strength or reflected weakness. I was very fortunate in my matrimonial connection. My wife and I were of very different dispositions, she possessing what I most wanted. She was exceedingly reserved, I too open ; (Cautiousness and Secretiveness small) "a leaky fool" as George Eliot calls Mr. Brooke in "Middlemarch" ; but even now I cannot tell which is best in a moral or even in a mere worldly point of view—the close box or the sieve. I think the world likes the "leaky fool" the best, if it has to choose

between the two extremes. There is no doubt, however, that my wife's character tended to bring out all that was best in mine, as my greater self-confidence gave to her's the support that her small self-esteem and utter unselfishness required. She had very small Perceptive Faculties, and very large Reflective. Her judgment morally and intellectually was very sound, so much so, that I doubted my own where we seriously differed. If ever a person lived for others, she did. She was determined to do all she did do well, consequently the books she has written, her "Physiology for Schools," "Duty to Animals," "Elements of Morality," &c., have been well received, and have done much good.

I was married in 1836, and we made our wedding-tour in North Wales. The same confidence in what then appeared to me to be the truth, which made me think I could convert the Unitarian Minister, made me now think that I had only to lay my new views on religious matters before my wife for her to accept them at once. Consequently I had provided myself with Mirabeau's "System of Nature," Volney's "Ruins of Empires," and other light reading of that sort to enliven the honey-moon. But again I was mistaken, and I only succeeded in making my wife exceedingly uncomfortable. She had been brought up in the Unitarian faith, and, as might be expected in a young person of one-and-twenty, religion with her was not a question of theological controversy or Biblical criticism, but of deep feeling and cherished home associations, and of convictions instilled into her mind from childhood under the influence of one of the most cultivated and powerful Unitarian preachers of the day,

the Rev. Robert Aspland. She ultimately referred the critical part of the matter to her elder brother, Charles C. Hennell, who had already gone very fully into the subject, and had come out completely convinced on the Unitarian stand-points. He refused at first to reconsider the question, but influenced more by my philosophical arguments—for I knew nothing of Biblical criticism—he at length consented to investigate the evidences once more. The result of his study was “Hennell’s Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity,” a work which had a considerable influence as being one of the first attempts to regard Christianity from a purely historical point of view, and to analyse the life and work of its Founder in a reverent, truthful, and appreciative spirit, while separating from it all that was obviously legendary or mythical.

The change in our religious convictions seemed to necessitate a change in outward observance, and although, contrary to the inclination of my wife, we took our place in the old family pew at Church on the first Sunday after our settling down in our Coventry home, we soon discontinued the habit of attending any place of worship. Hitherto I had considered that the National Religion ought to be supported for the good of the poor, and for those who, like them, had nothing else to fall back upon. But to me now the service was a complete sham : it was impossible for me to countenance it for the sake even of an indirect social benefit. This singularity however, has, I believe, interfered much with my utility in public life.

I was often asked, “Why don’t you go to Church or

to any place of worship? Could you learn nothing?" I said, "Nothing that I could not learn better from books at home." But it was said, "Do you want nothing?" I said, "Nothing. I don't want forgiveness of sins, because as I believe in no punishment here or hereafter that is not reformatory, that is, for my good, forgiveness of sins, that is, to be absolved from such punishment, would be doing me an injury. As to other things, I have no occasion to ask for them. God has placed everything I want so completely within my reach that I have only to make the needful exertion to take it; and in making this exertion I secure my bodily and mental health, and happiness. If, therefore, God were to give me these things without this exertion, it would again be doing me an injury." So much for prayer; I believe also that God will always do what is right *without asking*, and not *the more for asking*. As to "praise," such as is usually offered, it appears to me a pure impertinence. How dare we! I by no means, however, disapprove of the "Communion of Saints," as the individual mind is strengthened and exalted by congenial minds moving together.

CHAPTER VI.

MY EARLIEST PUBLICATIONS.

My first publication was in 1837, and was a pamphlet which I called "The Education of the Body," and which, slight and ephemeral though it was, gained me more credit than anything I have since published, owing, probably, to

the circumstance that the subject was then new.* Its origin was this. I had gathered together the parents of the children who belonged to our Infant School and other Schools, and had addressed to them a lecture on the Laws of Health, and afterwards, aided by the works of Dr. Andrew Combe and Dr. Southwood Smith, I put the simplest of these laws together in the form of a pamphlet. I lived to see good fruits from this in the acknowledged better health of many persons in the neighbourhood, who traced much benefit from this first practical insight into the relation of good air, cleanliness, temperance, exercise, to our well-being, and I never let the subject drop till the Health of Towns' Act enabled us to save four people's lives in every thousand, that is, 160 lives a year of the 40,000 in Coventry. By improved sanitary arrangements the mortality fell from 27 in the thousand to 23. This prevention was better than cure, or even than "visiting the sick," and admirably illustrated the difference between Natural Law and eleemosynary charity; that is, between my new views and Christianity. If the natural laws were obeyed, charity would not be wanted. Good Christians are always standing between people and the natural consequences of their actions, and, as Herbert Spencer so well puts it, "The ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of folly is to fill the world with fools."

*Soon after its publication a gentleman well known in those days for his philanthropic experiment to improve the condition of the people, drove up to our house in a grand carriage and pair, and requested my wife, I being from home, that she would be good enough to present a copy of his own works to her father, Dr. Bray. Also a lady, distinguished by her benevolence and writings for the people, re-published my little work, and adding a page or two of remedies for chilblains, whooping-cough, &c., allowed it to be considered her own.

My first Education Lectures had been laid aside from a conviction of their comparatively impracticable character ; but having satisfied myself that Phrenology was the best and most practical system of Mental Science that the world has yet known, I re-cast them upon a Phrenological basis, and by the aid of my wife's sound sense and her eldest sister's long experience, the work on "The Education of the Feelings" was produced. In that book each mental faculty—propensity and sentiment, is treated separately ; showing its use and abuse ; how it may be strengthened when weak and repressed when too strong. The feelings or faculties rarely act singly, but in groups, and the object of their education or training is so to group them that to do right (*i.e.*) what we think right, becomes instinctive ; it should be acted upon at once without thinking. "The Education of the Feelings" was published in 1838 ; it is now in the 4th Edition, and it has been, I have reason to think, of considerable utility. In the last edition I tried to simplify it by withdrawing the phrenological nomenclature and by adding questions and answers to each chapter ; I also added to the title "A Moral System for Secular Schools." This last addition I find has considerably interfered with the sale of this edition, but I retain it upon principle as a sort of protest against Government taking my money and teaching with it in the common schools a religion of which I disapprove, or rather in which I do not believe. It is all very well to say that the Bible is to be read without note or comment. This was to be the case with the British Schools ; but evangelicalism was always taught there,

as the National religion is now taught in our Board Schools. All schools supported by a public rate ought to be secular and in time will be ; and it will also be found that all secular knowledge is religious knowledge ; that a knowledge of Natural Law is knowledge as high and as important, and as much a knowledge of God, as so-called moral and religious knowledge.*

My "Philosophy of Necessity" was not published till 1841. In the preface to that work I say, "The writer is induced to lay his own reflections on the subject before the public, in the hope that the result of that labour which was necessary to satisfy his own mind may be in some degree a saving of labour to others. . . . It may not be without its use to make brief mention of the steps by which these conclusions were forced upon him. Many years ago the writer felt altogether unable to satisfy his mind with the prevailing systems, either of Metaphysics or Morality, as based upon the popular Theology. The more he reflected the more he became convinced that the nature of man, and the object and aim of his existence were misunderstood ; that the ways of Providence were misinterpreted, and that the foundations of morality were laid upon the sand, being based upon the supposition that man is capable of acting contrary to the particular constitution with which his Creator has endowed him, and independently of the circumstances in which he is placed. The perusal of Edwards' "Inquiry

* The Americans have recently brought out an edition of "The Education of the Feelings," (1881) published by S. R. Wells and Co, New York, and edited by Nelson Sizer. This is Phrenologically illustrated by heads in which different organs are large or small. It has been done without consulting me ; but I am sufficiently paid by the good that it may do, and the compliment implied.

into Freedom of Will,' and the conviction that the doctrine of Philosophical Necessity is there demonstrated, and that, therefore, every system built upon an opposite principle, by *whatever authority supported*, cannot be true, first led him to the investigation of opinions which he had been brought up to consider as established. The most uncomfortable of all states,—a state of doubt and unbelief,—followed : for consciousness of error is not the same as the discovery of truth. The "Deontology" of Bentham presented the first land-mark to direct his course. It soon became evident to him that the laws of the moral world are, through the instrumentality of pleasure and pain, and of the definite constitution given to man by his Maker, as fixed and determinate as the laws of the physical world. . . . The writer has only to add that the views which he has attempted to set forth in the following pages have brought much consolation and satisfaction to his own mind, in affording him something definite to believe on subjects which at first sight seem despairingly mysterious and unfathomable ; in expanding and clearing his views of Providence ; in making known God as the Universal Father—revealing Himself in a language that cannot be misunderstood or misinterpreted, to every sect and every clime ; and it will be one of his greatest sources of happiness if they afford grounds of equal hope and trust to any of his fellow creatures."

I recollect, however, that when I was fumbling about and not knowing at all what to do with the doctrine of "Necessity," or how to apply it to other ethical beliefs which I held, it was Shelley's "Queen Mab," or rather

the Notes to it, which gave me the first hint as to its practical application. When I first read it I was worked up to a great state of enthusiasm, and sat up till three o'clock in the morning reading, re-reading, and thinking.

The doctrine of Philosophical Necessity, that every thing necessarily acts in accordance with the laws of its own nature was by no means a barren truth to me, nor was Phrenology or the cerebral machinery by which this takes place in man ; I introduced my principles into my daily practice. The world to me became a great menagerie where I treated, and mentally fed, each creature according to its nature ; not expecting to get from the cat-nature the generous unselfishness of the dog, or from the human wolf what belonged to the lamb, or from any one more than what was in him. I knew the deep rut that Society had dug for us all to run in, and the "semblance" or "seeming" paid to conventional usages, but I never expected "to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." To me every person carried his character pretty clearly marked by nature upon him, and I chose my servants and friends accordingly, and have continued to do so to this day ; and I have made very few mistakes in this direction. I have found many square pegs in round holes and round pegs in square holes, and I have altered them. I have set at least a dozen young men in the path for which they were *eminently* fitted by nature, and they have done well and availed themselves of the tide that leads on to fortune.

It is a great thing to know what to expect and so not to expect too much. It is well to know the good there is *in all*, and to make the best of their shortcomings.

The study of character, on Gall's method of comparing function with development, is the most interesting of all studies.

It is a grand thing in the ordering and culture of our own mind to be able without reserve to accept the inevitable. The past is inevitable; for God himself could not *now* prevent that. What then is the use of fretting over it?—for not only is it past but it could not possibly have been otherwise. The then conditions or circumstances must have produced the effects they did; if we are dissatisfied with the effects we must alter the causes in the future. Future consequences only are in our power, the past never. I often hear it said, however, "Oh! but you can alter the past, and I will." If I have made a bad bargain and have been treated unjustly, I will have it altered and amended. But this is not altering the past, it is mending the present or future from a knowledge of the past.*

In the preface to my second edition of my "Philosophy

* The notices of the Press were, as they often are, a little at variance. I give only two to show how great was the divergence.

The *Spectator* of November 13th, 1841, says, "In the part devoted to Moral Science, the author is, if possible, still more common-place: his remarks on the advantages of evil are not merely trite but feeble; a grown-up youth would have selected more striking illustrations for a college theme. Indeed a greater misapprehension of a person's own qualities and capabilities we have rarely seen than in Mr. Bray's 'Philosophy of Necessity.'"

The *Athenæum*, on the contrary, says, "The book is skilfully put together, and contains passages of remarkable sagacity. . . . He (Mr. Bray) is a close reasoner and an acute observer; his quotations (which, by the way, are unconscionably numerous) display an inclination to grave study, and we think the philosophical phrenologists may congratulate themselves on the acquisition of a champion of superior ability."

The *Spectator* misses the point altogether, as the book was written to reconcile Philosophical Necessity with Morality and true Responsibility; but of this the *Spectator* seems to have no conception; neither at the present time, 40 years' after, has it been able to effect any such reconciliation for itself, and

of Necessity," I say, "If that doctrine be accepted and logically used, we get rid at once of Revenge, Remorse, and Punishment, except such punishment as is good for the individual offending: for then revenge would be absurd, like a child beating a table against which it had knocked its head, remorse useless, as the recognised and experienced consequences of our actions are sufficient for our future guidance, and "forgiveness," or remission of punishment that was *for our good*, would be simply an injury. Revenge, remorse, and retributive punishments are the sources of half the crime and misery in the world." There is no such constant source of worry as the feeling that things might have been otherwise and ought to have been otherwise; we must learn to feel that such was impossible; Repentance, therefore, is proper and useful only in so far as it induces us to alter our conduct in the future. The logical consequences of Philosophical Necessity had a wonderfully tranquillising effect upon my own mind, while at the same time they weakened

is consequently Libertarian. I give the accompanying letter from T. Carlyle as rather siding with the view the *Athenæum* takes:—

5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, 11 June, 1843.

Dear sir,—Yesternight I had the pleasure to receive your kind gift. I return many thanks for the book; many thanks for the feeling that has prompted you to send it.

Glancing over your pages, I find much curious and useful information, lucidly presented; earnest thought, inquiry; traces everywhere of a candid, humane, at once resolute and modest spirit;—worthy of much praise; sure to do good and not evil in its day and generation.

I wish you many years of such manful labour, and fruit in its season, seen by you or not seen.

With many thanks and regards,

Yours very sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

Sir Robert Peel also says (Whitehall, January 6th, 1842):—"I have read enough, during the short interval that has elapsed since the receipt of the volumes, to encourage me to proceed with the complete perusal of the work." This, considering how much Sir Robert was engaged, I consider as high testimony in their favour.

none of the higher springs of action. On the contrary, I knew that law was as unvarying in mind as in matter, that nothing was left to chance, or "free-will," and that we have only to apply the proper causes to produce the effects we require.

Superstition, in my opinion, is the expectation of effects from any but the natural means (Natural Law) appointed to produce them, and as there is a natural cause for every effect, our duty is to seek this out, and Prayer, therefore, partakes of the nature of superstition, it is asking God to do what we ought to do for ourselves. Still prayer *subjectively* (for we cannot suppose that God would do for asking what he would not do without), has been a powerful instrument of good, and as defined by a very clever lady friend of mine, "as the means whereby we assimilate our wishes with the Supreme Will, and so put ourselves into the condition to act for the best," may be still useful. In so far, however, as it is allowed to take the place of Natural Law it is injurious. It is this that makes the acknowledgment of the Reign of Law in Mind, as in Matter, so important.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ORGANISATION OF INDUSTRY.

About the time that I published my "Philosophy of Necessity" I was very much interested in Owenism, or rather in the Organization of Industry. I was struck, as everyone is who thinks about it, by the great inequality

of condition in the world, by the great extremes of riches and poverty ; and it certainly did seem to me that the workman did not receive his fair share of the joint product. Political Economy seemed a cunning device, under the plea of paying a man his share in wages, for cheating him out of his birthright and giving him instead a mere mess of pottage. And even the earning of those wages depended upon the merest chance. It in no case depended upon what a man could by his labour produce, but upon the chance sale of that produce in all the markets of the world. A man's labour might thus, by the aid of improved machinery, produce 20 times more than he could possibly consume, and yet he might be starving. In fact, his earnings seem to bear very little relation to what he did or could produce.

The consequence of this system has been what T. Carlyle so graphically described, " We find," he says, " all mankind heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry or masonry between them ; crammed in like salt fish in a barrel—or weltering (shall I say) like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each striving to get his head above the rest." This was written 30 years ago but is as true of the present time. In 1874 all the world was at work, producing largely, making large profits, and the working men spending their greatly increased wages in champagne and other luxuries—making little or no provision for the future. Now, 1879, all the world seems out of work, the markets everywhere seem overstocked. There are thousands of bare backs every where, and millions of shirts, but no means by which one can find its way to the other. It is not want of capital—the world

is very rich, but it is want of system. The facility of Distribution has not kept pace with the power of Production. In fact, as Carlyle says, "All human interests, combined human endeavours, and social growths in this world have at a certain stage of their development required organization ; and work, the grandest of human interests, does now require it."

We must not suppose, however, that we are without organization of some kind. Thus, Dr. Neil Arnott, drawing a picture of what civilization has done for us in that respect, truly says—

"Everyone feels that he is a member of one vast civilised society, which covers the face of the earth ; and no part of the earth is indifferent to him. In England, for instance, a man of small fortune may cast his looks around him, and say with truth and exultation, 'I am lodged in a house that affords me conveniences and comforts which, some centuries ago, even a king could not command. Ships are crossing the seas in every direction, to bring me what is useful to me from all parts of the earth. In China, men are gathering the tea-leaf for me ; in America, they are planting cotton for me ; in the West Indies they are preparing my sugar and my coffee ; in Italy, they are feeding silk-worms for me ; in Saxony, they are shearing the sheep to make me clothing ; at home, powerful steam engines are spinning and weaving for me, and making cutlery for me, and pumping the mines, that minerals useful to me may be procured. Although my patrimony was small, I have post-horses running day and night, on all the roads, to carry my correspondence ; I have roads, and canals, and bridges, to bear the coal for my winter fire ; nay, I have protecting fleets and armies around my happy country, to secure my enjoyments and repose. Then I have editors and printers, who daily send me an account of what is going on throughout the world, among all these people who serve me. And in a corner of my house I have *Books!* the

miracle of all my possessions, more wonderful than the wishing-cap of the Arabian Tales, for they transport me instantly, not only to all places, but to all timea. By my books I can conjure up before me into vivid existence all the great and good men of antiquity ; and for my individual satisfaction I can make them act over again the most renowned of their exploits : the orators declaim to me ; the historians recite ; the poets sing ; and from the equator to the pole, or from the beginning of time until now, by my books, I can be where I please. This picture is not overcharged, and might be much extended, such being God's goodness and providence that each individual of the civilised millions dwelling on the earth may have nearly the same enjoyments as if he were the single lord of all."—*Introduction to Elements of Physics.*

It is true this only applies at present to "men of small fortune," but the great question with me was whether, if a man's earnings could be secured to him, every one might not be a man of small fortune.

As each man can produce so much more than he can consume, by organization this appeared possible. Now, the income of the wage class is never secure, but is dependent upon many chances. Consequently all schemes that had for their object this organization had a special interest for me, and I attended Robert Owen's opening of the Millennium at Harmony Hall, Queenwood, Hants in May, 1842.

As early as 1830 societies were formed in most of our great towns of those who called themselves Socialists, and who sent out missionaries all over the country. These societies held yearly Congresses. At one of these early Congresses it was resolved that the only constitutional basis upon which societies could be permanently and successfully established, whether engaged in trading, manu-

facturing, or agricultural pursuits, was *community in land*; and to this important end a weekly subscription, either in money, goods, or labour, from a penny to any amount agreed upon, is indispensably necessary to be continued from year to year, until a capital sufficient to accomplish the object of the society be accumulated. I don't think any minute calculation was made as to how many pennies a week it would take to put all the Socialist members on land! But in 1840, at the Congress in Leeds, it was announced that the estate of East Tytherly, in Hants, had been secured for the purposes of a community—the Queenwood Community, as it was afterwards called. Mr. Joseph Hansom, a very clever architect—who built the Town Hall at Birmingham, and a good man, was employed to provide suitable buildings.

It was at the formal opening of this building, as I have said, that I attended in the early part of 1842. I had no interest in it but as a visitor. Every thing was very beautiful,—a perfect paradise it seemed to me, with the hopes I then entertained—the estate of about 1,200 acres in all was finely wooded, had fine avenues and beautiful views. The house—Harmony Hall—seemed all that could be desired; having a large dining hall with a railway from the kitchen to the head of the table; an extensive garden in front, with artificial lake &c., &c.

We had beautiful lady visitors in Bloomers, and we had nightly balls, and nothing could be more harmonious. Mr. Owen was the Father of the Community, a sort of Dictator, with the power of choosing his administration

and changing it at his discretion. He was also a sort of infallible Pope, for with him was "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, without mystery, mixture of error, or fear of man." I was present at his christening of the first child born at Harmony, who was called Primo Communis Flitcroft. I should like much to know what has been the fate of Primo Communis!

But, alas! this beautiful picture was soon to vanish, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision leave not a wreck behind." It did not pay. The members that were drafted into the Millennium from the "Old Immoral World" to work upon the land were not worth their salt. The agricultural labourers of the district at about 9s. a week could do twice as much work, and were therefore obliged to be employed, and they would be co-operators after one taste of their Paradise were drafted back again. This of course did not please the Branches. A good deal of money had been borrowed, and some good people had invested their all, and came to end their days there. The finances got more and more out of order, so that the last of the Socialist Congresses was held at Queenwood Farm, June 30, 1846. The whole thing had to be disposed of to pay its debts, and all the weekly pennies that had been for so many years accumulating

*At the celebration of the seventy-first anniversary of the birthday of Robert Owen, Queenwood, Saturday, May 14th, 1842, Mr. Owen proposed "Health and prosperity to the visitors who have favoured the Society with their company on the present occasion," all of whom he was most happy to see, and he hoped they would frequently visit the establishment. Mr. Bray, of Coventry, and Mr. W. G. Lewis, of London, briefly replied, &c., &c.—*New Moral World*, May 28, 1842.

"Those who have narrowly inspected the north end of the new buildings will have discovered some letters upon it—they are 'C. of M.,' which means 'Commencement of Millennium,' which is just begun to-day."—*Robert Owen*.

were lost. I believe a good school for the education of Socialist children might have been made to pay, but this was not what the Branches had been so long subscribing for, and the delegates to the Congress would not agree to it. Harmony Hall is now Queenwood College—a good educational establishment. I never knew the particulars of the failure, nor ever saw a financial statement. I came, however, to the conclusion that Community was at present impracticable; that Co-operation was all that was possible; and that there are ages between these first steps and Community.

Accordingly the next year, 1843, I helped to establish "The Coventry Labourers' and Artizans' Co-operative Society." The first aim of this Society was to furnish working men with gardens, as healthy occupations, and to help them to counteract in part the ill effects of confinement at the loom. The physical and moral benefit was much greater than the pecuniary, although a man could make about 2s. a week out of the 8th of an acre. The great difficulty was to procure land, as most of the land round the city was Lammas, that is, subject to the Freeman's right of pasturage during part of the year. Landholders would not let land to working men, nor to a Society, but they agreed to let it to myself, either as individually responsible or in conjunction with Mr. Cash, of Sherborne House. Ultimately we were able to get about 400 gardens, the gardens were much in demand, and the rent was paid in advance, so that I did not run any great risk. Besides the rent each member paid a penny a week towards the expenses of the Society and this soon amounted to a considerable sum. This was put out

in loans at a high rate of interest to buy looms, pigs, pay rent in advance, &c. The Society then began to trade on its own account. Boat-loads of coal were brought direct from the pits and distributed among the members at cost price, thus effecting a considerable saving. Then, flour mills were taken, for the rent of which, I, as President, was again obliged to be (individually) responsible. A store was afterwards opened for the sale of flour, bread, groceries, &c. Of course this took several years to accomplish, and so far we had a time of uninterrupted prosperity. At least 1,000 of the leading and most respectable working men of the city belonged to the Society; all had shares on which a large interest was paid, so that the difficulty was to keep men out for whose benefit it was not intended. But one fatal error mixed up with the business by which we ultimately were wrecked. Our Society was on the Credit System. The Societies that gave credit were failing all over the country, and this fact I was constantly pointing out to our Committee. But the transition from Credit to a Ready Money System was not easy, particularly as old and leading members, who were on the Committee, as I *afterwards* discovered, were largely in debt to the Society. I was always met with the reply, "You're a gentleman, and don't require credit—a working man does"—a great mistake, for the chief benefit conferred by Co-operative Societies depends on the Ready Money System—the provident habits involved in not getting into debt. And so it proved in our case. In 1859 ribbons went partly out of fashion, and there was a great strike of the operatives to keep up

wages when ribbons were not wanted. This, of course, failed. In 1860 and following years ribbons went more and more out of fashion; ladies wore their bonnets on the neck and not on the head, and then they wore none at all, or only an apology for one, and we had a time of great distress, ribbon-making being then the staple industry of the place. Of course the Protectionists, the political opponents of the Government, attributed this distress to Free Trade and the French Treaty, but the real fact was simply that ribbons were not wanted. At the close of 1859 the Society showed a loss of about £400, equal to 4s. in the pound of each man's capital. This led to a panic. It was said everywhere by the members themselves, in their ignorance of business, that the Society was insolvent, although it had £1,600 more than was required to satisfy all demands upon it. Every one wanted his money; every one wanted to sell out. But the money of course could not be had, being invested in Mills and Stock, and consequently every one got into debt to the Society to the amount of his shares if he could, and then refused to pay. One man would order a sack of flour, another a fitch of bacon, and as no money was coming in the concern soon collapsed. Efforts were, of course, made to bring these debtors to book, but such was the distress in the town that they were attended with little success. The looms and other securities on which money had been advanced by the loan department of the Society had vanished, as also in many cases had the people owning them; for a population of 41,000 had been reduced to 37,000. Debts put into the Court did not produce 1s. in the pound, and distress warrants

were mostly returned endorsed "No effects." On January 1st, 1864, there were still 322 persons indebted to the Society to the amount of £316 15s. 6d. Of these it was reported that some had gone through the Debtor's Court, others had left the town or died, others were at work on the Commons, or on the mills at the workhouse, and others were too poor to pay a farthing. I conclude enough money was got in to pay all the liabilities of the Society, for I was never called upon to advance any part of the sum for which I had become responsible, but I doubt if any of the shareholders who had not scrambled for the stock ever got anything. It is quite impossible that such societies can succeed except upon a ready money system.

In 1845 or 6, I forget the exact date, I set up a Working Man's Club. Many of my workmen (ribbon weavers) came from the country, and having often when they brought in their work to wait till the afternoon for something they wanted from the warehouse, were thus forced to go to the public-house. I found a Reading-room, with the papers and periodicals, a smoking-room, with tea, coffee, or lunch; rooms upstairs for friendly assemblies or smaller social gatherings, and beds for people coming from a distance. This I afterwards opened to the operative class at large. But it did not prosper. My own weavers evidently preferred the public-house, and were glad of any excuse to go there. Nor was it so well managed as it should have been, and there was a refinement about it that was in advance of the time, so that after losing about £100

by it I was obliged to close it. Such clubs are succeeding everywhere now, and are helping forward the educational progress of the age. But this club and the Co-operative Store gave great offence to the publicans and small shopkeepers, who combined, and at the next election turned me out of the City Council. I was never afterwards returned. The year before a wish was expressed by a majority of the Council to make me Mayor, but I declined the honour in favour of a friend older than myself, who I thought was in every way much better suited to the office. I did not regret my forced retirement from the City Council, except that, being the special advocate of Sanitary Reform, I was particularly anxious to get the Health of Town's Act applied to our district. But I left it in the hands of a friend who had more discretion than myself, and who judiciously secured a majority before the matter was brought before the Council.

ANTI-CORN LAW AGITATION.

From my tastes of course I could not help being mixed up with the Anti-Corn Law Agitation. In 1842, 3-4 and 5 we held several public meetings, at which I was Chairman, and I had the honour afterwards of entertaining the speakers, Messrs. Cobden, Bright, Moore, Colonel Thompson, George Thompson, &c., to whom I expressed freely my own views. I was not a Free Trader only. As regards Protection every one can see that artificially to raise the price of a commodity must be at the expense of the general consumer, but I looked upon Free Trade or Unlimited Competition,

though a *necessary* step in the right direction, as containing much evil as well as good. We have passed through the fighting age in which the protection of life and limb being secured we have gone on to the commercial age, in which the "survival of the fittest" is found in the great manufacturers, with the merchants, and the largest employers of labour. The highest minds are not the "fittest" for the present age. The effects of Free Trade have been exactly what I anticipated. There has been an enormous increase of wealth, and the social condition of all has been improved thereby. Still the fluctuations from great prosperity to great distress, about every ten years, appear to me to be a necessary part of the system, and must continue till trade is truly organised. Supply and demand are now left to chance and selfish instincts only.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROSEHILL AND FRIENDS.—HENNELL'S INQUIRY AND THE TRANSLATION OF STRAUSS' *LEBEN JESU*.

In 1840 I bought a small property in the neighbourhood, called Rosehill, consisting of a house, with large lawn shaded by noble groups of trees, and especially by a fine old acacia, the sloping turf about whose roots made a delightful seat in summer time. We spread there a large bear-skin, and many friends have enjoyed a seat there in that wooded retreat, far enough from the town for country quiet, and yet near enough to hear the sweet church bells and the chimes of St. Michael's, with

the distant hum of the city, which gave a cheerful sense of the world being alive on week-days, and the peaceful lull which told that it was enjoying its respite on the Sunday. There was a free-and-easy mental atmosphere, harmonizing with the absence of all pretension and conventionality, which I believe gave a peculiar charm to this modest residence. "When the bear-skin is under the acacia," our friends used to write, "then we will come to you," and the spot is still associated with the flow of talk unrestrained, and the interchange of ideas, varied and peculiar according to the character and mood of the talkers and thinkers assembled there; for every one who came to Coventry with a queer mission, or a crochet, or was supposed to be a "little cracked," was sent up to Rosehill.

It is a sad pleasure now to call to mind how some of those who have left their mark on the world and are gone, entered for a time within our small circle at Coventry in those by-gone days.

Dr. Conolly was always an honoured guest, but he vanished from among us after he had settled at Hanwell, where he introduced those reforms into our Lunatic Asylums and into the treatment of the insane which have made his name famous. George Combe and his handsome wife, so like the portraits of her mother, Mrs. Siddons, used to stay with us on their way from Edinburgh to the Continent, where he went annually for health's sake. The calm, wise discourse of the great phrenologist, his kindly manner, his philosophical acceptance of the arrangements of Providence, made his presence a wholesome sedative to our spirits, although

it did not surprise us sometimes when his devoted wife dropped asleep in the middle of his discourse, her head inclined towards him in a reverent attitude of attention. When Mr. Combe told us that he had written his "Constitution of Man" in a sort of "fever of enthusiasm," it showed us how little we can judge of the working of a man's mind by any external indication, and how little meaning there is in the common phrase, "He is a born enthusiast."

Then there was James Simpson, of Edinburgh, the work of whose life was to promote National Education, and the play of whose life was to tell good stories, such as he only could tell.

Then the true-hearted George Dawson, unrivalled as a popular lecturer and preacher, but loved and esteemed most by those who knew him best. He was among my heroes, and I could find very few. I regarded him as one of the most upright of men, honest and straightforward in word and deed. We delighted to see him enjoying a little rest from labour, stretching his length upon the lawn, in the sunshine, or lying on the floor, his favourite posture, while his beautiful wife kept up a flow of talk—one of the few women who are both great talkers and great doers.

One morning a young man presented himself at Rosehill in answer to an advertisement of mine for an editor to the *Coventry Herald*. His name was Hepworth Dixon, a slight, pale-faced man, and he produced from his pocket a manuscript tragedy with a queer title, as credential for his fitness for the situation. Indeed he looked more like a poet than editor, and as he walked,

after dinner, up and down the lawn, throwing his head back as if with the consciousness of infinite possibilities within him, we thought him either too transcendent or too conceited for every-day work. In other respects the arrangement was found unsuitable.

In 1848 Emerson paid us a short visit. The "Essays" introduced into England by Carlyle in 1841 had been welcomed by us with an enthusiasm only second to what we had felt on the appearance of "Sartor Resartus" three years before, and the advent of the "original veridical" man himself was an event in our lives. A Coventry gentleman meeting Emerson in the north soon after his arrival in England invited him to visit the old city. Emerson replied that if he came to Coventry it would be to see Charles Bray, the author of the "Philosophy of Necessity." Accordingly he came to Rosehill. There was an exceeding simplicity about him and utter absence of pretension, so that you felt at home with him at once. I have met no man to whom I got so much attached in so short a time. Carlyle says, speaking of his first visit to him, "Of course we could do no other than welcome him ; the rather as he seemed to be one of the most loveable creatures in himself we had ever looked on." We should have liked to have seen more of Emerson, but some Stratford friends came over and impressed upon him that he was bound to pay homage at Shakspeare's tomb, like a true American, and accordingly carried us all off, Miss Evans included, to their home near that church on the Avon where the great bard lies, and he left the same day for London.

I consider my intimate friendship of nine years with

Miss Evans (George Eliot) among the bright spots of my life. I saw a great deal of her, we had long frequent walks together, and I consider her the most delightful companion I have ever known; she knew everything. She had little self-assertion; her aim was always to show her friends off to the best advantage—not herself. She would polish up their witticisms, and give them the *full* credit of them. But there were two sides; hers was the temperament of genius which has always its sunny and shady side. She was frequently very depressed—and often very provoking, as much so as she could be agreeable—and we had violent quarrels; but the next day, or whenever we met, they were quite forgotten, and no allusion made to them. Of course we went over all subjects in heaven or earth. We agreed in opinion pretty well at that time, and I may claim to have laid down the base of that philosophy which she afterwards retained. “One of her *recent* critics has stated that she held as a solemn conviction—the result of a lifetime of observation—that in proportion as the thoughts of men and women are removed from the earth on which they live, are diverted from their own mutual relations and responsibilities, of which they alone know anything, to an invisible world, which can alone be apprehended by belief, they are led to neglect their duty to each other, to squander their strength in vain speculations, which can result in no profit to themselves or their fellow-creatures, which diminish their capacity for strenuous and worthy action during a span of life, brief, indeed, but whose consequences will extend to remote posterity.”—*The Congregationalist*, April, 1881, p. 297.

Such were my opinions then, which "a lifetime of observation and experience" has tended to confirm in her case as in mine. In the best notice that has appeared of George Eliot's "Life and Writings" (*Westminster*, July, 1881), the Reviewer says :—"We have found, in her teaching, the enforcement of the doctrine of consequences, more richly illustrated, more variously applied, more scientifically stated than ever it was before." I am glad this is the writer's opinion ; still I do not give up my claim to having made the best *scientific* statement of "The Law of Consequences as Applicable to Mental, Moral, and Social Science." George Eliot always also held with me as a sequence to such doctrine of consequences that one of the greatest duties of life was unembittered resignation to the inevitable. At that time we were both very much interested in Phrenology, and in 1844 she had a cast taken of her head by Deville, in the Strand, which is still in my possession. We afterwards took lessons of Mr. Donovan, on Organology, when he was staying at Coventry and converting all the leading men of the city to the truth of the science by the correctness of his diagnosis of character. Miss Evans's head is a very large one, $22\frac{1}{4}$ inches round ; George Combe, on first seeing the cast, took it for a man's. The temperament, nervous lymphatic, that is, active without endurance, and her working hours were never more than from 9 a.m. till 1 p.m. The 3rd volume of Strauss was very heavy work to her, and she required much encouragement to keep her up to it. In her brain-development the Intellect greatly predominates ; it is very large, more in length than in its

peripheral surface. In the Feelings, the Animal and Moral regions are about equal; the moral being quite sufficient to keep the animal in order and in due subservience, but would not be spontaneously active. The social feelings were very active, particularly the adhesiveness. She was of a most affectionate disposition, always requiring some one to lean upon, preferring what has hitherto been considered the stronger sex, to the other and more impressible. She was not fitted to stand alone. Her sense of Character—of men and things, is a predominatingly intellectual one, with which the Feelings have little to do, and the exceeding fairness, for which she is noted, towards all parties, towards all sects and denominations, is probably owing to her little feeling on the subject,—at least not enough to interfere with her judgment. She saw all sides, and they are always many, clearly, and without prejudice. In 1845 she went with us to Scotland, and when at Edinburgh we were called home suddenly by the tidings that her father had met with an accident, and required her immediate presence. In 1849 her father died; she was exceedingly depressed, and we took her abroad to France, Italy, Switzerland, &c. Sympathy with J. Antony Froude on the publication of his "Nemesis of Faith" led to some little visiting acquaintance with him, and he had arranged to go with us abroad, and was to have joined us at the station; but instead of himself came a letter to say that he was going to be married, which we thought a sufficient excuse, and we have seen nothing of him since. We left Miss Evans at Geneva for the winter, but in 1850 she again joined us, and was a member of my family for about twelve months, after which she went to London.

We had rather a large circle of acquaintances at Rosehill, of the better sort of literary people, for most of whom, however, we were obliged to go beyond the town.

Although I had known Mary Ann Evans as a child at her father's house at Griff, our real acquaintance began in 1841, when after she came with her father to reside near Coventry, my sister, who lived next door to her, brought her to call upon us one morning, thinking, amongst other natural reasons for introducing her, that the influence of this superior young lady of Evangelical principles might be beneficial to our heretical minds. She was then about one-and-twenty, and I can well recollect her appearance and modest demeanour as she sat down on a low ottoman by the window, and I had a sort of surprised feeling when she first spoke, at the measured, highly-cultivated mode of expression, so different from the usual tones of young persons from the country. We became friends at once. We soon found that her mind was already turning towards greater freedom of thought in religious opinion, that she had even bought for herself Hennell's "Inquiry," and there was much mutual interest between the author and herself in their frequent meeting at our house. She said of him, "Mr. Hennell seemed to me a model of moral excellence."*

Hennell's "Inquiry" is thus described by Miss Evans in one of the notices which she wrote in Mr. Chapman's "Analytical Catalogue," 1852:—"The first edition of this work appeared in 1838, when the present strong current of public opinion in favour of free religious discussion had not yet set in, and it probably helped to generate the tone of thought exhibited in more recent works of the same class, to which circumstances have given a wider fame—works which, like the above, in considering questions of biblical criticism and the philosophy of Christianity, combine high refinement, purity of aim, and candour, with the utmost freedom of investigation, and with a popularity of

In November, 1843, we went to London to be present at Charles Hennell's marriage with Miss Brabant at Finsbury Chapel, where W. J. Fox, one of the most eloquent preachers of the day, was the officiating minister. Miss Evans went with us, and was one of the bridesmaids, and she afterwards paid a visit to Dr. Brabant, the bride's father, at Devizes, in order to cheer him upon the loss of his only daughter. Dr. Brabant was a personal friend of Dr. Strauss and a profound German scholar, and under his direction, his daughter had begun to translate the "Leben Jesu." But after translating two chapters, her marriage interfering with the work, Miss Evans was persuaded by Mr. Hennell to undertake the completion of it. The English translation of the "Leben Jesu" appeared in 1846, and it is well known how admirably Miss Evans fulfilled her task.

After the publication of the "Nemesis of Faith," Miss Evans wrote to Froude to express her sympathy with and admiration of the story, signing herself "Translator of Strauss." Froude, through the publisher, wrote begging the translator to reveal herself. She made no reply, but shortly after wrote a notice of the "Nemesis" in the *Coventry Herald*, which Froude saw and recognised the style as the same as that of the writer of the letter,

style which wins them the attention, not only of the learned, but of the practical."

In a letter to Sara S. Hennell, dated Foleshill, Sep. 16th, 1847, Miss Evans thus speaks of the same book :—"I have read 'The Inquiry' again with more than interest—with delight and high admiration. My present impression from it far surpasses the one I had retained from my two readings about five years ago. Apart from any opinion of the book as an explanation of the existence of Christianity and the Christian documents I am sure that no one fit to read it at all could read it without being intellectually and morally stronger—the reasoning is so close, the induction so clever, the style so clear, and vigorous, and pointed, and the animus so candid and even generous."

and was much interested to be introduced to his reviewer, when he came to Coventry and met Miss Evans at our house.

For more than 20 years I corresponded with Mr. H. G. Atkinson, the joint author with Miss Martineau of "Man's Nature and Development." He was very fond of writing, I suppose, as I generally received two or three letters a month. Those who know his handwriting and style of composition, without stops or capitals, may perhaps pity me, but there was always something original that made his letters worth deciphering. We had some fundamental agreements, as he was a Phrenologist and Mesmerist, and so was I, but I leaned towards Idealism, and he decidedly towards Materialism, and I learned more from what appeared to me to be his errors than from his truths. I had a great respect and liking for him notwithstanding—respect, from the straightforward way in which he always stood up for what he considered to be the truth, however unpopular such truth might be. Bacon's Works were his Bible, and he was as well read in Shakespeare, and he was decidedly of opinion that Bacon, not Shakespeare, wrote what have always passed for Shakespeare's Plays. I give, as below, from a recent letter of his (April, 1882) on the subject :—

"Nothing," said Bulwer (the late Lord Lytton) to me once, "is more difficult than for a literary man to cease his occupation!" What say you? But if we are to believe the story, Shakespeare did, that is, retire to absolute idleness in the full possession of his amazing faculties, and without library or papers of any kind, and the writer of his life thinks such a feat "delightful to contemplate," &c. ; and taking no further

care for the plays as though they were not, and twelve of the finest not published until the folio of 1623—seven years after his death, and with the whole amended and some remodelled ! In Bacon's last years of retirement, when the "Novum Organum" came forth, and the "Essays and the Advancement of Learning, with additions," under the new title of the "De Augmentis," and at the same time the plays appear, while the William Shakespeare lays mouldering in his grave, he having ended his life in careless comfort out of the way of literature altogether, while Bacon in his last years could not keep his pen from verse making, but in spare hours cast the Psalms of David into fine Shakesperian poetic form—a metrical version ; having secured the great works of his life in finished form for all time, with the plays as "types and models" to illustrate human character, and his philosophy included. And I say, "Look on this picture and on that," &c. The empty illiterate man of the play-house, and the rich and ripe fullness and labour of Francis Bacon, who had name enough without the plays, and they in those days, and maybe in these, would not have added credit to his grand scheme of the renovation of philosophy for the benefit of man's estate for all ages to follow ! Bacon, wanting a favour at Court, writes to Davis (himself a poet) that he ought to be kind to *so-called poets*, Davis being in the secret, of course. What is clenched by Sir Tobie Matthew's celebrated P.S. in a letter to Bacon :—

"P.S. The most *prodigious wit* that ever I knew of my nation and of this side of the sea, is of your Lordship's name, though *he be known by another*." The secret required him to be careful even in letters. Surely this is as clear and certain as that two and two make four, and *both* Sir Tobie and Ben Jonson omit the name of Shakespeare in their account of the literary magnates of their time, and both refer to Bacon as the greatest man in literature "since the world was a world." There really seems no room for a doubt on the question, and yet the idea from custom seems outrageous—the very deposing of a god, and putting up a phantom figure in his place. And here we find Carlyle comparing the philosophy and style of the plays, or

writer of the plays, with the "Novum Organum" of Bacon, and Professor Fowler, in his later work, "Bacon's Novum Organum," most emphatically asserting over again that the style of thought in the "Novum Organum" can only be compared with Shakespeare, and with no other writer; and neither supposing the two writings to be by one and the same author. Let as many read this as may be—no, no, not two gods but one god, and Atkinson is his prophet.

Yours for ever,

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

This is curious if true—a man has two immortalities bestowed upon him and he gives one—probably the most lasting, away. All I can say is that Bacon's head, as given us in the well known bust by Roubiliac, is the only one that I have seen out of which Shakespeare's Plays could have come. But what is the value of posthumous fame! An old friend of mine, a Dr. C. B. Nankivell, did the most towards the establishment of Provident Dispensaries, and I see in the London report upon the subject the credit is given to a Dr. Tankivell. A letter in the spelling of our name may make all the difference as who shall have the fame, when we are gone. What is left to the wise is to "Be good and do good" *now*. Do your best and leave the rest, is my motto—"Permitte cætera Deo."

On my pointing out to Atkinson that Lord Campbell in his life tells us that he was reading Shakespeare through that he might note his numberless allusions to law and their great correctness, he writes :—

Lord Campbell says :—"On the retrospect I am amazed not only by their number, but by the accuracy and propriety with which they are uniformly introduced." And he adds :—"There is

nothing so dangerous as for one not of the craft to tamper with our freemasonry." Again :—"While novelists and dramatists are constantly making mistakes as to the law of marriage, of wills, and of inheritance, in Shakespeare's law, lavishly as he propounds it, there can be neither demurrer, nor bill of exceptions, nor writ of error," &c.

Dr. Bucknill finds the same complete knowledge of medical learning in the plays, and in Bacon's essays and the "Advancement of Learning," &c., and compares the astonishing list of flowers in the cottage scene of the "Winter's Tale" and Bacon's "Essay on Gardens."

CHAPTER IX.

PURCHASE OF THE "COVENTRY HERALD"; LAMMAS LAND ENCLOSURE ; LOCAL CHARITIES.

In 1846 I purchased the Liberal newspaper, *The Coventry Herald and Observer*, established 1808, and which afterwards, by amalgamation with a recently started penny paper of large circulation, became *The Coventry Herald and Free Press*. The Tory paper belonged to a company, but its editing was left almost entirely in the hands of a Mr. Poole, who had formerly been reporter to the *Herald*, but who was dismissed by me in consequence of his *proved* misrepresentation of the speeches of political opponents. Through his agency the *Standard* now lent itself to a systematic misrepresentation of my actions, writings, opinions, and even private affairs, and of course this had its effect. I recollect that after a series of garbled extracts from my "Philosophy

of Necessity," in the votes for the committee of our Library Society, I fell from the top but one to the bottom. As I did not attend any place of worship many good people were puzzled to know what to make of me. It was reported that I believed in neither God nor devil, and I pleaded guilty to the latter impeachment,—because I believe in God I do not believe in a devil. But not to believe in the devil was very bad, and I was supposed to be guilty of all the immoral acts which it is thought everyone else would be guilty of if there were no devil. Some people put me down as crotchety, because I always advocated reforms before public opinion was prepared for them; almost all my *crotchets*, however, have now passed into Laws. By my Party—and I was never a strong party man,—I was pronounced indiscreet, because I had a habit of speaking the truth, when it was not always thought prudent to do so. I was too many-sided to come under any nick-name, and the Tory paper, from the personal animus of its editor, was always on the alert to put a false construction on what I said and did. I mention this because it had a tendency to make public life distasteful to me, and no doubt had considerable influence in inducing my early retirement from it. Especially in one of my efforts to benefit, as I believe, my native city, I was unfortunate in reaping a harvest of unpopularity.

Coventry was surrounded by what were called Lammas Lands (besides extensive Commons), which could not be built upon, as the Freemen had a right of pasturage over them during part of the year. This limited the extension of the city and injured it in many

ways,—preventing the growth of a suburban population, and the higher public opinion dependent upon it. Although only about 300 Freemen out of 3,000 could make any use of this right of pasturage, these few were very jealous of it, and would not consent to the inclosure except upon terms to which landowners would not agree. Our city Parliamentary members were dependent upon the Freemen's vote, and no one who valued his political influence dared to interfere.

In 1843 I set myself to obtain this inclosure by obtaining the consent of the Freemen on condition that they should receive one-third of the value of the land in money. I carried a resolution to this effect in twelve out of the thirteen Wards of the city. The cowkeepers, who derived nearly the whole benefit from the land, showed hard fight, but I had some sturdy supporters. We were obliged to meet in the large room of some public-house, and there, from eight at night till often after twelve, in an atmosphere of beer and tobacco, we fought it out. But I was not satisfied with this. I had the city canvassed, and got the signatures of two-thirds of the Freemen in favour of the enclosure on the above terms. By these resolutions and signatures, the City Council was induced to take up the matter and apply to Parliament in 1844 for an Act sanctioning the enclosure on these terms. But now we were doomed to have an illustration of the fickleness of public opinion. The few whose interests were opposed to the enclosure, backed by a clever lawyer, persuaded their fellow Freemen that they were about to be robbed, and that I was in the interest of the landowners; and they returned to their

original standpoint,—their determination to receive compensation for their right in land only. To this the landowners were still determined not to agree. The Bill therefore was opposed, and, after about £500 had been spent on each side, was thrown out. Of course I was myself not popular on either side, and at one time I could scarcely go from my home to business without being abused and sometimes pelted. Going home one night, when it was very dark, I heard a knot of workmen discussing the question. It was asked what *I* wanted with the inclosure. One repeated the old tale that I was in the interest of the landowner; another said that I was rich and wanted the land round my house for a park; another that they were both wrong, for I was what they call a “phe-lanthropist.” “What’s that?” they asked. “Why,” says the man, “it’s a man who acts from no motive at all.” An unselfish motive, a motive that was in no way personal, was with them “no motive at all.” But we have gone on fast since then, and most working-men *know* better than that now, although they have little faith in the practice of unselfishness.

But the question of the enclosure had been thoroughly stirred, and was never allowed again to sleep till it had been effected. I never let the subject drop, although I could not move in it publicly. Our member, the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, gave me an introduction to Lord Morpeth—Lord Carlisle I think he had then become—who had worked so hard in promoting the health of towns. He said that no one could tell, till he tried to effect sanitary reforms, how strong the vested interests in stinks were! He promised to include the Coventry

inclosure in one of the Bills for other towns for which he was about to apply — York, for instance. But in the meantime it was discovered that the inclosure might be effected under what was called Lord Lincoln's Act, and a petition was got up by the Freemen to the Inclosure Commissioners praying them to take the matter in hand. This they did, and an Assistant Commissioner was sent down in 1855. After the customary delay the Freemen had assessed to them in lieu of their herbage rights 7-24ths of the Lammas, and 1-5th of the Michaelmas lands, in all about 273 acres; and thus the inclosure was at last effected, to the great good of all parties concerned, except, perhaps, the few Freemen who hitherto had monopolised all the interests.

As Coventry was an ancient city, and as one of our Mayors observed, *always was* an ancient city, it was cursed with a great many other charities besides these Lammas Lands. There were "gifts" innumerable, and consequently a class of people who made it their business to look after these gifts. The effect was most pauperising and demoralising. The foundation of all other virtues in working men, as in most other men, is providence, and these gifts were decidedly a premium on improvidence. A man trusted to a "gift" instead of to his own savings, and often lost more time in running after it than it was worth, even if he were successful in obtaining it; and two out of three applicants were doomed to disappointment and consequent difficulty and distress; to say nothing of loss of independence and the toadying habits thus

engendered. Perhaps the worst of these kind of charities is what is called the Ladies' Charity, supported by an annual ball, the profits of which go towards providing that children may be brought into the world without any preparation being previously made for them by their parents. Here, in case of a child to be born, is plenty of notice given, plenty of time to make preparation, and provide what is necessary, and the educational influence of the providence required is incalculable for good ; but the ladies step in with their ill-judged charity, and a woman, instead of trusting to her own savings to make provision, trusts almost to the last hour to getting a lying-in ticket. The young ladies and gentlemen who annually dance for the benefit of this charity do not know the mischief and misery that are too often the consequences ; but it is the fashion, and no one dare dissent.

In 1855 and 1856 the Charity Commissioners proposed to divert some of the worst of these charities to educational and other useful purposes. This raised a perfect storm of indignation, not only among the recipients of the charities, but also among the patrons, or those who had the dispensing of them. This loud expression of opinion carried along with it many who, as Trustees of the Charities, admitted that they had for years witnessed the mischief resulting from them. The excuse for their objection was that they did not like this particular Bill ; it included charities of which they were the special patrons, which it ought not to have done, &c. I am proud to say that with my newspaper I stood alone in the support of a Bill,—this Bill even, if we could not

get it amended. This support damaged the newspaper for a time, but I am sorry to say we have since been let alone—the Charity Commissioners must be “sent to Coventry” before they will try their reforming hand here again.

Coventry possesses one admirable institution in its Provident Dispensary, established 1830. The members, who must be exclusively of the working class—*i.e.*, those who are in receipt of wages, pay 1d. a week, and less for children; and this supplies them with medical advice, attendance, and medicine, in sickness. (There is no begging here,—it is a man’s own provident and independent provision for a time when he is most likely to want medical advice and assistance, and not to want the doctor’s bill. I have been on the Committee of this Institution for 45 years. It now numbers, according to the last report (1882), 16,000 members, and its receipts from its Free Members were £1,640, paying each of its three Surgeons above £300 a year. It has now four Surgeons. There was great opposition to this Institution when it was first established, so that medical men required to be brought from a distance to work it. Not one of our city practitioners would have anything to do with it; except the Honorary Physician. It was said that the Institution would admit other than working men, and would thus interfere greatly with medical practice. But certainly no *just* cause of complaint has ever been brought against the Institution on this ground,—the only apparent exception to the rule arises from the fact that where working men have raised themselves to be Masters they are not *obliged* to retire, this being left to

their own good sense: also that there may be a few members of Provident Clubs, and whose circumstances we are not able to inquire into, who belong to the Provident Dispensary as members of those Clubs. We were very fortunate with respect to the first medical men employed by the Institution, the great good sense and indomitable firmness of Dr. C. B. Nankivell having carried us over many difficulties and pit-falls. In a recent history of these Institutions, which have now very much increased throughout the country, this credit was given to a Dr. Tankivell ! as I have before mentioned.

An opposition Institution was set up on the old improvident eleemosynary principle. The members were supplied with relief gratuitously—no subscription being required on their part, provided they could *beg* a ticket, which was supplied at the expense of Honorary Subscribers. This was not a very thriving concern, and on the establishment of a Hospital it was joined to that Institution, doing as much harm by this system of outdoor medical relief as the Hospital itself did good. Perhaps no organised charity is so altogether unobjectionable, or so useful even, as a Hospital, where people can have their arms and legs cut off, and other surgical operations performed, and diseases treated that could not be so well attended to in the confined homes of the poor ; but when an improvident, eleemosynary system of outdoor relief is added to this, the charity does as much harm as good. At the Coventry Hospital half the out-door cases who begged tickets could afford to pay for themselves, and the other half being too poor to pay a penny a week

to the Provident Dispensary, properly belonged to the Parish doctor. The Governors, I believe, are quite aware of this, and the difficulty in making the very desirable change lies with the subscribers, who, it is thought, will not give up their patronage. Nevertheless, the very principle of the Charity requires that tickets should admit to the Hospital only. A Hospital ought to be a Hospital, and not an improvident Dispensary for out-door relief as well, and I think probably the public might be made to see this if the out-door attendance were done away with.

CHAPTER X.

RETIRE FROM BUSINESS—PRIVATE AND PUBLIC ; PERFECT LEISURE.

In 1856, having secured, as I considered, a small competency of about £400 a year, I gave up manufacturing. For several years my position in the trade had been excellent, the goods we sent out were acknowledged to be first-rate, and twice during that time I had reason to believe I might have made a large fortune from inventions of my own. But the ribbon-trade is a fluctuating concern at its best, and the worry and uncertainties connected with it leave a man no time or repose for such pursuits as I now more than all things coveted the needful leisure for. Besides this, I had not capital of my own sufficient to conduct a large business liable to great reverses and sudden depressions, and it was contrary to my principles to risk the capital of others. In the years 1860-3, when Coventry passed through its severest

crisis of depression, and respectable firms broke down one after another like so many houses of cards, I had reason to congratulate myself that I had pulled up. I left my larger house, and went into a cottage of my own adjoining it, of about half the size, but with the same pleasant surroundings. Many people considered I had come down in the world, but, in my opinion, I had decidedly gone up.

In 1860, when the Labourers and Artizans' Co-operative Society failed, and I was no longer required as President, I gave up public life altogether. I was a very popular Chairman so long as the Society was paying from 15 to 25 per cent., but no one tolerates want of success. In fact, I had not been successful anywhere, whatever ultimate good may have come out of my efforts, and the thanks I received were proportionate to my success and my deserts. I never was thanked by anyone at any time for anything I ever did, or perhaps I ought rather to say, attempted to do. It has been the same with my books. I never made a penny by anything I ever wrote in my life, and I have no doubt many who differ from me will say I never deserved to do. Well, I never worked for either thanks or pay, but the payment I have received—certainly not a pecuniary one—I now, at the end of a rather long life, pronounce to be ample. But to this I shall return. The popular road, broad enough certainly, was open to me, but I never could follow it, and even when the majority came over to my side I generally left it and went on to something else.

I now possessed the leisure I had always desired, with

friends in proportion to our smaller house and means. I now had, and have had ever since, the power of doing what I liked best all day long, which I deem a considerable privilege; a degree of liberty and emancipation from conventionalism rarely attained.

In 1861 I published a second edition of my "Philosophy of Necessity" in one volume. It had taken twenty years to sell the first edition. But its truths were as new and as unacknowledged as when it was first published. It had a small but steady sale, and Longmans said it was *the* book upon the subject, which I took to mean the best book because there was no other; like the boy who was top but one in his class of two. The appendix, which was not the least valuable part of the first edition, was now omitted. It consisted of "An Outline of the various Social Systems and Communities which have been founded on the principle of Co-operation," by Mary Hennell, my sister-in-law, and had already been re-published separately. I made many other alterations. The Socialist Utopia was handed over to the other Utopias of Plato and More as altogether impracticable for ages to come. The philosophy I had tested in practice. Just as much as it dismissed the past to the inevitable did it put the future in our power, as mind was not subject to free-will or chance, but was as much the subject of law as matter; and whatever therefore we disapproved in the past might be altered for the future by obedience to such laws. Merit and demerit represent our likes and antipathies, and we praise or blame, reward or punish, as a means of producing one line of conduct rather than another.

“A man’s character is formed for him and not by him,” is the Socialist formula for expressing the doctrine of “Determinism,” as it is now called, but by the study of, and obedience to, the Laws of Mind, a man has as much power over his own Mind as he has over any department of physical nature. He may greatly improve the original constitution upon which his character depends, and what a man will do depends upon this character and the circumstances in which he is placed. The “Philosophy of Necessity” puts the mental and moral philosopher on a par with the student of physical science. The calm that belongs to the one belongs to the other. A physicist in his laboratory does not excite himself because his experiments are not always successful, and the true Mental Philosopher in his apprehension of, and dealings with, his fellow men, knows that the laws that govern them are unvarying, and that he has but to employ the proper means on all occasions to produce the results he desires. Nothing tends more than this conviction to the calm and quiet which is essential to the formation of that habit of mind upon which the highest happiness depends, and nothing tends more to worry and disquiet than the assumption that things might have been and ought to have been different in the past. Nor is this worry and disquiet at all necessary to produce a different result in the future ; the conviction that all happens and must happen in accordance with invariable law is sufficient for that. The object of my “Philosophy of Necessity,” published in 1841, was to show that Law reigned equally in Mind and in Matter ; that there could be no mental, moral, and social *science*

if it did not. We are now told by Dr. Bridges, a leading Apostle of Comtism, that this was the principal aim of Comte's Philosophy. In a published address given on January, 1, 1879, called "Prayer and Work," he says, "The *Philosophie Positive*, that work which has made such a stir amongst men of culture, but of which they understood the bearing so very dimly, had no other purpose whatever than this, to present all the principal truths affecting men's life in an orderly series, and to show that the laws and condition of spiritual health were precisely of the same positive, scientific, ascertainable kind as the laws of his bodily health; that the conditions of harmony among man's variable passions were as definitely fixed, though far more difficult to realise, as the conditions of harmony in the vibrations of musical strings; that misery will follow injustice with the same certainty that a stone set free from the hand will fall to the earth. The first and the last object of Comte's life was to instil that sense of steady firm conviction which scientific truth establishes in the regions of man's emotions and conduct. . . . It is the one specially new thing that we have to teach men, that goodness and justice, truthfulness and purity of life, do not rest on the mysterious revelations of this or that prophet, be he Buddha, Christ, or Mahommed, but on laws of nature, on an order of the world which the followers of all these can recognise in common." It is this "new thing" that I have been preaching for this last forty years, but I was not aware that I had so strong an ally in Positivism—certainly none of its disciples have ever recognised me.

I cannot forbear quoting here a letter I received from

Dr. Conolly, as a specimen of his playful style, and also another that contains much worth preserving, on his receipt of the second edition of the "Philosophy of Necessity.

"Lawn House, Hanwell, London, W.,

"April 5, 1863.

"My dear friend,—I most truly thank you for the copy of your 'great book.' First, I must say that I do not believe that dear Mrs. Bray (who lives in my memory as a kind of angel)—I say that I do not believe dear Mrs. Bray finds the subjects treated of really 'distasteful;' but that, as to myself, they sometimes seem a little beyond the reaches of our souls. Perhaps not quite so, however, only life is short, and to discover truth may be the work of eternity. You are a young man, you know: but when we have passed a certain portion of our existence here we begin to ask ourselves what 'upon earth' we *are*, wherefrom, wherefore. We acquire some knowledge of the things around us, their vastness and grandeur, their minute and exquisite beauty; we consider our own faculties, their extent, and their limitation; our marvellous organization and life, its progressive development, its inevitable decay—and much more, which I need not suggest to you—and then we say, is not all this physical universe created for some universal scheme and purpose—and we try by means of our highest faculties to imagine what the purpose *can be*. We try also to attain some wise notion of *our* part in the plan, and in what manner we ought to conform to the Creator of all around us, and of ourselves.

"To pursue truth and to do good seems to be felt as our clear duty. Of the Great First Cause we can still but say—

'Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this—that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

"We anxiously seek to know the height to which the highest intellects have hitherto arrived in this matter—we 'unsphere the spirit of Plato'—we commune with his almost divine master,

Socrates ; we read the eloquent pages of Cicero, ‘ Rome’s least mortal mind ’—we peruse the fervent Epistles of Paul, as far as genuine, and turn over all forms of faith, with all the superstitious and venal attempts to ‘ circumvent God ’ all over the world ; and what then ? In truth we have not fair play. For most of us, that is to say, speaking at least for *me* and all the orthodox, we have been carefully taught *what* to think, but not at all *how* to think. ‘ The magazine of the memory is stored and stuffed betimes ; but the conduct of the understanding is all along neglected, and the free exercise of it is, in effect, forbid in all places, and in terms in some.’—(Bolingbroke : ‘ True Use of Retirement and Study,’—which you will find very pretty reading.)

“ Very well—so we go on thinking and thinking, and wondering that any human being can live *without* thinking of all these things ; until the great teacher Death shuts up all the books and museums in this world, and the thinking soul, in spite of Professor Huxley, takes leave of the gorillas and apes, and leaves them in their progressive meditations to discover as much as it carries away with it, and more if they can.

“ My impression is, that if an angel were permitted to talk to us about the whole Eternal Plan we should not comprehend him ; but that there must be a Plan, or, to quote Tennyson,

‘ One far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves,’

cannot be doubted. In the meantime, how singularly from time to time are what may be called *revelations* of science and even of morals made to man ; how wonderfully is the capability of the cerebral organs now and then manifested ? Mozart when a child composes matchless harmonies, Newton reveals (not all Nature’s law, for he knew he was but as a child gathering pebbles on the shore of the great ocean of Truth)—but truths before unknown : and how certain it is that the world has improved even since this century began—which I am ready to depose on oath—all which being admitted (I trust I am logical), I have a great fancy myself that the time *will* come when every part of this globe will be inhabited—all regions cultivated and productive, all climates

thereby ameliorated, all the faculties of all men fully developed, with many results of comfort and happiness which I leave you to imagine. Even now, my friend, vexed as we are and often desponding, (as I was all yesterday, oppressed with some unavoidable griefs—and as doubtless you sometimes are) even now, we sometimes enjoy what Bacon calls a heaven upon earth. ‘Certainly,’ saith the great philosopher, ‘it is heaven upon earth to have a man’s mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.’”

“And now, having written myself out, and not feeling particularly sure what I have been writing about, it remains for me to assure you that I shall read every word in your book ; not the summary only. To be sure I wince a little at the Political Economy part of it—wealth, wages, land allotments, and so forth—but you write so clearly and pleasantly that I am sure I shall go courageously through every page. Ah me ! those were pleasant days when I talked with you and George Combe as we drove about those Warwickshire lanes. I trust you are not as solitary as I am. Five years in the asylum* severed me from every body ; and now I am disinclined for all society, perhaps unfit for it. Business, chiefly for the benefit of others, greatly occupies me, and I am conscious that I do not like it quite so much as I used to do. The mind is dull, or the garment which envelopes it is wearing out. I am sure the soul is not itself touched at all, but the folds about it grow heavier. Last April I had a slight attack of what my medical friends called ‘pressure.’ I suspect it was what Mr. Waller, sen., calls ‘apoplexy.’ But I am not idle, and am writing a sort of monitorial legacy to be read at a meeting of Superintendents of Asylums in July.

“Now and then we have visitors to whom one dare talk. Lately a Miss Sewell, M.D., of Boston, U.S., has been here occasionally ; young, intelligent, and unaffected, and studying mental disorders, and also walking ‘the hospitals,’ and very

*Dr. Conolly was Superintendent and Chief Physician of the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum.

courteously received everywhere.—*Vide* Bray, p. 428, and seq. Very witty—and no less wise than witty ! Gastronomy and Astronomy !!!

* * * *

“ Yours ever truly,

“ J. CONOLLY.”

The second edition of the “Philosophy of Necessity,” which has a phrenological basis, was published partly by subscription, and I asked the Doctor if he could get me any subscribers. His reply was characteristic. “Next, as to the ‘Philosophy of Necessity’ :—it would be a physiognomical curiosity to see the elongation of the faces of my neighbours in this village of slumber, and this yet uncivilized region of West Middlesex, if I asked some of them to subscribe to your good work. ‘The Essays and Reviews’ have suffocated many :—the ‘Philosophy of Necessity’ would finish the rest. They must first, I fear, be shown the necessity of philosophy.

‘Truth would you teach, or save a sinking land,
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.’

So said Pope, and so, I dare say, said Paul, and David, and Moses, and the gentlemen who wrote before the Deluge, and whose manuscripts, like the pots and pans of Tubal Cain, perished in the waters.”

In 1866 I brought out my “Force, and its Mental Correlates.” I recollect on reading Grove’s “Correlation of the Physical Forces” I could not see why correlation should stop at the physical forces, and why it should not be extended to mental force. Mind is a force, coming to us through the food we eat, and under the molecular action of the brain what is

called physical force becomes subjective conscious force, or mind, and loses then its objective character as a mode of motion, which it resumes under the action of the will. Every creature has a soul and this is its source. Heat is a mode of motion, or rather it is a force known to us by its peculiar mode of motion ; the great heat or mode of motion of our early globe has been transformed into all the varied motions peculiar to the infinitely varied forms which distinguish the vegetable and animal world, together with (by the aid of the sun force also) their souls or modes of sensibility ; the different forms or shapes, or individualities, which these varied modes of motion take, depending upon the brain with its modes of sensibility or forms of thought. Thus physical force creates the mind and the mind creates the world. I have endeavoured to put this more clearly in "Illusion and Delusion," a pamphlet published in the "Scott Series," and also in "Natural Law : as Automatic Mind or Unconscious Intelligence," a paper read to, and published by, the Psychological Society of Great Britain.

I was indebted not only to Mr. G. Grove, but much to James Hinton in his "Physiological Riddles," published in the *Cornhill Magazine*. The book, "Force, and its Mental Correlates," excited little notice, and I am not aware that its conclusions have yet been accepted by any philosopher of note. It is true Herbert Spencer says "Various classes of facts unite to prove that the law of metamorphosis, which holds among the physical forces, holds equally between them and the mental forces. Those modes of the Unknowable which we call motion, heat, light, chemical affinity, &c., are alike transformable

into each other, and into those modes of the Unknowable which we distinguish as sensation, emotion, thought: these in their turns, being directly or indirectly re-transformed into the original shapes. That no idea or feeling arises, save as the result of some physical force expended in producing it, is fast becoming a commonplace in science; and whoever duly weighs the evidence will see that nothing but an overwhelming bias in favour of a pre-concerted theory can explain its non-acceptance."—"First Principles," p. 280. Mr. Fiske, however, in his "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy," says that an unfailing parallelism between the molecular action of the brain and feeling is all that has yet been established, and that all the physical force expended is that which is required to set the brain in motion; that he and all other philosophers confine themselves to this expenditure only, and among these others he includes Herbert Spencer. But in this he is mistaken. If Mr. Fiske will turn to p. 120 of Mr. Spencer's second edition of his "Principles of Psychology," he will find that Mr. Spencer retains the opinions as expressed above. He says:—"In brief, then, the quantitative correlation of feeling and nervous change holds true only within narrow limits. We have good reason to conclude that at the particular place in a superior nervous centre where, in some mysterious way, an objective change or nervous action causes a subjective change or feeling, there exists a quantitative equivalence between the two: the amount of sensation is proportionate to the amount of molecular transformation that takes place in the vascular substance affected. But there is no fixed or even approximate

quantitative relation between this amount of molecular transformation in the sentient centre, and the peripheral disturbance originally causing it, or the disturbance of the motor apparatus which it may eventually cause." This is certainly a rather qualified statement to the one given above, but Mr. Spencer himself says in a letter to me, March 7, 1881, "That in making the qualifications above specified it never occurred to me that any one would suppose that I was diverging from the doctrine I originally expressed in 'First Principles,' that there is not only a correlation between physical force and that which we know as feeling, but that the one is, under the conditions specified, transformed into the other. In fact, I can conceive no other possible interpretation of the phenomena." I am glad to have this clear admission from Mr. Spencer, although he now seems disposed to confine this quantitative correlation of feeling and nervous change "within narrow limits," and the use he would make of the truth, he would confine, so far as I know, to still narrower limits, for he nowhere attempts to carry this truth out to what appear to me to be its legitimate and exceedingly important consequences. With him at present it is a comparatively barren truth.

From the want of the recognition of this truth, that mind is a transformation or correlation of the natural or physical forces, physical philosophers are forced to the conclusion that mind does not act upon the body at all. The persistence of force, or that "each manifestation of force can be interpreted only as the effect of some antecedent force," logically necessitates this conclusion. That the will does not influence the body at all ought to have

made them suspect that there was a link wanting in their sequences or reasoning, that the *force* of mind could not be left out, and that "the persistence of force is thus interrupted by psychical processes." We cannot explain all motion on purely mechanical principles, and when a philosopher asserts that his mind does not govern his body, and that his will has no power over it at all, his friends ought to look after him.

As I have said my book excited little notice. I was honoured, however, by one notice beginning, "Fitly art thou called Bray, my worthy friend ! Verily thou brayest in fashion unexampled ! This was by a Mr. Maccall, author of "The Individuality of the Individual," and he ought not to lose the credit of it.

The conclusions come to in my book put shortly are as follows :—

There is but one Reality in the universe, which Physical Philosophers call "Force ;" and Metaphysicians "Noumenon." It is the "Substance" of Spinoza, and the "Being" of Hegel.

Everything around us results from the mode of action or motion, or correlation of this one force, the different Forms of which we call Phenomena.

The difference in the mode of action depends upon the difference in the Structure it passes through ; such Structure consisting of concentrated Force, or centres of Force, and has been called Matter. "Every form is force visible ; and a form of rest is a balance of forces ; a form undergoing change is the predominance of one over others."—*Huxley*.

Heat, Light, Magnetism, Electricity, Attraction, Repulsion, Chemical Affinity, Life, Mind or Sentience, are modes of action or manifestations of Force, and die or cease to exist, when the Force passes on into other forms.

Cause and Effect is this sequence or correlation ; and each

cause and effect is a new Life and a new Death : each new form being a new creation, which dies and passes away, never to return, for "nothing repeats itself, because nothing can be placed again in the same condition : the past being irrevocable."—*W. R. Grove*. "There is no death in the concrete, what passes away passes away into its own self—only the passing away passes away."—*Hegel*.

Force passing through a portion of the structure of the brain creates the "World" of our intellectual consciousness, with the "ego," or sense of personal identity ; passing through other portions of the brain, the world of our likes and antipathies—called the Moral world : Good and Evil being purely subjective.

The character and direction of Volition depends upon the Persistent Force and the structure through which it passes. Every existing state, both bodily and mental, has grown out of the preceding, and all its Forces have been used up in present phenomena. Thus, "everything that exists depends upon the past, prepares the future, and is related to the whole."—*Oersted*.

As no force acts singly, but is always combined with other forces or modes of action to produce some given purpose or particular result, we infer that Force is not blind but intelligent. As Force is intelligent and One, it would be more properly called Being—possessing personality ; and that Being we have called God. "He is the universal Being of which all things are the manifestations."—*Spinoza*.

All power is Will power,—the will of God. "Causation is the will, Creation the act of God."—*W. R. Grove*. The will which originally required a distinct conscious volition has passed, in the ages, into the unconscious or automatic, constituting the fixed laws and order of nature.

Vital Force exists in excess in some constitutions, and may be transferred to other living organisms, often constituting a curative agent.

Brain Force, the result of cerebration, also exists in excess in some nervous constitutions ; it then forms a sphere or atmosphere

around individuals by which one brain is brought into direct communication with others and mind becomes a unity. Individual will-power can act through this medium beyond the range of individual body. In this way may be explained the Mysteries of Magic and Witchcraft, the Phenomena of Mesmerism, of so-called Spiritualism, and the Curative Power of individuals.

In 1871 I published my "Manual of Anthropology, or Science of Man, based on Modern Research." Forty years before Combe's "Constitution of Man" had been to me, as to many others, an important stepping-stone towards the true science of man, and this "Manual" was an attempt to incorporate Combe's principles with the advanced knowledge of the present time. I therefore received some little assistance from the Henderson Trustees, whose funds were for the promotion of such objects.

There was room under such a title for the exposition of my own views on the constitution of man, which I had made my special study, and the knowledge I had acquired in this direction was as yet by no means common. My chief aim was to point out "the relations between our physical and moral natures;" how and where "physics and metaphysics — physiology and psychology, became united, and the study of man passes from the uncertain light of mere opinion to the region of science." In the preface I quote Professor P. G. Tait's dictum, "that it is simply preposterous to suppose that we shall ever be able to understand scientifically the sources of consciousness and volition." Nevertheless, I have endeavoured to show the conditions under which physical forcé, which in my doctrine is

automatic mind, again resumes its consciousness; how the Persistence of Forces, and Philosophical Necessity, or Law in Mind, are one and the same; and how, therefore, our ethical systems may and must be brought into harmony with this now known fact. *Land and Water* says of the "Anthropology" (and the writer really seems to have read the book):—"We are so matter-of-fact that a little brilliant, even if irregular, speculation is quite a relief, and although we can hardly expect a general popularity for this strange and clever book, we can promise its author that he will find, at all events, a small body of unprejudiced persons who will be glad to see such novel views in print, however little they may be disposed to agree with them." The critic was quite right—its circulation has been confined to "a small body of unprejudiced persons." A notice of the manual in the *Examiner* says:—"Mr. Bray's style is eminently popular. He throws a good deal of humour and feeling into his writing; and he affects less to conceal himself behind a veil of pure reason than do authors in general. From his pages we feel that we know the man, and like him." I afterwards made the acquaintance of the writer, and I certainly could not but return the compliment. I have met few towards whom I have felt myself so much drawn. He afterwards became the friend of Lord Amberley, and the tutor and guardian to his children. He died very young, Lord Amberley was a man of the highest moral sense.

Probably my heretical opinions in those days interfered with my power of public usefulness. I attended no place of public worship—how could I be trusted in any capa-

city ! It is different in London, but in the country if a man does not believe in the popular religion, and lets it be known, it interferes very much with his success in life : he is put in no public place of trust, and he is not visited. This is less true than it was. There has been a considerable change in public opinion in this respect during the last few years, and this change is rapidly increasing.

My next publications were some pamphlets for Thomas Scott, of Upper Norwood, for gratuitous circulation. Mr. Scott devoted the latter part of his life, and a large portion of his income, to the cause of Free Thought and Free Expression, and has done a noble work. I trust the Scott Series will be kept together, although he has thankfully "gone to his rest," having been a great sufferer. The pamphlets in question are :—

"Illusion and Delusion : or Modern Pantheism v. Spiritualism."

"The Reign of Law in Mind, as in Matter."

"Toleration : With some Remarks on Professor Tyndall's Address at Belfast."

"Christianity : Viewed in the Light of our Present Knowledge and Moral Sense." In 3 Parts.

Part 1.—"Religion Primitive and Among the Lowest Races."

Part 2.—"The Christian Religion."

Part 3.—"The Cosmos."

I wrote also two papers for the Psychological Society of Great Britain, published, I believe, in their Transactions. They are called

"Cerebral Psychology ;" and

“ Natural Law ; as Automatic Mind or Unconscious Intelligence.”

Illusion and Delusion is thus briefly summarized—Matter is known to us only from its capacity of creating within us certain sensations or modes of sensibility, which we call ideas and feelings. Mind is the aggregate of these ideas and feelings, their character or speciality depending upon the brain.

The World, therefore, is created within us, and although there is *something* without us, the world, *as we conceive of it*, exists only in our conception. But although the world is the world of our own ideas, and exists only in thought, it is not the less real, or worthy, or wonderful. It is *our* world.

The Will is subject to “ Law,” like everything else. Morality regulates the laws of man’s well-being, and as it is the law of his nature to seek his well-being, the interests of morality are sufficiently assured, whatever may be his *opinions* on the subject. The body consists of forces of nature individualized and acting together for a special purpose. Their action depends upon the nice balance established between external and internal relations. It has taken ages to bring together and establish this relationship, and it is the unity of these powers and their united action that constitutes the Identity of the Ego. The forces which compose the body are all capable of acting separately, and are indestructible, but when this unity of body is destroyed, whether the identity is destroyed is a question left for everyone to answer for himself, as it is usually made a question of feeling and not of reasoning.

Thus matter, mind, the world, the will, in the common acceptation and as commonly conceived, are mere Illusions, and to many Delusions. The tenor of the other pamphlets will probably be sufficiently understood from what has gone before.

CHAPTER XI.

MESMERISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

Mesmerism and Spiritualism, and their allied occult subjects, have always had a special interest for me. It was about 1841, I think, for I have no memorandum of the exact date, that a M. Lefontaine came to lecture at Coventry on Mesmerism. He was sent up to me, as everybody was who was supposed to be a little cracked. I helped him to get up a lecture. He mesmerised a young lady, who thereupon became quite insensible—you might prick her and pinch her and fire a pistol at her ear without any manifestation of feeling; but this was all. The audience was more select than numerous, and many were not satisfied; they expected more than they had witnessed, and Lefontaine offered them their money again. One of our leading and most learned men had brought a quarto volume in English black letter with him and because the poor girl, sitting on this volume, could not read it as well that way as with her eyes, he claimed his money again.

At another time we had Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Massey staying with us. She exhibited in public, professing to

be able to read without her eyes. Her eyes were carefully tied over, or you were allowed to put your hands over her face, but I noticed that she could not read till the bandage was considerably displaced, and she was obliged to go to the light, and if, when you held her eyes, you did it effectually, she always complained that you hurt her till you gave her more space. My opinion in this case was that there was no more than an exaltation of the natural sense of sight, which enabled her to see under conditions which she could not do in her ordinary natural state. I was present at a séance with Alexis Didier at Silk Buckingham's British and Foreign Institute, in Hanover Square, of which I was a member. He played *ecarté* with his eyes *really* blinded, and in several games made but one mistake. Several members went out and bought packs of cards, opened them themselves, and put one into a box. He always told correctly what it was. A watch was covered over with a thick leather covering, and put back or forward, and he always told the time as it was by the watch correctly, as well as marked the position of the hands on the outside.

A Mrs. Card, late Miss Eagle, exhibited a girl of about 10 or 12 years of age in Coventry Fair for a whole week. Her visit was originally intended for the officers at the Barracks, but finding them *out* and the Fair *in*, she went there. I attended every day. Whatever Mrs. Card could see the mesmerised girl could describe. Her eyes were turned back in her head, and by no possibility could she see. She told the number of my watch of five figures, as well as read writing inside

it, and as a test put by myself she told the numbers of three watches consecutively, each of five figures. People came from all parts of the country around to hear about their relations or friends abroad. In my own case she was quite successful. She told me correctly where my nephew came from in America, what he had been doing there, and that he was then in London. This I thought was a mistake, as a friend had just told me that he had seen him at his uncle's in the country. But some time after I asked him if he had been in London at that time. He pulled the half of an excursion ticket out of his pocket which he had sacrificed, and its date showed that he was in London at that time. A person I knew asked after his sons who had just gone to America. She said she could not see them anywhere. The Mesmeriser was very sharp with her, saying, "Look, look again!" After some time she said they were on board ship, coming home, and would arrive in Liverpool on a certain date, which I was *told* afterwards was quite correct.

With respect to Electro-Biology, or Hypnotism, in which susceptible people are brought completely under the will of the operator, I have seen a person in my own drawing-room, at 20 feet distance, completely under the *silent* will of the mesmeriser. I have also quite satisfied myself as to the fact of what is called Phrenomesmerism, where different parts of the brain are brought into separate active operation by touching them; and I have proved that this is not thought-reading, as the result was entirely different from that expected and intended by the operator, and yet from my better knowledge of Phrenology I knew the effect was what it ought to have been.

I have been less successful in what has been called Spiritualism. At Mrs. Marshall's, in London, I saw a table, around which we were sitting, rise about two feet from the ground and *float* away from us. I employed considerable force, but could not keep it down. The resistance was like that of a light body floating in water. But this is nearly all I have seen that was not manifest cheating; for instance, I attended a rather large and highly respectable private meeting, where a celebrated medium was to induce the spirits to bring us any fruit we might wish for. More than a dozen people were very closely packed round a table; the room was *completely* darkened, a small chink in the shutters being stopped up. After about five minutes something was thrown on the table. But, alas! no one had what they wished for; there were a few apples of a *peculiar* sort, such as were on the sideboard in the other room, and some Brazil nuts, which could be procured at any stall in the neighbourhood. So that the spirits had not given themselves much trouble. Here are the peculiarities; we were very closely packed, yet room was left for another at the right hand of the medium, where I wished to sit, but was not allowed; our host occupied the other side of the medium. One of the Brazil nuts was misshapen, and my attention was particularly called to it, so that when the spirits were asked to crack the nuts for us, and they complied in the dark, my attention was again called to the misshapen nut in proof that they were the same as we had seen before. Then the company were separately asked, all except myself, what was the use of

Spiritualism, and all seemed to regard it as a sort of supplementary revelation, with direct proof of our Immortality. I mention no names, only I am sorry to see that A. R. Wallace includes the doings of this medium among his proofs in evidence of the truths of Spiritualism.

At another time I was told a celebrated medium had just arrived from America, and I was invited to attend a special meeting got up for my particular benefit. I went, taking two friends with me. There were present the lady medium—a young and pretty girl, with her father or husband, husband I think, and three other men, whose faces and heads were a study for the *Physionomist* and *Phrenologist*. There was also the gentleman who had invited me, and whom I was particularly sorry to find mixed up with such a performance. Gentlemen were appointed to see fair play. The lady's hands were then tied behind, first by her husband, who tied the first knot, and then the other gentlemen were allowed to tie as many knots *over* that as they liked. The lady then sat with her back to a door, into which a ring had been fastened immediately opposite where her hands would be, and which no doubt was intended to assist the lady in getting her hands free. A curtain was then drawn in front of the lady, the light was lowered, and then we had the usual manifestations of the spirits playing on instruments, with hands and heads dimly appearing above the curtain. All this was done very quickly, and then the lady called light, that we might see that she was still bound. When there was more than usual exertion, dexterity, and quickness

required, the tone in which the lady called out "light" showed her to be completely out of breath. We then formed a circle in the dark, the lady in the middle, and clapping her hands without ceasing to show she could not be otherwise occupied, and we were particularly requested by her not to be so unkind as to loose each other's hands, and then all sorts of fool's tricks were played, upon me especially—the spirits evidently resenting my unbelief. All this was doubtless bare-faced trickery, performed *by the aid of confederates*—as it seems to me all the greatest wonders of spiritualism always are—pious frauds in aid of the New Revelation. I give the above merely as examples, of course I have seen a great deal more, and much more than I am able to account for. I reject the "spirits" altogether. Spirits have been called in to account for every unknown cause ever since the world began. There are no greater wonders in Spiritualism than in Mesmerism, and we don't need spirits to account for thought-reading and clairvoyance. Kepler could not tell how the planets could be kept to their orbits, so he assumed that there were guiding spirits; how else could it be? Newton, wiser, I think, thought the Great, All-pervading, Supreme Spirit was enough; and so I think it will prove with respect to the abnormal conditions of mind called Spiritualism. We shall not want the Spirits; Universal Mind will be sufficient.

First, we have to examine what its special mode of manifestation through the brain can do. Look at the capacities of the organ of number, as exhibited in the late Geo. Bidder and others, of the mathematical organs

in Sir I. Newton, &c., and then can we say what the other intellectual organs might do if equally large or unduly excited ?

Again, what is the Will, and how far can it act beyond our own bodies ? All power being Will power, what is the limit of our own individual Will power ? We must answer these questions more correctly than we have done yet before we are entitled to call in the aid of any other spirits than our own. Physical force under the molecular action of the brain becomes conscious or mental force, and as all force is persistent or indestructible, the question is, what then becomes of it ? We know the greater part of it passes off through the body as Will power, but facts would seem to indicate that tables and other things may be charged with it, as Leyden jars with electricity ; that a whole room can be filled with this force, through the medium of which the Will can act. I have spoken elsewhere of a thought atmosphere, and have been much ridiculed for so doing, but by a thought atmosphere I mean an emanation of this force, which has recently been conscious or mental force. There is as physical and mental atmosphere about us all, so that we become better or worse according to the company we keep, and the "Communion of Saints" becomes a physical fact. See also J. S. Glennie's theory of Mutual Influences :—

"Star to star vibrates light, May soul to soul
Strike thro' a finer element of its own ?"

Again, all physical force is unconscious or automatic mind, and we know little at present of the conditions under which it again resumes its consciousness. The

opinion of Walther, the Professor at Landshut quoted by Gall, is, I think, worth our consideration: "In the highest stages of mesmerism," he says (*i.e.*, in clairvoyance), "time and space no longer present obstacles to the penetration of the magnetised," the reason of which is that, "all the nervous system is an identity and a totality—a pure transparence without cloud, such is universal sense, and as in the waking state the soul is more closely and intimately united with the body, and natural sleep is a more intimate communication of our soul with the universal soul of the world, so in magnetic sleep our soul is united in the most intimate manner with the soul of the world and with the body, and with the latter not by means of the nervous system only, but immediately in all its parts and members, so that life is, no longer a particularity, but original life."

CHAPTER XII.

TALKING AND WRITING.

Talking and writing are to me the great wonders of the age. A man's talent is gauged by his power of talking. Thus Lord Aberdeen, a wise man, late in life said in a letter to the Prince Consort, "Wisdom? why, the country is not governed by wisdom, but by talk. Who can talk will govern."* A speech in Parliament is thought nothing of if it is under three hours long, and it would not tell at all, that is, it would not be backed by

*Life of Prince Consort, vol 5, p. 255.

public opinion, if what is said had not been said many hundred times before. When a subject has been before the country for a quarter or half a century it becomes a proper object for legislation, and we might suppose that he who could then express himself the shortest upon it would be the most acceptable, rather than he who could spin the longest yarn. It is like the repetition of the Lord's Prayer five times in one service. "Speech is silvern, silence is golden." says our great philosopher. "Avoid vain repetition, for ye shall not be heard for your much speaking," said a greater than he. Our practice, both in Parliament and out, is just the reverse. Mr. Roebuck, I think it was, who said, "When I speak in public, I fix my eye on the most obtuse looking man present, and keep on repeating my idea in various forms till I see by his face that he has taken it in ; then I go on." Thus, perhaps, may be accounted for the necessity for long Parliamentary speeches. "An apt debater in Parliament," says Carlyle, "is by no means certain to be an able administrator of Colonies, of Home or Foreign Affairs ; nay, rather quite the contrary is to be presumed of him. . . . No mortal can both work, and do good talking in Parliament, or out of it : the feat is impossible—that of serving two hostile masters."

So in writing, people are paid to cover an immense amount of paper for dailies, and weeklies, and monthlies, and quarterlies, and the quality is generally in inverse proportion to the quantity, and the speed at which it has been produced. The hack-writers have little time to read, and none to think, and we may judge therefore what their work is ordinarily worth. Yet the public

have little else to guide them. A man, probably of more than ordinary capacity, may spend his life in the study of a subject, and if he publishes his opinions there is not any one of these writers but can tell him, if not exactly where he is right, at least, where he is wrong. Truth is judged by literary skill in the mode of expression. Thus, "Public Opinion" in noticing my "Psychological and Ethical Definitions," says (August 16th, 1879) "Mr. Bray's literary skill is not great, yet it seems to have induced him to step into the authoritative position of a master-philosopher, and teach others." If what I had to teach was Composition, this would have been a pertinent remark, but, fancy my being "induced" to teach others by a knowledge of my literary skill—of which truly I never thought. I thought only of what I had to say, and perhaps not enough of how it should be said. But the Reviewer truly represents "public opinion." Poor public, that never thinks for itself! George Combe never sent his books for review; he declined, he said, to allow an Editor to exercise his self-esteem at his expense. Our periodical literature has two landmarks for its guidance, first, a certain amount of public opinion, that is, what will pay; and, secondly, certain names, which apart from their speciality, are often only misleading. But it is like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay to look for truth in all this mass of verbiage. Hence the infinite variety of opinion on all subjects.

I found the introduction to Dr. Neil Arnott's "Elements of Physics" of more use to me in directing and classifying my studies, when I was young, than any

other single production. He there points out the connection and relation of the sciences, observing that five good books would suffice to furnish us with the principles that would supply a sound basis for judgment in almost all matters.

CHAPTER XIII.

SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY ; RESULTS OF MY EXPERIENCE ;
PROGRESS DEPENDENT UPON IMPROVED BODILY
ORGANIZATION ; CAUSES OF THE FAILURE OF COM-
MUNISM OR SOCIALISM ; BREEDING, MARRIAGE, AND
MATERNITY ; THE DISTRIBUTION OF FORCE.

I am seventy to-day—January 31, 1881—a great age for one of my family to have attained, since with few exceptions all have died early. My grandfather, father, and father's only sister, died of apoplexy ; my father died at 57, and I never expected to exceed his time, since heredity greatly determines the length of life. I have probably but a short time now, for although my general health is good, I suffer greatly at times from chronic bronchitis and asthma. The question with me, therefore, now, is whether I have anything to say, based on the experience detailed above, that may prove to be of service to others. I think several points may possess such value.

In the first place experience has taught me that all permanent Progress must be measured by improved organization. It is not enough to *know* what is right,

we must feel a disposition and determination to do it, and this will depend upon our organization, with strength of feeling in proportion to the size of the cerebral organs. It is useless to expect unselfish feelings, except on quite exceptional occasions, from persons in whom the selfish feelings predominate, and this predominance depends far less on education or circumstances than on organization. The conduct of a person in whom the intellect and the selfish and unselfish feelings are equally balanced, will depend upon the circumstances in which he is placed; one in whom the intellect and unselfish or higher moral feelings predominate alone can represent the highest type of man. Communism, Socialism—that is every system involving community of interest—must always fail until a man has as much appetite for what is right as for food—until a man's conscience grips him as painfully if he does not do right as his stomach does if he neglects to take nourishment. All our "Milleniums" have yet failed—because unselfish conduct was expected from people in whom the selfish feelings predominated. We have witnessed the fate of Robert Owen's last attempt at Tytherly, or Queenwood; and Abram Combe, George and Andrew's elder brother, was not more successful at Orbiston, but killed himself in the effort to bring about a more perfect state of things. He did more than his share of work, while more selfish people did less than their share. We are told in George Combe's Life, "that for a brief period after the death of Abram an attempt was made to maintain the Community at Orbiston under the management of William Combe. *But the men worked at their ease and exacted full pay; the pay-*

ments exceeded the production, and there was inevitable loss to the proprietors. The latter began to see that they had blundered, and several withdrew from the establishment, which, therefore, collapsed, with great loss to all concerned." The more tempered efforts of the Revds. F. D. Maurice, Charles Kingsley, Thomas Hughes, and others, to bring about Christian Socialism were not much more successful. No man will place himself second to the interests of the Community till his organization fits him for it.

New Religions, however ideal and perfect they may start from their gifted founders, have always to be lowered in practice to the lower organization and moral status of the community among which they are attempted to be introduced. Great were the hopes entertained among the highest minded people every where, as to the effect of the great French Revolution. Principles were perfect, but the people by their organization were not prepared for them, and the hurricane left the masses very much as it found them ; a little improved, perhaps, in material condition, but morally no higher. "I once thought," says Carlisle, "that the French Revolution was the abolition of rubbish. I find it has been only the kindling of a dunghill. The dry straw on the outside burns off ; but the huge damp rotting mass remains where it was.—*Froude's Life*, vol. 2, p. 54.

The late Professor Clifford tells us, "Actions are good or bad as they tend to improve me as an organization." We want to make an organic thing more highly organic ; and the question for all reformers is, How can this be brought about ? It must necessarily be a slow process.

If an advanced public opinion enabled us to pay the same attention to breeding in man as we have done in animals we might go faster. Our Savants scarcely dare allude to this even in the most distant way. Thus, Huxley at the meeting of the British Association, held at Dublin (1868) says :—

The whole tendency in the present direction (*i.e.*, towards the above burning questions of anthropology), was given by the publication of a single book, and that not a very large one—namely, “The Origin of Species.” It was only subsequent to the publication of the ideas contained in the book that one of the most powerful instruments for the advance of anthropological knowledge—namely, the Anthropological Society of Paris—was founded. Afterwards the Anthropological Institution of this country and the great Anthropological Society of Berlin came into existence, until it may be said that now there is not a branch of science which is represented by a larger and more active body of workers than this science of anthropology, and the whole of these workers are engaged more or less in working out as their ultimate general and great problem whether the ideas which Darwin has put forward in regard to the animal world are capable of being applied in the same sense and to the same extent to man. That question, I need not say, is not answered. It is an enormous question, and one for which a definite answer may possibly be looked for in the next century ; but the method of inquiry is understood, and the mode in which the materials are now being accumulated bearing on the inquiry, the processes by which results are now obtained, and the observation of these phenomena led to the belief that the problem also, some day or other, will be solved. In what sense I cannot tell you. I have my own notion about it, but the question for the future is the determination by scientific processes and methods in what way that question will be solved.

However at present imperfectly understood, no one can dispute the laws of Heredity on both the father's

and mother's side. The perfection of the instrument on which mind depends probably has more to do with the time before a child's birth, and the first twelve months after, than upon any other period of its existence. Yet how little attention is at present paid to this! The physical, mental, and moral force that ought to go to form the coming child is diverted in every possible foolish way. Look for instance at the conventionalities that surround the young wife who may be expecting to become a mother, in the upper and middle class, and the physical toil that is required of the wife of the poor man. Comparatively very little can be done to mend or repair the deficiencies of an originally defective constitution often originating at this period. "Art and industry may get much music, of a sort, out of a penny whistle; but when all is done it has no chance against an organ. The innate musical potentialities of the two are infinitely different." The evolution of a world is not more complete or wonderful than the evolution of a chick in the egg, from the germ to the perfected feathered creature. The mind too of the chick is also born in the egg, for the bird pecks its way out at the proper time and discriminatingly pecks up its food immediately afterwards. During the period of gestation in the human subject the nervous system goes through all the stages of animalcule, worm, fish, reptile, beast, and man, and it depends very much upon the mother at what stage this evolution shall stop, at least as regards the more or less perfect development of the man. It may stop at the stage of the idiot, with a brain only 19 inches round, or go on to a Newton; it may stop at that of a mere brute beast,

with every selfish feeling predominant, or it may go on to that of a Howard or a Shakespeare : for a sensibility or power of feeling increases in proportion to the enlargement and complexity of the nervous system. The nervous *substance* is the same in all, and as part after part is added to it the range of its function extends ; every faculty that gives superiority being attended with addition to its mass and texture, until in man we find it possessing some parts of which animals are destitute, and wanting none which they possess.

Now if we are to adopt Darwinism, and are to admit a principle of Natural Selection in aid of improved organisation, matrimony must be entered upon with very different views and feelings to what it is at present. Phrenologists have especially recognised this principle in practice, and in that respect are as superior with respect to their physiology as their abstract science of mind is superior to any system of mental philosophy that yet exists. At present a large proportion of mankind proceeds in utter ignorance and disregard of the organic laws which regulate both paternity and maternity ; and the consequences in unhealthy children, in bad or mad children, are laid upon the fall of Adam or upon Providence, who is supposed to send such miseries to prepare us for another and a better world.* I suppose

* "Speaking of the young inmates of the houses of correction, Dr. Legrand du Saunle calls attention to an entire category among them of creatures who are whimsical, irritable, violent, with little intelligence, refractory, ungovernable and incorrigible." These are the children "sometime, of old men, blood relations, drunkards, epileptics, or lunatics. Sometimes, and this is the more frequent case, their father is unknown, and their mother is scrofulous, rickety, hysterical, a prostitute, or a lunatic."—Professor Th. Ribot, on Heredity.

any allusion to *too many children* would be actionable ! A thought, a word, is sufficient to bring the blood into the face in what we call a blush. To do this the mind must act upon the nerves, the nerves upon the muscles, and thus dilate and enlarge all the small blood vessels. Another word may contract and empty them, making a person as pale as death, and every wave of thought and feeling may act, through the nervous system, upon the coming child. How carefully therefore ought the mother to guard herself and to be guarded against all unnecessary work and mental worries during the period of gestation. The bees can turn a common working bee of no sex into a queen bee by judicious treatment, and we may learn something of their secret. The organs upon which the highest feelings depend are but very imperfectly developed at present in the mass of mankind. There is a moral blindness as well as a colour blindness, both arising from the same source—deficiency in the organ. Men follow their predominant faculties six days in the week and on the seventh pass from worldliness to other-worldliness ; and with respect to any disagreeable duties to which their organisation indisposes them they are so well educated and so clever now-a-days that they can always find good reasons for not doing what they do not like to do. The Clergy may preach and practice too, and we may get the language and semblance of virtue, but so long as the selfish feelings predominate, men will be selfish, and help themselves at other people's expense under whatever fine names of Social or Political Economy they may do it. Let our moral and spiritual guides bear in mind what George Eliot has so well expressed :—

“Threats and promises

Depend on each man's sentence for their force :

All sacred rules, imagined or revealed,

Can have no form or potency apart.

From the percipient and emotive mind.

God, duty, love, submission, fellowship,

Must first be framed in man, as music is,

Before they live outside him as a law.”

As without the organ of Tune we can get no music out of a man, so without a predominantly moral organisation, no music of the soul.

Having, by every means in our power, procured as perfect an organisation as we can to start with, our next care must be to attend to its full growth and development. The food supplies the Force that works the whole system bodily and mental. Under the varied action of the body this force takes the form of Vital, Electrical, Muscular, Nervous, and Mental Force. Of course these forces are all intimately connected, but it is that to which they are all made subservient, the mental force, with which we have principally to do ; and that which I want especially to call attention to is the fact that all force, derived principally from the food, is a limited quantity, and that what is expended in one direction cannot be used in another, so that even muscular exercise, more than is sufficient for bodily health, must be at the expense of mental power. More attention requires to be paid than has ever yet been paid to this “dissipation of energy.” Thought and feeling are by far the greatest consumers of this force, and the way in which the young brain, in process of growth, is now pushed into too early intellectual exercise in all sorts of passings and examina-

tions cannot be too much reprobated. It is doing infinite mischief in drawing off the force from the perfecting the instrument of thought—the brain, and in completing the general growth. “The educational abomination of desolation of the present day,” says Huxley, “is the stimulation of young people to work at higher pressure by incessant competitive examinations. . . . The vigour and freshness which should have been stored up for the purposes of the hard struggle for existence in practical life, has been worked out of them by precocious mental debauchery, by book-gluttony and lesson-bibbing.”* It is true that the intellectual faculties, attended with little feeling, consume comparatively little force, but any strong passion absorbs an immense amount. The strongest feeling, and the largest organ—the cerebellum—is that connected with the carrying on of species, that is, the sexual feeling or Amativeness, and this is therefore the largest consumer of force in the whole system, and requires the most careful regulation and restraint. In early life, before the age of puberty, there is little or no feeling connected with the organ; the force is then engaged in perfecting the parts belonging to it; afterwards it is very undesirable that the feeling should be exercised before the growth of the whole bodily system has been completed. Where it is so exercised it is at the expense of some other part of the bodily or mental system; and when in excess, which is too often the case, it drains the body of an amount of force which is absolutely necessary to complete the growth. In fact, the too great indulgence of this feeling is always bad;

*See note on J. S. Mill, at the end of the Chapter.

but the too great early indulgence stops the growth of the body, and leads to mental imbecility, to partial or even complete idiocy. Complete knowledge of the physiology and psychology of this subject is perhaps the best check; most of the mischief proceeds from ignorance, and this often among the best-disposed, whose moral sense would not admit of any objective or outward manifestation. In my view one man and one woman are required to make one human being; they are each incomplete by themselves. Matrimony is the law of our being, and it is in that state that Amateness comes into its proper use and action, and is the least likely to be indulged in excess; and it is there also that the feeling, as it ought to do, acts only in association with the social and higher feelings.

I have dwelt on this feeling as the strongest and most liable to abuse; but all our powers of both body and mind require regulating on the same principle. "You cannot eat your cake and have it," and you cannot spend energy in one direction and have it for use in another. Tranquility therefore, of body and mind is much to be desired, as constituting a great reservoir of force. Irritating noises and all sources of irritation are as much as possible to be avoided.

When all this force is used up, and from imperfection in the machinery by which it was supplied, it cannot be restored, death is the consequence. When at last, in old age, the bodily powers are worn out, and less and less force is supplied, almost imperceptibly we fall asleep.—we have "entered into our Rest," never ending, with as little suffering in going out of the world as we had in coming into it.

NOTE.—James Mill and his more celebrated son John both lived in complete ignorance of cerebral physiology, and this ignorance might have been fatal to the latter. The father determined to make his son an example of the highest form of intellectual education, and he began a system of forcing that with a boy of different temperament or average capacity must have resulted in idiocy. At three years old he began to learn Greek, from four to eight he read all Herodotus and took long notes of the works of Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, and other histories. Between eight and twelve he read Virgil, Horace, part of Livy, the whole of Sallust, &c., Aristotle's Rhetoric. At twelve he entered on a more advanced stage in the course of instruction with logic. At the age of thirteen he went through, with his father, a complete course of political economy. Fortunately for him this unnatural forcing of the young and immature frame was suspended by a residence of a year in France in the house of Sir Samuel Bentham, brother to Jeremy Bentham. Here the brain lay fallow, and regained something of its natural tone and growth. He wandered among the mountains, cultivating a sense of their natural beauty, bringing other parts of the brain, besides the intellect, into activity. This no doubt saved him for a time, but about the age of twenty, as might have been expected, he fell into a state of despondency, from which he was again relieved by bringing the feelings into activity. His own description of this state as given in his autobiography, is very interesting and very instructive. "It was in the autumn of 1826. I was in a dull state of nerves, such as everybody is occasionally liable to; unsusceptible to enjoyment or pleasurable excitement; one of those moods when what is pleasure at other times, becomes insipid or indifferent; the state, I should think, in which converts to Methodism usually are, when smitten by their first 'conviction of sin.' In this frame of mind it occurred to me to put the question directly to myself: "Suppose that all your objects in life were realised; that all the changes in institutions and opinions which you are looking forward to could be completely effected at this very instant: would this be a great joy and happiness to you?" And an irrepressible self-consciousness distinctly answered, 'No!' At this my heart sank within me: the whole foundation on which my life was constructed fell down. All my happiness was to have been found in the continual pursuit of this end. The end had ceased to charm, and how could there ever again be any interest in the means? I seemed to have nothing left to live for. At first I hoped that the cloud would pass away of itself; but it did not. A night's sleep, the sovereign remedy for the smaller vexations of life, had no effect on it. I awoke to a renewed consciousness of the woful fact. I carried it with me into all companies, into all occupations. Hardly anything had power to cause me even a few minutes' oblivion of it. For some months the cloud seemed to grow thicker and thicker. The lines in Coleridge's 'Dejection'—I was not then acquainted with them—exactly describe my case:—

'A grief without a pang, void, dark and drear,
A drowsy, stifled, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet or relief
In word, or sigh, or tear.'

In vain I sought relief from my favourite books; those memorials of past nobleness and greatness from which I had always hitherto drawn strength and animation. I read them now without feeling, or with the accustomed feeling *minus* all its charm and I became persuaded, that my love of mankind, and

of excellence for its own sake, had worn itself out. I sought no comfort by speaking to others of what I felt. If I had loved any one sufficiently to make confiding my griefs a necessity, I should not have been in the condition. Two lines of Coleridge, in whom alone of all writers I have found a true description of what I felt, were often in my thoughts, not at this time (for I had never read them), but in a later period of the same mental malady :—

‘Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live.’

In all probability my case was by no means so peculiar as I fancied it, and I doubt not that many others have passed through a similar state ; but the idiosyncrasies of my education had given to the general phenomenon a special character, which made it seem the natural effect of causes that it was hardly possible for time to remove. I frequently asked myself, if I could, or if I was bound to go on living, when life must be passed in this manner. I generally answered to myself, that I did not think I could possibly bear it beyond a year. When, however, not more than half that duration of time had elapsed, a small ray of light broke in upon my gloom. I was reading, accidentally, Marmontel's ‘Memoires,’ and came to the passage which relates his father's death, the distressed position of the family, and the sudden inspiration by which he, then a mere boy, felt and made them feel, that he would be everything to them—would supply the place of all that they had lost. A vivid conception of the scene and its feelings came over me, and I was moved to tears. From this moment my burden grew lighter. The oppression of the thought that all feeling was dead within me, was gone. I was no longer hopeless ; I was not a stock or a stone. I had still, it seemed, some of the material out of which all worth of character, and all capacity for happiness, are made. Relieved from my ever present sense of irremediable wretchedness, I gradually found that the ordinary incidents of life could again give me some pleasure ; that I could again find enjoyment, not intense, but sufficient for cheerfulness, in sunshine and sky, in books, in conversation, in public affairs ; and that there was, once more excitement, though of a moderate kind, in exerting myself for my opinions, and for the public good. Thus the cloud gradually drew off, and I again enjoyed life : and though I had several relapses, some of which lasted many months, I never again was as miserable as I had been.”

A few tears shed over Marmontel's ‘Memoires,’ and a few doses of Wordsworth's poetry, which recalled his mountain experiences when in France, six years previously, and the fit passed away. Had Mill learned something of the physiology of the brain, as well as Greek, he would have known that you cannot exercise one part of it *exclusively* without causing disease in the other parts. He burst into tears—the feelings were brought into great activity, and the overtaken anterior lobe of the brain connected with the intellect was relieved. Had Mill laid his books aside and taught himself to observe men and manners, on Gall's method of comparing function with development, he might have put the Science of Mind forward instead of carrying it back for half-a-century, which he certainly has by returning to the old Metaphysics where Gall found it fifty years before. Mill knew very little of men, and still less of women, if we may judge of what he says of Mrs. Taylor, afterwards Mrs. Mill. In his estimate of T. Carlyle, he says—“I knew that I could not see round him, and could never be certain that I saw over him, and I never presumed to judge him with any definiteness, until he was interpreted to me by one greatly the

superior of both, who was more of a poet than he, and more of a thinker than I, whose own mind and nature included his, and infinitely more."

It is singular that when the social feelings of these book-worms at last come into activity with what vigour they act, amounting to monomania ; as is instanced in Comte and his Clotilde, and Mill, and Mrs. Taylor. Feelings decrease in power if unexercised, but it really looks in these and some similar cases as if they were making up for lost time by doing double work and thus upsetting the mind's equilibrium.

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR INSTITUTIONS, AND HOW FAR THEY TEND TOWARDS
THIS IMPROVING OF OUR ORGANIZATION ; SOCIALISM ;
CO-OPERATION.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley gives us as a new doctrine of his own, which, notwithstanding, he says, is as old as the Greeks, "that souls secrete their bodies, as snails do shells." This is true. Exercise begets habit, habit increased size of organization, and this increased size is, as a general rule, transmitted to the offspring ; and thus the race is improved by the higher feelings being brought into increased strength and activity.

Let us now examine some of our institutions with reference to their tendency thus to improve the race. Unlimited Competition, or the Devil's Gospel of "Every one for himself, and Devil take the hindmost," has done much to increase the wealth of the world and to widen the gulf between rich and poor, and perhaps our imperfect civilization is not as yet prepared for anything better. Pure Free Trade may serve us for some time yet, and it may be long before the world has nothing to give in exchange for the produce of our industry, but it is a most chaotic state of things, attended with awful uncertainty. We have our upward movement, and people get rich and spend their earnings in riotous living and every species of foolery ; trying only how they can outshine each other in every kind of extravagance ; while the poor, instead of saving against bad times, imitate their betters and drink champagne. Then we have the downward movement, occurring about every

ten years, attended with bankruptcy and ruin, with misery, madness, and despair; and among the poor partial starvation, with public charity and soup-kitchens, and this when every man if set to work could earn twenty times as much as he could consume. Compare 1873, the height of the upward movement, with January, 1879, when all the world seems out of work. The Right Hon. the Earl of Dunraven says, *Nineteenth Century*. August, 1881:—"Reverting to the question of the depression in trade, we find a very different state of things. The cry of the agriculturist is that wheat cannot be grown without protection. The cry of the manufacturer is that protection is ruining him. All that he wants is liberty to sell at a natural competition price. The agriculturist has plenty of customers, but cannot produce what they want. The manufacturer can produce to any extent; but he has got no customers. . . . It is useless for the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (Mr. Bright) to sit, like King Canute, defying the tide, and using rather strong language; the tide is rising in spite of him, and is already lapping round the feet of his ducal throne. In vain do the veterans of Free Trade flourish their forty-year-old mops; they cannot keep out the sea." (p. 198.) Surely something is wrong, and work, "the grandest of human interests," as Carlyle says, "now requires organising; that this they call 'organisation of labour' is the problem of the whole future for all who would in future pretend to govern men." In the far distant future, I am afraid. It is the imperfect apprehension of this want of organization that has given rise to the much dreaded Socialism on the

Continent. The Socialists hold that this organisation could be brought about by force ; but this idea must be repressed at all hazard. A forced system of this nature could lead to nothing but disaster, as all such previous attempts have done. The masses are not yet fit to govern themselves, and almost any Government would be better than theirs, even so far as their own interests only are concerned. From Lassalle's Working Man's Programme we learn (German Socialism, *Contemporary Review*, June, 1881) that society has long since declared no man shall be enslaved ; society has more recently declared no man shall be ignorant ; society now declares no man shall be without property. (936.) A most desirable consummation, doubtless, but where is it to come from ? This is not perhaps, however, so bad as it seems ; for the problem of this age, according to Lassalle, is this, whether *the unmade property of the future* should not become genuine labour property, and its value in the hands that actually produced it remain greatly more than at present. If this is all that is meant by "no man's being without property," viz., that the workman shall have a fair share of all that his labour is mainly instrumental in producing—that his property, which he is not to be without, should be the produce of his own industry, is a reasonable proposition to which many now are prepared to assent.

As regards strict *right* I think it must be laid down as an axiom that no one has a claim to anything more than he has himself produced, or that some one else has produced for him. No one can have a *right* to live on the earnings of another. No one can have a right to bring a child

into the world for which he has not made provision or that must be kept out of another's earnings. As to any common right to the land, the land, like all other property, belongs to those whose labour and capital have made it what it is.

Since the Co-operative Congress in May, 1869, great progress has been made in Co-operation, which is at least a step in the right direction towards a more perfect "Organisation of Industry." The 13th Annual Co-operative Congress was held at Leeds, Whit-Monday, June 6th, with Lord Derby, the King of Common Sense, as Lord Houghton very appropriately calls him, as President. On the Sunday morning previous a special service was held by the Rev. C. Hargrave at the Unitarian Chapel, and in the evening by Harvey Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle, at the parish church of Leeds, to both of which the Delegates were officially invited, thus leaving a wide space for theological toleration and sectarian differences. In his Inaugural Address, Lord Derby began by saying :—

"It is not in the language of idle flattery, but as the expression of a deliberate and sincere conviction, that I begin by telling you that the subject which brings this Congress together, the subject of co-operation, is in my judgment more important as regards the future of England than nine-tenths of those discussed in Parliament, and around which political controversy gathers. . . . Given the condition that nearly all political power is virtually in one class—as under a system of household suffrage it is—whenever that class chooses to take it, and that nearly all the surplus wealth which men desire to possess is in the hands of another class, how long will you be able to avert an explosion? It is an awkward problem—and like a nasty brook or fence to a hunting man—the longer you look at it the bigger it seems. Yet

in one way or another we have to face it ; and it is my deliberate belief that you, the co-operators, if you have not solved the difficulty altogether, are at least moving in the direction which promises the most effectual and the most equitable solution. (We have seen how the German Socialists propose to get over the difficulty. " Society now declares that no man shall be without property.")

" I should have no great faith in the permanence and extension of a movement which required on the part of its promoters a standard of morality and character considerably higher than that which generally prevails. To frame a society perfectly unselfish, in which a man should consider his neighbour's interest as he does his own, is a pleasant dream. Under the stimulus of religious enthusiasm it seems to be sometimes realised on a small scale, and for a limited time ; but so far as the world has gone yet, experience has not been favourable to such attempts. Their success, so far as they have succeeded at all, has greatly depended on the personal influence of one or two men, and has ceased when that influence was withdrawn. I have no wish to discourage people who look forward with confidence to the operation of influences which will profoundly ameliorate human character. I only contend that in the meantime and for the present we must deal with men as we find them, and remember that changes which are lasting are generally of slow growth. Taking stock of the present situation, I presume we may lay down that co-operation for distributive—that is, for trading—purposes is an accomplished success ; that co-operation for productive purposes, though doing well and flourishing, is on the whole still in the experimental stage, and that co-operation in agricultural matters is still practically untried."

On Agricultural Co-operation Lord Derby made some very judicious remarks He said :—

This is a wide field to enter upon, and possibly you will not think the present time a favourable one to approach it, I certainly should hesitate to advise anyone to take to farming just now who looked for large returns. Yet there is something

to be said on the other side. Land is cheaper to rent or to buy than it has been for the last twenty years. Estates are in the market in every county. Money is exceptionally cheap if you have occasion to mortgage. The difficulty, as I see it, does not lie in smallness of returns; the farmer's chief trouble of late years is the increased cost of labour, and that will not concern you. In that part of England which I know best—in the rural districts of Lancashire—it has been observed, contrary to expectation, that the small farmer, working with his own hands, has suffered less from hard times than his bigger neighbour. That is a point in your favour, nor will foreign imports of grain and lower prices materially affect cultivators who make it part of their system to live as far as may be on the produce of their own fields. The difficulty, as far as I can see, for co-operative farming is of quite a different kind. Social reformers, men of new ideas, are apt to be strong in the assertion of their views, and not very tolerant of interference or contradiction. Now, for joint action, where everybody cannot be in command, you require readiness to be directed, and an almost mechanical obedience to discipline and rule. Without that quality, and without familiarity with rural life—which is not easily acquired except in youth—farming cannot be a success. Thereupon arises the question—Have you got the men—men accustomed to the work, willing to put themselves under orders though they are their own masters, and intelligent enough not to be disheartened and throw up the game if they are not lucky at the outset. If you can find men of that sort, the experiment will probably answer; if you cannot, it had better not be tried.

(Compare this with the experience gained at Tytherley to which I have previously alluded.)

I have spoken of what you are to do, but experience is better than theory, and I ought not to conclude without a summary of what you have actually accomplished. I find that in 1861 (twenty years ago) you had in round numbers 48,000 members, that in 1871 your members were 249,000, and in 1879 (the last year for which we have a return) they had increased to 504,000.

Now, as a large majority of these are married men, it is not an over-estimate to reckon co-operators and their families as including at least one million and a half of the population. The capital, taking shares and loans together, was in 1862 (there is no return that I could find for 1861), £365,000; in 1871, £2,530,000; and in 1879, £6,700,000 nearly. The net profits were in 1862, £166,000; in 1871, £670,000; in 1879, nearly £1,600,000.

His Lordship ended his admirable address by saying:—

“I, for one, look forward to the progress of this movement as one of the most hopeful signs of our times, and as a not inconsiderable set-off against the many dangers and difficulties which surround our ancient civilisation under the disintegrating influences of new opinions and ideas.”

At the Congress held at Oxford in 1882, we are told by Mr. R. J. Milburne “that to-day we have a capital of six millions, with a trade of upwards of twenty millions, and a profit of more than two millions.”

Lord Houghton, in seconding the vote of thanks to the President, Lord Derby, in 1869, regretted much that the enthusiasm of his youth had been damped by experience, but still he was a little disposed to resent the *too* much common sense of the Presidentian address. He said he was one of the oldest supporters of the co-operative principle in this country, was an intimate friend of Robert Owen, and witnessed his excellent work at New Lanark, and in fact was very nearly a Socialist, as we know were many other good men at that time. His Lordship gave some excellent advice; among other things he said:—

“There is before me, among the maxims round the room, one in front, which I wish you to regard with great determination—

"In things doubtful, liberty." That is the rock upon which such institutions as yours should stand—that is the difficulty which you have to meet, not only in competition with the individual trader, but in your own relations with one another. The real danger of the coming democracy is lest the great cause of individual liberty, for which Englishmen have fought and suffered so long, may run greater peril than it has ever done before under kings and nobles. Never forget this principle, which lies at the base of the social fabric. You must show that respect for intelligence and superiority to which you will be required to submit your judgment on all doubtful occasions, while if you ever come to think that your business can be conducted by the co-operation of small wills instead of great ones, you will yourselves fall to the ground."

Lord Reay, in his admirable and exhaustive inaugural address at Oxford, May, 1882, says :—

"Though I attach great importance to the lessons of history, I am not prepared to admit the sole right of the historical school as against the dogmatic school of political economists. I can quite fancy that the historical school of political economy would declare the Germans fit for co-operative credit, ourselves for co-operative distribution, and the French for co-operative production. . . . Excess of thrift may constitute a danger in France : absence of thrift is undoubtedly a peril in England. . . . Co-operation is an immense step in advance ; it is a great social revolution, and it has a great future before it. But why ? Because co-operation is firmly rooted in those abstract propositions which the historical school treats lightly. Orthodox political economy has no greater ally than co-operation ; and I may add that no social reform can be successful—I mean, of course, permanently successful—which attempted to run counter to those abstract truths, which are not the result of vain imaginings but of the experience of centuries."

Co-operation is one of the highest forms of intellectual

democracy. But, like Mr. Hughes, Lord Reay also sounds the note of warning ; he says :—

“ For the success of a productive co-operative association a combination of circumstances and persons must arise which presupposes a rather high civilisation, and a number of virtues, such as perseverance, self-sacrifice, and discipline, in all its members. The principle of productive co-operation is undoubtedly legitimate ; but the success of its universal application does not follow. Where—as in Paris—you find a large section of the working classes imbued with the doctrine that capital is their enemy ; that inequality of wages is a monstrous abuse ; that the highest skilled labour of a civil engineer does not tax the brain more than that of a railway porter is taxed by the arrangement of bags and trunks on his truck, the application of co-operative production would, perhaps, lead to no very satisfactory results, though it has succeeded in France. When the productive association of masons in France was realising a net profit of about £8,000, the three men to whose intellectual labour this result was chiefly due, hardly got more remuneration than the other members, and it was only out of fear that they would retire that their associates laid aside their malice and envy, and increased their salaries.”

The pressure of population on the means of subsistence has certainly, notwithstanding all the misery attending it, been our great civiliser ; and competition equally tends to draw out all our energies and to educate some of our higher faculties. We are gradually acquiring the perception that “ honesty is the best policy,” and are thus getting a glimmering of a sense of justice and a love for truth ; also when a man is prosperous he ordinarily likes to make others happy : for nothing pays so well, and meets with such a direct and immediate return as kindness. Thus, as regards improved organization, we find that the Benevolence and Conscientiousness of the world are increasing even under unlimited competition.

I cannot say that I think the Religion of the present day does much towards the cultivation of Veneration, or the counteraction of the systemised and legalised selfishness of the age ; still it has its conventional usages and ceremonies that cannot be dispensed with. Births, deaths, and marriages, the Parson's three toll-gates, must be passed through decently. Froude, in his inaugural address at St. Andrews, said :—

“We have had thirty years of unexampled clerical activity among us ; churches have been doubled ; theological books, magazines, reviews, newspapers, have been poured out by hundreds of thousands ; while by the side of it has sprung up an equally astonishing development of moral dishonesty. From the great houses in the city of London to the village grocer, the commercial life of England has been saturated with fraud. So deep has it gone, that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust that any article you buy is the thing which it pretends to be. We have false weights, false measures, cheating and shoddy everywhere. Yet the clergy have seen all this grow up in absolute indifference ; and the great question at this moment agitating the Church of England, is the colour of the ecclesiastical petticoats. Many a hundred sermons have I heard in England ; many a dissertation on the mysteries of the faith, on the Divine mission of the clergy, on apostolic succession, on bishops, and justification, and the theory of good works, and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the Sacraments ; but never during these thirty wonderful years, never one that I can recollect on common honesty, or those primitive commandments—‘Thou shalt not lie,’ and ‘Thou shalt not steal.’”

It is but right, however, to admit that there has been a great advance in active usefulness in the Church since this address was delivered.

A man's earnings must be made to depend upon what

he can produce and not upon his competition with foreign workmen. By the aid of improved machinery and extra energy and fitness, the British workman has been able to reduce the hours of labour,—a most desirable thing; but competition may even take this from him again. I see that (January 19, 1879) Mr. Forster strongly suggested that the employers in the leading industries and the great Trades Unions should appoint a joint committee to ascertain the comparative effect of our short hours and foreign long hours upon production. He had himself always been, he said, in favour of short hours, as who is not? That I think, however, can only permanently be brought about by a change of system. This change is gradually taking place, and the fortuitous concourse of our commercial atoms is slowly crystallising. The Continental people seem to think that they have only to recognise a great principle to carry it out at once, ignorant of the great fact that all permanent institutions are of very slow growth. Here in free and liberal England we have no great “principles,” and never had any, but a slowly-gained experience has forced our population into the right path so far as it has been yet attained. Our working-people themselves are now establishing Co-operative Stores for Distribution, and as experience, wealth, and credit increase, these will extend themselves to Production and Farming: and among capitalists, we find individual enterprise transferred to public companies in our woollen, iron, and other trades. Companies can do what individuals cannot, and so much of advantage is gained by even so little organisation, that competition is beginning

to pass away before it, or at least to give us advantages in competition over our neighbours. If we want to know what Government organisation can do, when judiciously and properly applied, we have only to look at our Post Office, in which a penny will take a letter any number of miles and leave a profit. To what extent this might be profitably extended to other departments it is impossible to say. Government have bought up the Telegraphs, and there is no reason to doubt that Government management might be profitably extended to other departments. If the Rail—or travelling, had been from the first in its hands, the ways would have cost but half the price, and the profit might have paid the interest of the National Debt. Many other of the requirements of the community might be as well supplied by similar machinery. But this kind of centralisation would only be safe where the Government means the people. In whatever unfair way Property may have been originally acquired, of course no good could come from a forcible interference with it now. No one holds here the French Socialist dogma “that Property is Robbery,” but Capital has too predominating an influence in this country in all the relations of life. The State even is too much influenced by its political power, and in return for the exclusive privileges it has conferred upon itself, it might do much more for the labourer through whose instrumentality all this wealth has been accumulated. It would pay better to build workmen’s houses, upon a co-operative principle, than to spend profits on additional factories and workshops, and thus leading to the over-production to which the downward progress is so much owing. Workmen

might be surrounded by every educational and civilising influence at least cost than they now pay for their confined and unhealthy dwellings. If great wealth were so employed there would be less cause to complain of the increasing gulf between rich and poor, and this disparity might go on for some time longer with advantage to the community, for the poor might be better cared for by the rich, if they were so disposed, than they could care for themselves at present. The workmen, at present, without a higher moral development, cannot govern themselves, and they would be best under a really philanthropic despotism of the capitalist. This opinion is based upon a rather large experience, to which I have already alluded.* In a paper that I read at the first meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Social Science, October, 1857, I thus sum up :

"I have worked with the working-classes at all measures for improving their condition for a quarter of a century, but have

*In 1852, Mr. John Gellibrand Hubbard, Deputy Governor of the Bank of England, contested the Parliamentary Election with Messrs. Ellice and Geach, as a Free Trade Liberal-Conservative. I recollect a great handbill was printed by the Liberal Committee that had the very decided approval of its leading members. Ah, that's the thing ! "Vote for the Cupboard and not for Hubbard." This was carried round the town at the head of the rallying party, and to bring its ennobling sentiment within the comprehension of all, even the dullest of the electors, a large loaf and a little one were carried on two poles, the small loaf representing Hubbard and the larger one the cupboard. The cupboard carried the day. Another election has just been decided (March 12, 1881) on the same principle, when the cupboard has again been victorious. The contest this time was between Sir Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth (L.) and Mr. Eaton (C). Sir Ughtred's father was a very distinguished man, and of great use to the country as Secretary of the Committee of Privy Council on Education, and we are told that the son, "educated under the eye of his father by private tutors carefully selected from Cambridge, his political training began in earnest, his father's ambition being that he should—having first been thoroughly prepared—enter Parliament young, and make politics his profession." The son has done honour to such a father, and to such a training, and has devoted his life to the public service of his country. For 13 years, I believe, he has been in Parliament, and on the questions of Education,

never yet found them capable of conducting their own affairs. If their affairs were of a trading kind, they were jealous and niggardly of the pay of those who were principally instrumental in making them succeed, and what was ordered by a Committee one week or month was too frequently undone the next. There was no permanency or persistency. If their affairs were of other kinds they fell out among themselves, and could not long be kept together. The worst feature of ignorance is intolerance, and the worst of the working classes is that they cannot agree to differ. They are for the utmost freedom of thought and liberty of opinion, but denounce as knave or fool every one who does not think as they think. They are too generally suspicious of each other's motives, and find it very difficult to rise to the comprehension of a disinterested feeling. I have heard a philanthropist defined as a person who acts from no motives at all. I have heard the most damning denunciations of government pay and patronage,—of aristocrats helping themselves and their relations out of the public purse; but I have known the same persons order a larger quantity of tea and sugar for a tea-drinking than could possibly be used, that they might divide what was left among themselves at *half* price afterwards. Of course there are many and glorious exceptions. During the last 20 years I

Improved Dwellings for the Poor, &c., has shown himself to be an eloquent, earnest, and powerful Social Reformer; just the sort of man the country is most in want of. Mr. Eaton is a silkman, understands his business no doubt, as he is very rich, and a good private gentleman, but with no pretensions to be a legislator. He is not much of a speaker, and he does not attempt to make speeches, but brings down a barrister (Mr. A. S. Hill, Q.C.) to put his case before his constituents, just as when young Norval having lost his voice, another actor was appointed to speak for him—"This young gentleman's name is Norval, &c." But Mr. Eaton is rich and he has spent his money in previous years freely upon the place, and no doubt, if returned, will freely do so again. The *Coventry Herald* truly says—"If Eatonism were to spread, the House of Commons would be reduced to the intellectual level of a parish vestry—political capacity would be superseded by purse capacity, the test question for every candidate would be, not what he can do in the service of his country and in the legitimate interest of his constituents—but what he can do in ministering to their material wants." The "material wants" have prevailed, Mr. Eaton has been returned, and the people have voted, as they were taught, for the "cup-board." The Giant Democracy, our future ruler, is still *very young*, and its representatives, Parliamentary Election and Parliamentary Government, are not in very high repute just now.

have witnessed great improvement in the condition of the working classes ; year by year the state of a large number is permanently improved, and with a peaceful and prosperous state of the country this must rapidly increase. I have shown from the small number of producers and the unequal mode of distribution that there is ample room to improve the physical condition of the operatives, and although I have lost all faith in any single remedy for all their ills, I have an increasing conviction that no effort is thrown away, but that all measures for their improvement are working together for their good ; gradually and slowly bringing about a time in which all may enjoy what hitherto has been the exclusive privilege of the favoured few. I say *slowly*, because conduct depends more upon the organization of the individual than upon opinion, however enlightened, and the improved organizations have yet to be grown."

I admit that very great improvement has taken place in the working - classes since this was written. The representatives of the Free Members—the Wage Class—on the Committee of the Provident Dispensary, are of the highest class of development—fine heads, superior generally to the Honorary Members on the same Committee.

Ultimately, in the far distant future, I hope and expect that this garden of England may be distributed into happy villages, with some little return to Arcadian simplicity, where each man's labour will be certain to secure his comfortable support. One agriculturalist can produce fifteen times more than he can consume, and ten therefore would support 140 more people than themselves ; these 140 could produce 15 times more than they could consume, and if therefore they lived in a village they might take their produce to one great store and

there change it for what else they required. One man, by what he *produced* and what he wanted, would thus be the means of *employing* and *maintaining* some other man. Everything required by the Commune would be produced on the spot, as far as practicable, and only the surplus exchanged for foreign and colonial produce ; and political economy might then *really* be to the State what it professes to be, and what domestic economy is, to the family. The foundation of all improved condition must be the produce of the land, and there must be no more people in the village than the land will keep ; the present surplus population will no doubt find its way to our colonies, when competition with all the world will no longer keep them here ; and there need be no further surplus population, as each family may be confined, as now in France, to as many as there is room for, viz., as many as died off ; the births being in proportion to the deaths. We might keep our fine parks and country houses and their owners, for such villages could afford to pay a higher rent than farmers will be able to do under foreign competition. This seems very simple, but simple as it is. I have no doubt such a system is capable of adoption among a well disposed people, and would result in a very superior state of society to that which we have at present. By organisation and connection with other communities or villages, no advantage from the division of labour need be lost. Some narrow-minded and short-sighted person has said that Cobden's policy never rose above a "bagman's millennium." In fact, Cobden's view of the external relations of our Empire, was purely commercial and economic. It was in the

spirit that he estimated the value of our foreign possessions. In order to be worth keeping they must pay, and pay in a manner as easily demonstrable as the profits of a bank or the yield of a mine. Not only must they pay, but it must be shown that they would not pay as well if they belonged to someone else.”—*Nineteenth Century*, Life of Cobden, p. 50-1. Mr. Cobden no doubt thought that to unite people together by their material interests was the most ready and direct means of civilising and making them love one another and thus preventing war and many similar evils. I go further than Mr. Cobden, for in some sense I am an Imperialist and even a Jingo. I would take possession of every available foot of land on which I could plant an Englishman, and when in possession I would defend him there. I would inoculate the whole world with the English race, with its innate sense of liberty and justice, bred in and in for a thousand years. It is the best race we have, taken altogether, and it would furnish the best civilizer. This is how I would propagate the Gospel in foreign parts, by propagating a superior race. England has not been placed in its high position among the nations only to make the cheapest cotton, or to supply the best iron, and to spend its wealth thus acquired in high-living and conventional foolery, but for a far better purpose.

Sir Samuel Baker (he is among my Heroes, and his wife *more so*), says, that “as travellers they might well be proud of the part which England had taken in the last few centuries—at any rate, since the reign of Elizabeth—in civilizing the globe. The new world of

America had been almost peopled by Englishmen, so had Australia ; and it was curious to notice the enormous spread of English-speaking communities in various quarters of the universe. Those were the results more of commercial enterprise than the discoveries of travellers, and they afforded an augury of how, by degrees, countries hitherto barbarous might become civilized. The greatest travellers and discoverers were the Portugese and the Dutch ; but it was mainly, if not entirely, through commercial enterprise that the discoveries of travellers became permanently valuable to mankind ; and he had returned to this country perfectly certain, after the little he had done, that if England took in hand the development of the resources of Central Africa, the day would come, and was not far distant, when countries hitherto inhabited only by savage tribes would by degrees be brought within the pale of civilization ; and that would be done simply by commerce."—"Duty," Dr. Smiles, p. 158.

Carlyle has told us that "our most cherished ideas of political liberty, with their kindred corollaries, are mere illusions, and that the progress that has seemed to go along with them is a progress towards anarchy and social dissolution." History has told us how Kings, Nobles, and Priests have used their power ; how Democracy will use its power when it becomes conscious that it is master, it is impossible to say, but if we are to be delivered from "anarchy and social dissolution," it will be, I think, through Co-operation and Emigration.

CHAPTER XV.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, AND FRATERNITY.

I have dwelt at some length on the subject of the last chapter, because the reconciliation between Capital and Labour is the question of the day, but of course there are other interests beside those by which we may be best lodged and clothed and fed. Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity have been words of great significance on the Continent for the last century, as the motto on the banner of the advance party—of Democracy. The question is what they really mean in relation to the improved organisation we are advocating.

LIBERTY.—Of course liberty is only valuable to those, and only to be granted to those, who know how to use it. The liberty that Eve is said to have possessed to damn herself and all her posterity might have been—at least, so it appears to the eye of unassisted human reason—judiciously curtailed. Liberty to a madman is not thought desirable, and we are all more or less cracked. The Anglo-Saxon idea of liberty in the West:—"the grand idee that every man should do just what he d——pleases," is rather too wide, as freedom must be limited, by the equal freedom of others; for, as J. S. Mill says, "All that makes existence valuable to any one, depends upon the enforcement of restraints upon the actions of other people." Unfortunately, the advance party have not yet decided what these restraints shall be. As Mill says again, "No two ages, and scarcely any two countries, have decided it alike." An inhabitant of this

country feels "that in America freedom makes much too free with him ;" the French idea is that the majority should cut off the heads of the minority, if they can ; and the Japanese that where a Ministry was dismissed, it was considered incumbent upon them to perform the *hari-kari*, or happy despatch, by cutting themselves open, after dining sumptuously together ; none of these can be called perfect ideals of Liberty, either social or political. Freedom is a very good thing when we know how to use it, but a very dangerous thing when we do not ; and there are many nations to whom despotism, an enlightened despotism if possible, is the best system of government. "Liberty," Mill says again, "has no application to any state of things anterior to the time when mankind have become capable of being improved by free and equal discussion. . . . The only purpose for which power can be rightly exercised over any member of a civilised community, *against his will*, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. . . . The only part of the conduct of any one, for which he is answerable to society, is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself, his independence is, of right, absolute. Over himself, *over his own body and mind*, the individual is sovereign." *In this I perfectly agree.* This comprises full liberty of conscience—the liberty to think and feel for ourselves on all subjects. The liberty of expressing and publishing opinions, although this may concern others, must be conjoined with this, since free and equal discussion is the only safeguard of liberty, the only test of truth, the

only preventative against either Liberty or Authority being carried to excess.

There is more true liberty in England, probably, than in any other country, because here there is full and free discussion and more perfect liberty of the press. The liberty of ignorance is a dangerous thing ; and authority, which has always shown a universal tendency to legislate in its own favour, is no less dangerous. Both require to be carefully watched, and a free press is our only safeguard. Liberty and Authority are the two sides of the shield of politics, which, when distorted by party feeling and carried to excess we call Radical and Tory ; both are equally necessary to true liberty, although Authority becomes less and less necessary as we are capable of becoming a law unto ourselves. We have the two extremes of Authority and Liberty in China and America. In China Authority has stereotyped an imperfect civilization, and in America we have Liberty run mad.

As for Equality, there is no such thing in the world ; no two things are equal. Things exist, and we live only by their differences. What is meant by Equality, I presume, is Justice, the greatest of all the moral laws ; for we must, in the true interests of society, be just before we are generous—be just before all things. Justice would give the perfect equality of all men before the law ; justice would give a more equal division of the joint produce of labour, and prevent the extremes of riches and poverty that now exist, with all the miseries of vice and ignorance, that attend upon this disparity of condition. The world wants justice, not mercy—not

eleemosynary charity to put it to rights.

“True strength is with the just.
Who would be rich must work ; who would be free
Must first by wisdom earn their liberty—
Must be self-governed, must self-balanced be
Checking all sensual lust.—GEORGE ELIOT.”

What of FRATERNITY ? By a process of evolution and development it now seems highly probable that all the living forms on this earth have been evolved from one, or at least from some few primordial types. The lowest type of animal is all stomach, and can digest as well when turned inside out as before. New conditions produce new parts—a respiratory surface and limbs ; a circulation and heart as its centre, and as part is added to part it is transmitted to offspring, establishing co-ordination of parts for unity of purpose ; hundreds of muscles requiring to act together in the simplest action “The mental powers are inherited products of accumulated experiences which moulded the nervous system, and through it act intuitively.” This has taken more millions of years than are calculable to bring about, man having probably come last upon the scene, and being a comparatively recent production, having been here only about 100,000 years. Man is the first and only one of *his* type, superior to all other animals, “for is not his reason all their powers in one ?” As an individual, man may be inferior in many respects to some other living organisation in certain points, but his reason enables him to combine experiences, so that the strength of all may become the strength of each. Man’s strength depends upon co-operation ; he is powerless

when he stands alone. This combination produces what we call Society, and a social organism and an individual organism are greatly alike ; to each mutual dependence of parts is an essential characteristic. The circulatory system of Society is nearly as perfect as the circulatory system of the body, and our bread is brought to our door with the same regularity as the blood to the heart. As successive improvements in organisation have indirectly resulted from the antagonism and competition of organisms with each other, so have the successive improvements which have taken place in Society resulted from war and competition. As "through the ages one increasing purpose runs," and as the highest aim of Nature during the ages seems to have been to produce man, having first tried all his varied parts in other animals, under other conditions, before they were, by hereditary descent, gradually put together in him, so now its aim seems to be to perfect Humanity. To this object individuals are quite secondary, and whoever would judge of the purposes of Creation must judge of these by this standard. It is mankind, not man, that must be considered. Nature takes little account of the individual as such, but merges his good in the greater good of all. As the first or lowest type of animal was all stomach, so was the first or earliest society of man all hunters ; and with whatever horror we may now look upon war, it was the first civiliser, that is, the beginning of organisation. Separately, as a single stick, man is weaker than other animals ; collectively only, as a bundle of sticks, is he strong. It is war that first bound the sticks together. For offence or defence, an army

must have a head, and also subordinate officers, all dependent upon the head. Thus authority is established, and men learn to act together as one man. * In such a state of society, where the protection of life and property was the first consideration, the strong man was looked upon as most virtuous, and heaven was only for the brave; as at present among the Comanches, where *good men* only go to heaven, *i.e.*, those who are daring in taking scalps and stealing horses. "In remote times," as Dr. Neil Arnott says, "the inhabitants of the earth were generally divided into small states or societies, which had but few relations of amity among themselves, and whose thoughts and interests were confined very much within their own little territories and rude habits. In succeeding ages men found themselves belonging to larger communities . . . until every one now feels that he is a member of one vast civilised society, which covers the face of the earth, and no part of the earth is indifferent to him." Still, whatever progress we have made, the civilisation of the present age must be rated very low; and it is upon the "martyrdom of man" quite as much as upon the love of man for man that such advance has been founded. Man has feelings that unite him to Humanity almost as strong, when fully developed, as those which belong to him as an individual; but as we have seen, these in the great majority are very weak, and it is only as these are strengthened, and the brain organisation upon which they are dependent enlarged, that Fraternity can become possible. This can

*For a better exposition of this principle see Herbert Spencer's "Sociology."

only come from culture, and that must be the work of time.

By combination and co-operation six hours a day would give the working man all that he now gets from ten, and would leave time for the cultivation of all his higher powers; and when so cultivated would leave them free. A man would require to give up a portion of that liberty by which he now does "as he damn pleases," but it would be in exchange for the liberty to exercise freely the powers which peculiarly distinguish him as man. As I have said, a social organism and an individual organism are alike, and as the heart, the lungs, the stomach, and other organs of the body, act intelligently, yet unconsciously, so that the brain may be left free for thought and feeling, so in the social body, by a combination as perfect as the Post Office, all our material wants might be supplied automatically, leaving the soul free. It is in this way only, and from leisure so attained, that we can look for true individuality, and for human development in its richest diversity. By the natural process of evolution and development this is what must take place, and is even now taking place. We have at present far too much of the individuality of the individual—each atom of a man floating free in the social atmosphere; but already, as we have seen, faint signs of crystallisation are beginning to appear in our Co-operative and other Societies, and it is becoming evident to many, as well as to Carlyle, that "this that they call 'Organisation of labour' is, if well understood, the problem of the whole future for all who would in future pretend to govern men." Fraternity means Organisation and Co-operation,

and must precede the Christian doctrine of the Brotherhood of Humanity.

Our "Liberal Party," I fear, do not as yet look at things in this light. They have worked up their programme of Civil and Religious Liberty, Education, Free Trade, Votes and Ballot-boxes, and have done much good, but they seem quite at a loss as to what is to come next, and do not appear to recognise that there is a time to "rest and be thankful," so that good seed may grow; a policy that naturally belongs to the Tories. Church Disestablishment seems the next favourite move; but in fact we are in want of a Church, a *true* Church in which, Society being no longer based on antagonism and competition, men may learn really to love one another. This true Church must be the social organisation of humanity for the development of our moral, religious, and æsthetic nature. Mr. W. M. W. Call, once a clergyman of the Church of England, and who, like myself, left the Church for want of sufficient faith in dogma, says in the second edition of his "Reverberations :—

" O, priests who mourn that reverence is dead !

Man quits a fading faith, and asks instead

A worship great and true.

I know that there was once a Church where men

Caught glimpses of the gods believed in then ;

I dream that there shall be such Church again.

O dream, come true, come true !

* * * *

So all intolerable wrong shall fade,

No brother shall a brother's rights invade,

But all shall champion all ;

Then men shall bear, with an unconquered will
And iron heart, the inevitable ill,
O'er pain, wrong, passion, death, victorious still,
And calm though suns should fall.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HABIT OF LOOKING AT THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THINGS,
AND ON THE CULTIVATION OF A TASTE FOR GOOD
READING.

What I have to say farther relates to matters a little more personal. Habit is as supreme in mind as in body, and the object of moral culture is to make virtue into a habit. There are two habits, which, although they have not yet been classed among the virtues, are yet each worth a fortune in itself. One is a habit of looking at the bright side of things; the other is a taste for good reading, which may be formed into a habit by cultivation. I have cultivated both, on principle, and my happiness is now mainly dependent upon them. The habitual state of my mind is one of cheerfulness, which the external world now finds it very difficult to depress. However untoward outside things may be, my mind soon springs back to its natural state, which is a happy one. For this I claim no merit; I cannot help it; the mind does so unconsciously, and this, I maintain, is the effect of culture, and is dependent in great measure upon the way I have accustomed myself to look at things. I will not deny that something may depend upon natural constitution, but probably very little, for I am told that

as a boy I was of a most unhappy turn—always crying and complaining. I attribute the change to my Philosophy. Under my “Religious” phase I was not particularly happy; I had always a sense that I had “done the thing I ought not to have done, or left undone the thing I ought to have done.” But with my “Philosophy of Necessity” came a new era. I never fretted about the past; it *was past*, and could not be undone, and, moreover, under the conditions, it could not have been otherwise than it had been. Carlyle, in his “Reminiscences of his Father,” Vol. 1, p. 9, says, “A virtue he had which I should learn to imitate. He *never spoke of what was disagreeable and past*. I have often wondered and admired at this. The thing that he had nothing to do with, he did nothing with.” I took people for what they were, and was not annoyed that they were not better; consequently I gave no admission to envy, hatred, malice, or any kind of uncharitableness. I turned such feelings out of my mind, because they were both painful and unphilosophical; when fostered they are vipers sure to sting. I knew there was good in all, and I appealed to that when I could find it, and if I could not find it, or if people, whether good or bad, were distasteful to me, and tended to create bad feeling in me, I kept out of their way. It may have been cowardly, but I dodged the evil rather than contend; I did not see that anyone had a right to disturb my habitual calm. It is better to wait, if you can, and many evils will cure themselves, or you will get used to the new circumstances. As the Spanish proverb says, “If you cannot have what you like, you must try to

like what you have." I always tried never to look at what I had lost, but at what I had left. The proper frame of mind to cultivate is, that if any one poked out one of your eyes by accident, not to get into a passion about it, which would make matters worse, but thank God that he had given you two eyes, so that *you have got one left*. But there are always two ways of looking at things. An Irishman fell from his horse, and the whole troop went over him ; however, he was not much the worse, and the Colonel told him to go down on his knees and thank God for it. "Thank God !" says Pat, "for what ? For being ridden over by a troop of horse ?" I repeat, that the tone of mind, as to whether joy or sorrow shall habitually prevail, depends upon culture ; and culture means exercise, and exercise begets habit, and in this case, habitual cheerfulness is the result.

I must say also that I think a habit of speaking the truth without any second thoughts about its prudence or discretion or consequences to yourself tends much to your own comfort and the general good in the long run ; for yourself you feel you have done right, and you don't worry. From this absence of reserve as to actions and opinions, I have always been considered indiscreet by my party, but I am satisfied, nevertheless, that truth is the best for all parties.

The second thing, as already mentioned, upon which my happiness has been greatly dependent, is the taste for good reading. By good reading I mean not mere newspapers, magazines, novels, and light literature, but such first-class works as enable you to travel not only over the whole world of

nature, but over the whole world of thought, past, present, and, to a certain extent, future. A man who has acquired such a taste has never a spare moment or a dull one, unless when dreadfully bored by society, from which he escapes as much as possible. People are in general far too busy to read to serious purpose when they are young, except when studying for a profession : they think there will be time for higher reading when they get old, and have made their fortunes. But, like many other things so deferred, that time never comes to most of us, since it is the result only of early cultivation. We ought always to have a good book on hand which we *make time* to read every day. In this way the more we know, the more we want to know.

CHAPTER XVII.

ENTIRELY PERSONAL.

A few personal details illustrative of the foregoing may be allowable here. I began housekeeping with about £1,200 a year. I had everything that could make life pleasant, good health, a good wife, a house in the country in the six summer months, as well as our comfortable house in town ; favourite horses, dogs, carriage, and, best of all, many friends, and the means of entertaining them pleasantly.

In 1840 I bought a house a little out of town, and descended to £800 a year. In 1856 I gave up business, and in 1857 I went to live in the cottage I have men-

tioned on £400 a year; and for some years now my income has been less than that.

In 1874 I made over the *Coventry Herald* newspaper to Mr. John Moir Scott, and I think the Liberal Party, that the paper represented, were fortunate in the acquisition of a champion of far more intellectual power than is ordinarily to be found in the Provincial Press.

Each of these seemingly downward movements has been attended with increased happiness to myself. "The essentials of even elegant comfort are not difficult to procure. It is only vanity that is insatiable in consuming."—*T. Carlyle*. Reduced means cut off only, what with increasing years, I not only did not want, but what had become rather burdensome to me than otherwise. Conventionalities restrict our liberty, and often tie us down as tight as poor Gulliver was by the Lilliputians with an infinite number of small ties. We gained an increase of liberty with each move; for acquaintances may be many, but real friends are few, and it may be an advantage to be obliged to do with only the latter. No doubt it is a qualifying circumstance that with diminished income comes diminished power of doing service to others—but even in this respect the loss is not an unmitigated one, for what I have given and lent in the days of my comparative affluence, has as often brought fruits of bitterness and disappointment as of positive benefit. What I have thus thrown away would now make a little fortune, and the result of my experience is that the pecuniary aid you may give to those who are going down in the world is generally thrown away, as it is spent in trying to

maintain the accustomed social position ; you must let them come down to the ground, and begin to feel their own legs in getting up, and then perhaps you may help them. The sympathy and the small helps that a man of humble fortune who has known difficulty can bestow, often go farther than the charity and patronage of the rich.

I am now in my seventy-first year, and perhaps was never happier at any period of my life. My sensations are not so vivid, or my feelings so strong as formerly, but they are more tranquil, more equable, and less mixed with pain. The friends of my generation are falling around, like leaves in wintry weather, but I am going myself directly, and there is no time left to fret. We have had our day ; that it should come to an end is only the condition on which life was given to us, and I, at least, am thankful and satisfied. I am not yet weary, but when I am, the weary will soon be at rest. I am not strong enough now to travel much about, neither have I the means or inclination, but if I cannot go over the world, the world goes over me, or rather by me, daily, weekly, in all its new beauty ; a fresh creation every year. I do not envy those who have health and strength to "do" the world otherwise.

Here is a good illustration of some of its much-coveted advantages :—"The traveller who comes to Egypt without preformed theory of the Great Pyramid and its purpose," says the *Saturday Review* of January 18, 1879, "and who canters out from Cairo on a glaring day, is dragged to the top, hustled through passages of the diameter of a gas-pipe, alternately exposed to the

brightest sunshine and the blackest darkness, who is next hurried down across the hot sand to stare at the Sphinx, and finally chased through the dust by a yelling donkey boy the long seven miles back to Cairo, supposes he has thoroughly 'done' the whole thing," &c.

I would rather do my travelling now by deputy; the *Graphic*, the *Illustrated London News*, and others journals give me a sufficiently lively idea of what is to be seen, and my experience of travelling was, even when I was young, that its joys were always either in the prospect or the retrospect.

As regards my present condition, I never have a minute to spare, or a minute that I cannot fill pleasantly. I have a heap of books for every varied mood, so that they never bore me. Books to me, that is those of our best writers, are ever new; the books may be the same, but *I* am changed. Every seven years gives me a different, often a higher, appreciation of those I like. Every *good* book is worth reading three times at least, and often each time brings increased profit and enjoyment.

After 60 years of age, if a man has previously done his duty to society, he has, I think, a right to do as he likes best, that is, to lay out his time for his own comfort and quiet. We are no longer in society; we neither go out to dinner nor give dinners at home; in fact we only lunch, we never do dine, that is, we dine early. We breakfast about half-past eight; from nine to one is my working time for reading heavy books, or writing; from one to two or half-past is walking time; from two to four, dinner, nap and novel; from four to

half-past five, idleness, lounging, gossiping, calling or receiving callers; then tea; and then comes the time, whether in winter or summer, that I enjoy the most—the three hours between tea and a light supper: head clear, and digestion finished. I could not have this luxury if I dined late; that to me would take all the poetry and music out of a summer's evening, and leave only sleepiness by the fire in winter. I always have a novel or other light reading on hand to which I can generally give from one to two hours a day. I must not omit, as the greatest enjoyment of all, that when "the evening shades prevail" my wife plays to me on the piano from memory till the first star comes out. I have no technical knowledge of music, but the oftener I hear good music the more I like it. Nothing that society can give can ever equal this peaceful half-hour. Of course many, who have their work to do from home, must give up their evenings to dining, *et cetera*, but those who do so from fashion I think are wrong. I admit that there is a certain amount of self-indulgence in my life, but I am supposing that a man has earned the right to do as he likes in his old age; the punishment of this indulgence is the small degree of irritation, when this monotonous mode of life, as it will be called, is broken in upon. As the rule I should like one day to be, objectively, exactly like another. We must make up our minds as to what we will have; we cannot have every thing. If a man chooses my kind of life he must not regret that he cannot make a great display, and show his power either as Chairman or Magistrate, or as a great man in any capacity. "Along the cool sequestered vale of life" he

must be content "to keep the noiseless tenour of his way." A taste for reading, however, is not the less valuable even when you can only fill up your leisure hours with it. As regards a small income, if we decide to throw over snobbery and conventionality and injurious artificial wants, it is astonishing how little we need. I should be a long time before I could think of any thing I wanted that a larger fortune could give me; I mean personally. Of course I could spend a large fortune upon other people; but for my own sake, at my age, I am sure I am better as I am—I have not the fortune and I have not its responsibilities. I have "the golden mean" and can "live contentedly between the little and the great."

In a speech that was made by Prince Leopold—a speech that was worthy of his father, Albert the Good (and I must be allowed to add, the Great—great in every way that really ennobles a man)—in this speech, on University Teaching, February 19, 1879, speaking of Professor Ruskin, the Prince says:—"Among all the lessons which those who have had the privilege of his teaching and of his friendship must have gained to carry with them through life none, I think, can have sunk deeper than the lesson that the highest wisdom and the highest pleasure need not be costly or exclusive, but may be almost as cheap and as free as air; and that the greatness of a nation must be measured, not by her wealth or her apparent power, but by the degree in which all her people have learnt to gather from the world of books, of art, of nature, a pure and an ennobling joy." As Dr. Smiles says:—"That of which our age

stands most in need, is a man able to gratify every just desire, and yet be contented with little."—*Duty*.

I ought to add that for 22 years, from 1859 to 1881, I had a house at Lawrie Park, Sydenham, near to the Crystal Palace, where I resided for a part of each year. At the Crystal Palace, for a guinea a year, you have the use of a palace and grounds that cost a million and a half of money, and where everything that is beautiful in flowers and in landscape and high in Art is to be found. All the fine statues of the world are there collected, and under Herr Manns all the best music is performed in perfection. But here, as everywhere else, the eye sees only what it brings with it the power to see, and the Crystal Palace, presenting as it does all that is highest and best, has to be lowered, as a public institution, to suit the taste of the uneducated. During all these years, as connected with the Press, I have had a ticket to admit myself and friend, and I here return my thanks to the Directory for all the enjoyment they have given me, and add my testimony to the excellence of the management, under the very difficult and exceptional circumstances.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FUTURE STATE.

“What is incredible to thee, thou shalt not, at thy soul’s peril, attempt to believe.—*T. Carlyle.*”

And now I have come very near to the end of the journey ; I have exceeded the allotted term, the three score years and ten, and the question is what is to come after the end ? Is there any Future State for me as an *individual* ? I must say I have not the slightest hope or expectation of it, nor let me add, any wish for it ; I have had my innings ; let some one else now take up the running. I have had a very pleasant time of it here altogether. I am thankful, and would willingly do it all over again, but I have no wish to begin again, under entirely new conditions, neither can I see how, with a new body and under such altered circumstances, the recollection of my existence here could be of the slightest service to me. No, “What has been has been, and I have had my hour !”

I have been accustomed to say when questioned on this subject that “If it is better, all things considered, that I should live again, or, rather, continue to live, I shall certainly do so ; but if it is not better, *on the whole*, I ought not to wish it.” But I think now that this answer is a sort of prevarication, as I feel certain that it

would not be better, and that the present order of things, with which we are all familiar—a succession of being—is the best. If man had been made immortal here, the world would soon have been full, and all the people who have lived for some thousands of years past could not have come into being at all, and there is not much difference in effect between keeping people out of being and putting them out. I should not like to be guilty of putting out of existence or of *keeping out* of existence all who may come after me. It would be manslaughter at least.

But putting aside this rather fanciful view of things, as it may be called, is there any reason whatever for supposing that death here is not really death, but only a change of scene? As Professor Huxley says, “Our sole means of knowing anything is the reasoning faculty which God has given us; and that reasoning faculty not only denies any conception of a future state, but fails to furnish a single valid argument in favour of the belief that the mind will endure after the dissolution of the body.” Hume also says, “If any purpose of nature be clear, we may affirm that the whole scope and intention of man’s creation, so far as we can judge by natural reason, is limited to the present life.” I quite agree with Hume and Huxley. Our Ego, our Individuality, consists of the aggregate of our whole being, of body and soul united, and acting together. Separate them, and the individual no longer exists; for the soul is entirely dependent for its mode of manifestation on the body. No doubt both body and soul are equally indestructible in their elements or essence, but when they take new forms they constitute new individuals. If my soul took

a new body it would manifest itself differently, and would not be I, and it would be a mere delusion to suppose that it was, and to call it by my name. Without the Resurrection of the Body the continuance of Individuality would be an *impossibility*. Now, although this retention of our Individuality, after the body is dead and buried, would appear to be *impossible*, yet we are told by the Priest that, however apparently opposed to our reason, we MUST believe in it; that the belief is so deeply implanted in our nature that we cannot help it. As J. S. Mill says—"The great boast of man is, that he alone yearns for something that neither sense nor reason can supply." No doubt it will appear natural to a people who for 2,000 years have been taught to hold this doctrine; so it was quite as difficult at one time not to believe that the sun went round the earth. There was some sense in this belief, for people saw that it did. But no one has yet seen any of the inhabitants of this new and better world.

"Tell us, ye dead, if ye in pity can,
Beyond this sphere what is the future plan?
Some courteous ghost, if any such there be,
Tell us, in after-life, what things ye see!"

—BLAIR'S "GRAVE."

But what is this new and better world in which, in reason's spite, we are told we *must* believe? In the Westminster Confession of Faith, which is the creed of Presbyterian Scotland, we are told that "by the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto

everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death.

“As God hath appointed the elect unto glory, so hath He, by the eternal and free purpose of His will, foreordained all the means thereunto. . . .

“The rest of mankind, God was pleased, according to the unsearchable counsel of his own will, whereby he extendeth or withholdeth mercy as he pleaseth, for the glory of his sovereign power over his creatures, to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonour and wrath for their sin, to the praise of his glorious justice. . . .

“So shall this doctrine afford matter of praise, reverence, and admiration of God, and of humility, diligence, and abundant consolation, to all that sincerely obey the Gospel.”

We must recollect that this “everlasting death” does not mean ceasing to be, but is supposed to be continued existence in everlasting torture, and when some years ago there was a sort of hope expressed that poor sinners might be let off with something less than “everlasting,” say a few million years of torture, there was a general cry out among the English clergy, 10,000 of whom signed a Declaration in favour of the eternity of punishment. Their Heaven might not be everlasting, if Hell were not so !

I cannot say that the prospect of such a “Future State” affords me “abundant consolation,” or any consolation at all—neither do I feel that I must believe in it.

Think only of *one* entirely sleepless night and then think of that as unending. A little Hell Fire and

Brimstone under such circumstances would be as agreeable diversion. The idea of the possibility of such an everlasting consciousness is horrible, and could only furnish "abundant consolation" to the utterly selfish and unfeeling. A Heaven would be impossible with an everlasting Hell, and yet this Westminster Confession of Faith continues to be the creed of Christendom—of the Catholic Church, and of our National Church, as expressed by their Creeds, but it is so abhorrent to the natural sense of all that is good and great, that little is now said about it, by the English Church at least.

A Scotch clergyman, in that pleasant, gossipy twaddle, which he calls "The Recreations of a Country Parson," says "A dignified clergyman told me that an old woman, a parishioner, once called upon him, and sitting down by his study fire, cheerfully told him that her son was dead, and had gone to hell. . . The good clergyman, not a little startled, said he trusted that her son, however little he might have looked like it, might have so repented of his ill-doings as not to have come to that awful condition; but the old woman grimly put away the hopeful suggestion and clung to her first statement as to the present state of the child she bore. Then my friend went on to say that if this were certain it must surely be a dreadful matter of reflection to the mother, and that he wondered much at seeing her look so cheerful. 'Not at all,' replied the grim old Christian: at first she was vexed by thinking of her son, but now she was perfectly happy; because it was all for the glory of God. At this point my informant paused, and silently shook his head. 'Now was that

hypocrisy or 'was it want of heart?' was the natural inquiry that followed. 'Neither'; was the wise and good man's reply. 'It was just that she did not know the meaning of the words she said.'" On the contrary, I should ask, was not this good woman acting up to the devil-worship in which she had been instructed? Had she not been taught that the majority "had been fore-ordained by God to everlasting death, *for the manifestation of his glory.*" I should like to know what meaning "the wise and good man" himself put upon these words. The Westminster Confession of Faith is a purely logical deduction from the belief in an Almighty and Omniscient God, and a Future State of everlasting Rewards and Punishments.

The "Country Parson" goes on to tell us that "Farther than the blank absence of reasons for the belief in a future life, there are against it the strongest unlikelihood. The soul seems to grow and strengthen as the body grows and strengthens; it seems to weaken and decay as the body weakens and decays. It seems to be gradually extinguished. Feeling goes: consciousness, and thought, and affection: a lifeless lump is left, and *that* soon goes back to the elements. The doctrine is that this spiritual principle which has faded away is to start afresh somewhere else: where we do not know, how we do not know: no one has ever come back to tell us anything. In another place, perhaps far away, and of necessity in a very different mode of life, the soul is to begin again. Now, notwithstanding Bishop Butler, this is not in the analogy of things: it is a case wholly without parallel. It does not look likely." All this is

exactly what I say. "And yet," says the rev. gentleman, "in the presence of all that has been said, I hold by this : we are so made that we MUST believe there is a future life. Everybody does believe in it. The most desolate teacher of materialism, who tells us that when the brain decomposes the individual man is blotted out and annihilated, does not believe it himself. He could not hourly look at his wife and children if he did. Unless he were an utterly heartless brute, the most inferior of all inferior animals, he would hasten to blow his brains out. 'Not to be, is best of all,' if his unspeakably wretched message were true." Now, I think we may fairly ask, does this "wise and good man" really know the meaning of *his* words? If so, must not all that he affirms be just the reverse? What is this "future state," according to his *professed* creed—the creed of the Church to which he belongs, in which he says we all MUST and do believe? One, to the happiness of which many are called, but few are chosen; in which the road to destruction is broad, the road to life narrow; one in which the great majority will be miserable, if not in torture? Would any "wise and good man," or any man, "unless he were an utterly heartless brute, the most inferior of all inferior animals," venture to have a wife and children who would be subjected to such risks? Would he not rather "hasten to blow his brains out," and feel "not to be, is best of all," rather than bring beings into the world who ran such risks; *i.e.*, if the "unspeakably wretched message" of the damnation of the great majority were really true? I must say I have little patience with that pharisaical selfishness that looks

upon its own wife and children as necessarily among the elect, and can go comfortably to heaven leaving the great majority, or, indeed, *any one*, out in the cold. Surely if only one little one of his family were missing it would destroy the happiness even of heaven. My only refuge is, not that men *must* believe and *do* believe in such a Future State, but that they *cannot* and *do* not believe in it, and that men are not such selfish brutes as they would thus make themselves out to be. Better far that *all* should be as *they were before they were born*, than that *one* should be eternally miserable. But I am told that this horrid nightmare of eternal damnation is no longer believed in by any sensible person ; that all now repudiate so gross a libel upon God. Thus the Rev. F. W. Fowle says, "Get rid of the Pagan Tradition (the doctrine of future rewards and punishments in heaven and hell), and what is the Christian Church but the organization of humanity for mutual purposes of help and deliverance," and Dr. Donald Macleod, editor of *Good Words*, in the February number, 1879, also says, "There may be certain aspects of religious truth, resting on what appears sufficient authority, and which we cannot harmonize with just' conceptions of love. There may be theological statements which savour rather of capricious power than of spotless goodness. How are we to deal with these? . . . Even among such perplexing questions as sometimes overwhelm, almost madden us, as we consider the possible destiny of those who may in this life have 'preferred the darkness to the light,' and sinned against their own souls ; and as we feel the crushing weight of all such dogmas as would leave not a ray of light on the

horizon of their misery, let us equally fall back on Him whose name is love, and whether we 'trust the larger hope' or not, let us be assured that nothing will be left undone which Divine goodness can possibly accomplish in order to 'bring back his banished.' " Now, there can be nothing that Divine goodness, if Omnipotent, *cannot* accomplish, and we may reasonably 'trust the larger hope,' and Dr. D. Macleod may safely, as far at least as his conscience is concerned, throw over the Westminster Confession. A man, however, who, like myself, is not bound by creeds, may reasonably ask, Are any good enough to be "*saved*," and as to the bad, is it not easier to make new ones than to mend the old ones? Such, at least, appears to me to be the order of Nature; and if Nature here has not revealed to us her method of proceeding, she never can do so, for nothing can ever be made more plain.

But we, who do not believe in a Future State for Individuals, are threatened with that terrible word annihilation, as if that were something worse than damnation. Now, what does this dreaded annihilation mean? Neither body nor mind has ceased to exist. Both have only taken other forms; the *individual*, of little consequence to any one but himself probably, has alone vanished. At death the body and soul dissolve partnership; the body returns to its constituent elements, the soul to the universal reservoir of unconscious force or automatic mind from which it came. We return, in fact, to what we were before we were born, having enjoyed our brief term, and having left the world, let us hope, a little better than we found it. We were

not unhappy before we were born, and why should we be so when we return to that state, and why should the thought of it make us unhappy now ? Some one will be living, and we shall not envy them ; our wish to make a selfish monopoly of life in our own favour will have gone out with us. W. R. Greg, in his lately published volume of *Essays*, says : “ If we may venture to speak, limited as we are, of anything whatever being important, we may say that the important thing is that the universe should be full of life, as we suppose it to be, under the eternal laws of the universe ; and, if the universe be full of life, I cannot see how it can signify whether the one human faculty of consciousness of identity be preserved and carried forward, when all the rest of the organization is gone to Dust, or so changed as to be in no respect properly the same. In brief, I cannot see how it matters whether my successor be called H.M., or A.B., or G.Z. I am satisfied there will always be as much conscious life in the universe as its laws provide for ; and that certainly, even for my narrow conception, which, however, can discern that caring about it at all is a mere human view and emotion. The real and justifiable and honourable subjects of interest to human beings, living and dying, is the welfare of their fellows surrounding them or surviving. About this I do care, and supremely.” The Buddhists, at least a fourth of the human race, above all things seek to give up their individuality and to be re-absorbed into Deity or the Universal ; it is the Christians principally who have cultivated this idea of a future life, although it is to be what the Buddhist fears, a state of misery to the great majority.

But many of my friends who think as I do on this subject say, "Why stir this question of the Future State at all? It is better let alone in the present state of the world." Others deprecate my publishing anything that may tend to weaken another's faith in our continued existence, and this is why I have felt myself obliged to allude to it. I have never proselyted; if I have found people comfortable and satisfied in their religious convictions I have always let them alone; but when they have brought their doubts to me, I have helped them to the best of my ability. I have lately published my "Psychological and Ethical Definitions," which no one can accept, I think, and retain their belief in continued Identity and Individuality after Death. I have set myself then seriously to consider what is the effect at the present time of this belief in a Hereafter, and what mischief, therefore, may ensue from weakening or destroying that belief. I think that its influence is much less than is ordinarily supposed. By the great majority the theory is neither accepted nor rejected, but is received with other conventional faiths, without thought as to its validity. No one would like to say they do not believe in a Future life, but they do not think of it, and it has no practical effect. It could never take an inch from the fashionable length of a lady's tail, or in any other way influence fashion, either in man or woman. It had not the slightest effect on duelling when that was fashionable. It has not the smallest effect on a man's daily occupations—"other-worldliness" has no chance in competition with worldliness. In consequence of this, when people come to die, the idea of another world is more a

source of anxiety and discomfort than of happiness, although it is no doubt a source of consolation to many of those who are left behind, and perhaps to many others, is an excuse for showing less feeling than the occasion would otherwise seem to require. I am speaking now of the influence of the belief on the great majority. With reference to the few with whom the belief is a reality, I fear it causes much more anxiety to the good than to the bad. The fear of God predominates greatly over the love of Him, although it is wonderful how certain many pious people are of *their own* salvation, and the great consolation they say that it affords them, notwithstanding many of their friends and relations have no grounds for the same hope. But in many, if not in most, the fear predominates. Carlyle tells us of his father (*Reminiscences*, Vol. I. pp. 14, 17, 287) how "through unutterable depths of silence flickered a trembling hope," and that when "in the last agony, with the thick ghastly vapours of death rising round him to choke him, he burst through and called with a man's voice on the Great God to have mercy on him." Yet this was a good man, doing always diligently what he thought to be right according to the best of his ability. His life, Carlyle says, was "no idle tale, not a lie but a truth, an earnest, toilsome life." "In all things he was emphatically temperate; through life guilty (more than can be said of almost any man) of no excess," and yet he had to call upon his God in his last hour to *have mercy upon him*. What God was this? The supposition that such supplication was necessary would be a libel upon the Father of All, and I should say even upon the Devil himself. I cannot conceive of any

idea more dreadfully depressing than this "Future State," which is thought to be so great a boon. That any fool or idiot can have the power to bring into existence perhaps a dozen beings that shall be immortal, that is, who can never end, and the state of whom for happiness or misery, during an eternity, is left in uncertainty, is to me, instead of being at all comforting, a horrible conception. The eternal misery of one soul would be to make evil absolute, and who is to know that he himself is certainly among the elect? For we are told that broad is the road that leadeth to destruction! Carlyle, speaking of his father, says: "Alone, left alone, with only a tremulous and fitful, though eternal, star of hope, he had to front that adventure for himself—with an awe-struck imagination of it such as few or none of men now know. More valiant soul I have never seen: nor one to whom death was more unspeakably 'the King of Terrors.' Death and Judgment, bar of the Almighty following it, may well be terrible to the bravest." *Reminiscences*, Vol. II., page 49. Broad is the road that leadeth to destruction, we are told, and narrow the path that leadeth to life, and in the same breath "that he who weakens our hope of a future existence robs us of our most precious treasure," i.e., a state of misery for the great majority. Surely "silence" is better than this, even though we could ensure that we ourselves should be among the saved! We may safely bury away this horrid night-mare, the curse of so many, principally of the best amongst us. For myself, I have never had any fear. I have never seen cause to believe in any punishment that was not for the good of the offender. Now I

feel that nothing *can* happen to me that I need fear—Death is all, and I do not fear death—what all the world before me has done I can do. Then I shall be as I was before I was born, and I am willing to leave to others their share of the enjoyment that is to come; since such appears to be the order of Nature, *i.e.*, God's will.

“ Out of Eternity
This new one is born,
Into Eternity
It soon will return.”

A cycle of small earthquakes seems just now (Spring, 1881) going the round of the world, and hundreds and thousands are carried out of existence. But suppose they had never been born, who would have known anything about it, and who would have been the worse for it?

But as to this Future State the Country Parson says, “We have to start afresh somewhere else: where, we do not know, how, we do not know: no one has ever come back to tell us anything.” In another place, perhaps far away, and of necessity in a very different mode of life, the soul is to begin again, and Dr. Donald Macleod tells us that “The future world and the solemn step which is to usher us into the presence of the Redeemer are associated by us with terror rather than with that joy which made St. Paul exclaim, To me to die is gain. When we search out the grounds of popular beliefs, or try to put into clear shape the vague expressions which content the unreflecting, we are appalled at the darkness which still enshrouds the

momentous change from the seen to the unseen.”—*Good Words*, March, 1879. So vague and uncertain is this prospect that even the most religious people I have ever known seem in no hurry to begin the journey, and those who have been in preparation for this “other and better world” all their lives will give their doctors any amount to keep them *here* another day or even hour. A friend tells me of an educated woman of the upper class who, when she was old, between 70 and 80, could not rest, day or night, but was constantly swinging herself backwards and forwards in a rocking chair, and moaning, “I want to know where I am going to!” “I want to know where I am going to!” Nor must we wonder at this, even putting aside altogether the place provided, *as we are told*, for the great majority. Divine service and worship, and prayer and praise, and what, in fact, is ordinarily called Religion, is little more than fear of this life to come, and a selfish deprecation of God’s power to harm. Each seeks his *own salvation* or safety and a good place in the world to come. How often has it been said to me, as an inducement to believe, or to pretend to believe, “if we are wrong it will not matter, but if you are wrong what an awful thing it will be for you!”—an appeal to a slavish fear and self-interest, and not to truth.

Astronomy has dispelled the very primitive notion of a heaven above the skies and a hell below somewhere,* but has left certainly *plenty of room* in infinite space; which,

* Is it not perfect despair to think that we have now neither Heaven nor Hell? Copernicus and Galileo, more fortunate than the Titans, have stormed Heaven. The stars nearest to us are dark bodies like the earth, and the earth far off is as bright as the twinkling stars; our star-decked carpet is gone, where now can we place the throne of God? Hell, too, we have no more.

indeed, seems to be wanted. Forty million people die in this world every year, and forty hundred millions every century, so that the prospect of finding our own wives and children and friends seems attended with as much uncertainty as the place we are going to ; and there might be some little difficulty in identifying them in their new bodies and new growth. The Rev. F. W. Fowle (*Divine Legation of Jhrist*) finds the natural difficulties in favour of a Future State altogether insurmountable, and he says, "Whether I am to live after death is a problem just as perplexing and troublesome as the former, how I came to live at all." He falls back, however, upon Revelation and the Resurrection of the Body as illustrated in Christ Himself, with which he professes himself perfectly satisfied. St. Mark says, "*So then*, after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God;" and "The Acts" tells us while they (the Apostles) beheld he was taken *up* ; and a cloud received him out of their sight. This going bodily *up* into heaven was not so difficult to believe in the time of the Apostles, but we now know that to reach the nearest star, Alpha Centauri, travelling with the speed of light, 192,000 miles a second, would take three years and seven months ; to reach the brightest star—Sirius, it would take 20 years to reach, and the Pole Star 50 years. "To be with Christ" seems as difficult as that Christ Himself should be able to see all the kingdoms of the round world from the

There we used to think, below, far below, roasted and stewed the godless, till Columbus steered ever Westward, and now we know that people live there too, just as we live ; what shall we do now with our pious and godless ones?"—
"Spinoza," by Berthold Auerbach.

top of a mountain—millions of times more difficult than if Christ were still at Jerusalem and we were here. But I know it is considered impious to reason about such things. I never used to do so in my most “religious” phase—such things are discerned by faith and not by reason, and all is possible that God wills. As far as I can now recall my own feeling then about a future life, I never thought of it at all—I made God as perfect as I was able to do, and loved and worshipped that ideal, and strove to be like it ; but I never thought of a future state as one of future rewards and punishments — and I think that this is the case generally with the really good and pious ; they do not think of reward hereafter, and they would soon be reconciled to the idea of our present state being all there is for us, if that were God’s will and in the order of His Providence. They would be sensible enough to feel that if they were again to be non-existent as they were before they were born, others would be living, and they would never be *conscious* of any loss to themselves personally.

As to future punishment as a deterrent from vice, I think it has very little influence. The good Parsons have made Hell fire too hot and too everlasting for people really to believe in it. It is too revolting to all moral sense to be accepted ; and when the Scotch woman mentioned by A. K. H. B. said her son was gone to Hell, all for the glory of God, it is evident the good parson himself, to whom she told it, didn’t and couldn’t believe it. It is the good and not the bad that are frightened by it. It is too far off, too contingent, with

too many ways of escape, to act as a deterrent or to stand much in the way of temptation to evil. The smallest apparent present pleasure has a stronger influence, and if the bad are frightened at this horrid chimæra at all, it is on their death bed, when it can do no good, but can only add to the misery of those who have already suffered from being bad. The natural consequences of our actions here, without reference to an hereafter, are, or should be, sufficient to keep us in the right path, if they are made sufficiently plain by education.

I have been accustomed hitherto to consider that the belief in a world to come was beneficial to mankind ; but on fuller consideration I am inclined to think that, taken altogether, it has been hurtful. It has weakened real responsibility—that is, it has stood between our actions and their natural consequences. Instead of cultivating the *body*, as the true instrument of our highest mental faculties and of our highest enjoyment here, we have been cultivating a *soul* for some fanciful, fictitious, imaginary world elsewhere. I am asked, however, “Has not this ‘Soul’ cultivation tended to the growth of our best faculties—to their best use and enjoyment here?” Certainly indirectly it has, but the direct cultivation of our higher faculties would have been better. It is well that our instincts or intuitions are stronger than our opinions, otherwise the belief that this world was but the beginning of an immortality for us would completely paralyze all useful efforts here. It was this belief which lighted the fires of the Inquisition, and has been the source of all honest religious persecutions since the world

first entertained the idea. Probably the worst error that has cursed mankind is the belief that Salvation depends upon Faith, and that a man is free to believe what he pleases. Hence all the persecutions between different sects. The Inquisition was a matter of conscience. In every prison the crucifix and the rack stood side by side. In morals a man *can* love only that which is loveable ; in ethics he *can* believe only that which is credible—he could not believe black to be white if he were damned for not doing it ; but he might shut his eyes and hypocritically *profess* to believe anything. It is, however true, as the old saying says, “A good will helps to a full understanding,” and it is wonderful what a near approach black makes in appearance to white if we very much wish it. Notwithstanding the supposed necessity for our training for “another and a better world,” it must be admitted that knowledge to us is only experience—experience of this world and applicable only to like conditions, and although I know it has often been asserted to the contrary, all our faculties have relation to this world, and can attain to their highest perfection here. Although, however, the cultivated illusion as to a Future life has not been beneficial, yet as morality has thus been based upon religious sanction instead of upon Natural Law, the illusion cannot be dispensed with until the people have been taught what Natural Law is, and the necessity for their obedience to it. Morality has no relation, so far as we are concerned, to any other world, but consists simply of the rules and regulations by which people can live most happily together here. Religion may continue as a profession if its priests,

instead of training people for another world, will teach them how to be truly happy here; acknowledging a succession of beings instead of the continuance of the individual; and showing that we are quite as near to God here as we can possibly be in any other world; since God is Everything and Everywhere, and His Will constitutes the Laws of what we call Nature. The Clergy should make it their business to transfer the religious sanction to such Laws, instead of banning them as merely secular. We are quite willing that the Toll-gates of Birth, Death, and Marriage should be kept up as much for the public benefit as theirs, and that all things be done decently and in order. When we recognise that this life is all we are to have, we shall all the better know how to make the best of it, and not go off on a false scent. If to "eat, drink, and be merry" were the highest happiness here, why then let us eat, drink, and be merry. But it is not the highest happiness of a man, but only of a pig, and people made like pigs. Professor Clifford says:—"Do I seem to say: let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die? Far from it; on the contrary, I say, 'Let us take hands and help, for this day we are alive together.'"—*First and Last Catastrophe*. Man's highest happiness will lie in the developing and perfecting of all his faculties, and that is the highest state of civilization which admits of bringing all the faculties into activity in their best direction. Holding these views regarding a Future State, I think it my duty to proclaim them, feeling certain in this case, as in all others, that our highest good can only be assured by an unflinching, unequivocal expression of the truth as it appears to every one of us.

At present it seems almost impossible to get at the truth as regards people's opinions on this subject. George Eliot had Christian burial, although claimed by the Positivists, and no doubt her opinions came nearer to theirs than to any other recognised sect. Charles Darwin was buried in Westminster Abbey. A dear friend of mine, lately dead, and who held very much my own opinions, used to go to chapel, and all the great good that was in him was publicly claimed by the Minister as the result of what he heard there; and the same Minister, whose great friend was the Unitarian Minister, and whose views were what are usually supposed to distinguish the Broad Churchman, has since, at his late funeral, been claimed by the strictest sect of Evangelicals. A Christian burial seems the only one possible except at great trouble to survivors.

Truth travels thus very slowly; the path of new truths is always much beset, and all permanent change is necessarily very gradual. Superstition has been very useful in the absence of science, and it will be long before science can take its place. Mental science is just where physical science was before the days of Copernicus and Galileo. Man now considers *himself* the centre of the universe, and free from the laws that govern it, instead of a part of the great whole. Free-will and science is a contradiction. There can be no Mental Science until the reign of Law is recognised in Mind as in Matter.

It often appears to me that all that I have written in the foregoing pages contains but the merest truisms, and that there are many who must feel this to be so; still,

trite as they are, it will be long perhaps before the world at large grows up to them. It may, however, I think, be fairly asked have you nothing new to tell "To advance thought's infinite march a footpace more?" (*The Ode of Life*). I think I have, although it is possible what I have to say, if true, may have been told before. An acute metaphysician says "An attempt to relate the laws of thought to the processes of nature and to resolve them into one common source seems to me the greatest conception of modern philosophy."—*C. C. Massey*. This I have attempted, however imperfectly.

The late Professor the Rev. Baden Powell is also of opinion that "In the present state of science, of all subjects that of which we know least is, perhaps, the connection of our bodily and mental natures, the action of the one on the other." This I have endeavoured to show.

In 1879 I published my "last thoughts" in the form of "Psychological and Ethical Definitions." I intended this to be "a Psychological System based on the postulate that the essential difference supposed to exist between Physical and Mental Force is a pure assumption, as proved by the fact that one is constantly changing into the other in the brains of the whole animal creation. Force is Mind, and all power Will-power, conscious or automatic, and Universal Force is God. There is no bridge to pass over from matter to mind or from mind to matter. Matter and Mind are transformations, or different manifestations only, of the same entity. The Natural or Physical Forces are correlations of Mental Force and *vice versa*." This view, I think, is new, and

is surely deserving of some notice. The above is very tersely expressed, and requires explanation. This exposition had previously appeared in 1866 in "Force and its Mental and Moral Correlates," and it has been further explained in all I have written since. Mr. G. H. Lewes, although well-disposed towards me, refused to notice "Force and its Mental Correlates," on the ground that I had used "Force" in a different sense to that in which it had hitherto been used by men of science. But if Mr. Lewes had accepted my view of force, and in "The Problems of Life and Mind" had made force identical with feeling, instead of motion, he might have helped forward an important discovery.—(See "Problems of Life and Mind," Vol. 2, p 459, 456, 488, &c.)

Physicists will insist upon it that the bridge from matter to mind is impassable ; but this is because they work the problem the wrong way, from the phenomena of lifeless matter through living matter where there was no consciousness, &c. They ought, however, to begin with consciousness, the only thing we can really be said to know, and work downward to its supposed origin and cause. The modes of motion, the order of nature, the whole objective world, are more or less probable inference, known to us only in thought. Physical force is known to us only as a mode of motion, but when a stream of this cosmic energy passes through the organism and becomes Thought and Feeling, it loses its characteristics as a mode of motion, and is in reality Force separate from Matter. As Mind, it still has its attributes, and Will-power is the power of which we can most easily conceive. Professor G. J. Allman, in his late address as President of the

British Association at Sheffield, 1880, says: "Have we, it may be asked, made one step forward towards an explanation of the phenomena of consciousness or the discovery of its source? Assuredly not." I think we have. Also, he says, "The power of conceiving of a substance different from that of matter is still beyond the limits of human intelligence." On the contrary, Consciousness is all we know, and matter is known to us, not as the only substance, but merely from its possibilities of affecting our consciousness. In fact, mind is the only reality or "substance," and all other things, however they may appear to us, are but modes of its manifestations. The "substance" of Spinoza is a higher generalisation than either matter or spirit, and includes them both. Again, the Professor says: "The physical or objective conditions which are the concomitants of thought are the only ones of which it is possible to know anything, and the only ones whose study is of value." But these "physical and objective conditions" are known to us only as they are translated into thought, and thought has its own laws dominating these conditions—ruling as well as being ruled. Psychology, not physics, is of the first importance, for natural science, after all, can only be the science of human modes of thinking. Without, objectively, the world, to us, is only what we have made it. What it is in itself—in reality, we do not know, and the world has not yet determined whether mind is not an exception to all else in nature, and acts without cause in what is called Free Will. Till this is settled there can be no Science of Mind, and when it is, it will work as great a revolution in Ethics and Theology as the Copernican System in

Astronomy. Dr. Allman, however, says, in conclusion, that "we are not on that account (the connection of mind with physical condition) forced to the conclusion that there is nothing in the universe but matter and force. The simplest physical law is absolutely inconceivable by the highest of the brutes, and no one would be justified in assuming that man had already attained the limit of his powers. Whatever may be that mysterious bond which connects organisation with psychical endowments, the one grand fact—a fact of inestimable importance—stands out clear and freed from every obscurity and doubt, that from the first dawn of intelligence there is with every advance in organisation a corresponding advance in mind. Mind as well as body is thus travelling onwards through higher and still higher phases ; the great law of Evolution is shaping the Destiny of our race ; and though now we may at most but indicate some weak point in the generalisation which would refer consciousness as well as life to a common material source, who can say that in the far-off future there may not yet be evolved other and higher faculties from which light may stream in upon the darkness, and reveal to man the great mystery of Thought?"

The Natural Physical Forces are correlations of Mental force and *vice versa*. Then what are we, if this is true? Our bodies are composed of millions of organic units, each with its separate individuality and force or soul, and the force of these cellular units having served its purpose in the system is transferred to the new matter taken in with the food ; the organic units are then dead, and are carried as waste out of the system

and take other forms; it is precisely the same with respect to the mind; under the molecular action of the brain physical force resumes its consciousness as separate specialized thoughts and feelings—and it is the aggregate of these thoughts and feelings which we call our minds, in the same way as the aggregate of the organic units form our bodies. Each thought and feeling is a separate existence or entity, and when it loses its consciousness it again returns to automatic action or physical force. Consciousness is to the brain what the flame is to the candle; it lights up all around it, giving the objective world definite form and shape, causing motion everywhere, and dissipates itself in space—"Terar dum prosim—may I be so wasted, if only I be of use"—as Carlyle puts it. There is nothing more constant about the mind than about the body; all is perpetual change. The sense of Identity, dependent like all our other feelings upon the brain, is a delusion, for nothing in either mind or body is *the same* for any two seconds together. It is this ever changing body and mind that constitute the "Ego" or self, and these are held together by the mysterious power of Life, which dominates the organism and obliges its forces to act together towards a definite purpose. It is this life which properly constitutes Identity, and so long as it continues the animal may be said to be the same, however varied the form—the grub, the chrysalis, and the butterfly for instance; but when Life departs, and the forces of body and mind are no longer bound together by this mysterious tie, they return to their original inorganic unconscious elements and the Individual and Identity go with them and depart also. A

stream of Force has been momentarily diverted from the great whole of cosmic force, has been made to flow through the organism, and returns to the ocean whence it came. "The dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it." The resurrection of the body has long been given up ; the resurrection of the individual mind, composed as it is of units of sensibility dependent for their specific character on the brain, is equally *impossible*. If it were possible for the mind's identity to be continued after death with a different body, it would not constitute the same person, as our identity or personality is made up of our body and mind. "Everything that exists depends upon the past, prepares the future, and is related to the whole."—*Oersted*. Here properly resides our Immortality. Here is the immortal Burns as painted by Longfellow :—

" For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth ; his hand
Guides every plough ;
He sits beside each ingle-nook,
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling hough.

His presence haunts this room to-night,
A form of mingled mist and light,
From that far coast.
Welcome beneath this roof of mine !
Welcome ! this vacant chair is thine,
Dear guest and ghost !"

Ultima Thule.

Tennyson thus writes of his late dear friend :—

" What art thou then ? I cannot guess ;
But tho' I seem in star and flower

To feel thee some diffusive power
I do not therefore love thee less."

The authors of "The Unseen Universe" are of opinion, that is, they say we can very well *imagine* that the transformed force of thought and feeling, or at least a portion of it, may be stored up in the brain, on the principle of the necessary Continuity, so as to constitute a "soul" that shall continue after the death and dissolution of the body, and that the memory of past events being stored up in it, "thus preserve the two essential requisites of a continuous intelligent existence" (pp. 159-160). It is true we can very well *imagine* all this, but are there any facts to support the theory of the *localising* this energy in a supposed *spiritual* body, or any proof even if there were of the transference of memory from one body to the other, or any reason to suppose that one body would be more permanent or *immortal* than the other? Force we know is indestructible, but, like matter, it is always changing its form.

The mysterious Whence, Why, and Whither is answered.

Whence? The Soul is part of the Cosmic Force or Universal Mind; everywhere around the Mind is this force transformed, or resuming its consciousness under the molecular action of the brain, as the aggregate of our thoughts and feelings.

What is the purpose of existence? Why? "It is manifest, or Bishop Butler says, that nothing can be of consequence to mankind or any creature, but happiness." It seems, indeed, as if the support of life was Nature's great purpose. Land, water, air, teem with life. In

the bitter cold of Artic Regions, with strange alternations of long summer day and long winter night, frozen seas, perennial ice, life has a hundred forms. The torrid zone, blazing with heat, parched with drought, fierce raging hurricanes driving away oppressive calms, contains myriads of living things. Mountain summits, depths of valleys, mid-ocean, arid desert, warm and salt springs, are all inhabited. So, likewise, in past ages, there was abundant life. No trace remains of millions and millions of the primitive living creatures in the earliest eras ; yet, from the remains of other eras we know that life abounded in the sea—forming strata after strata ; and that multitudes fed on the land.—(Rev. J. W. Reynolds "*The Supernatural in Nature*," 196.) But what is the good of life unless attended with consciousness, and what is the good of consciousness unless it were a pleasurable one ?—a painful one would be worse than none.

Whither ? To whence we came before we were born. As individuals, while alive, we are part of everything around, of the All in One ; our bodies in direct connection with all the physical forces, and our minds with all the mental ; and it is only by making ourselves acquainted with the action of these forces—with the "Order of Nature," and acting in harmony with them, that we can fulfil the object of our being, and make ourselves and others happy. "What is the essential nature of that which is around us ? What are we ourselves, and what is the universe ? Are all things such as they seem ; or, if not, what is the reality of them ?" "This," James Hinton says, "is the question of philosophy."—"The Art of Thinking," p. 132.) I have endeavoured to

answer this question as far as we are able. "*What we have done* is the only mirror that can show us what we *are*," says Carlyle ; but our thoughts are all we know, and they tell us nothing of the *essential* nature either of themselves or of anything else. We cannot tell what things are *in themselves*. It would seem that all is of one stuff—mind stuff, as Professor Clifford calls it ; but what is its *essential* nature we do not know. We are such stuff as dreams are made of. We know they all are but parts of one stupendous whole, from the remotest star to the smallest atom, that :

“ Nothing in this world is single ;
All things, by a law divine,
In one another’s being mingle.”

This is all we know, and probably all we can ever know.

What can I do ? What ought I to do ? What may I hope for ? Kant says the ultimate object of all knowledge is to reply to *these* questions :—

What can I do ? That depends upon the faculties, mental and bodily, with which I have been endowed. Of these faculties Phrenology gives us the best account.

What ought I to do ? To exercise every faculty in the legitimate direction for which it was evidently intended.

What may I hope for ? That pleasure will attend the legitimate exercise of each faculty—the aggregate of which pleasures constitutes happiness, the only thing “that can be of consequence to mankind or any creature.”

I know it is customary among those who do not accept a Revelation still to hold the opinion as to a

Future State as an open question. Schiller, perhaps, well expresses the feeling of the many thoughtful and advanced minds on the subject. He says :—

“What went before and what will follow me, I regard as two black impenetrable curtains, which hang down at the two extremities of human life, and which no living man has yet drawn aside. Many hundreds of generations have already stood before them with their torches, guessing anxiously what lies behind. On the curtain of futurity many see their own shadows, the forms of their passions enlarged and put in motion ; they shrink in terror at this image of themselves. Poets, philosophers, and founders of states have painted this curtain with their dreams, more smiling or more dark as the sky above them was cheerful or gloomy ; and their pictures deceive the eye when viewed from a distance. Many jugglers, too, make profit of this our universal curiosity : by their strange mummeries they have set the outstretched fancy in amazement. A deep silence reigns behind this curtain ; no one once within will answer those he has left without ; all you can hear is a hollow echo of your question, as if you shouted into a chasm.”

But if the advance of science shows that the continuance of the Individual after death is an impossibility, had we not better at once try to reconcile ourselves to the fact ? The truth surely must be best for us all, in this as in everything else. What is the use of leaving as uncertain that which is so evident ? Uncertainty is always painful, and if it is so with reference to the short life here, what must it be if extended into an endless future ? “The primary religion of mankind,” says Hume, “arises chiefly from an anxious fear of future events.” The key to these future events, for good or ill, of which there is such anxious fear, the priests, in all ages, have

possessed themselves of. The instinct of the love of life, so effectual here in the prevention of suicide in paroxysms of despair, or intolerable suffering, has been extended by them beyond this life, in the interests as they think of religion and humanity. It is rather singular that the Buddhists, the most numerous religious sect in the world, numbering nearly a fourth of mankind, seem as anxious to get rid of their individuality and to be absorbed into Nirvana, as Christian and other sects seem anxious to retain it. But the Buddhist cannot even seek annihilation and be individually absorbed in universal Being without the aid of the Priest. This "future state" has been made the key stone of religion, and has been sedulously presented to our race for this two thousand years, so that the belief is born in us, and but few think of doubting it, however little the evidence in its favour, and however strong the facts on the other side. To proclaim that this world was made so badly, or that its Creator allowed one of his creatures so to spoil it, that another was required to compensate for its deficiencies, is certainly not *praising* God. It is computed that some 97,790 people die daily throughout the world, and in the face of this fact the popular view of heaven—of God sitting on a throne and Christ at his right hand—is a very childish conception, indeed! Surely God is enthroned equally here and everywhere, and it should be the mission of the Ministers of Religion to make this evident, and not carry us, even in imagination, to worlds unknown. Walking in my garden I stopped to look at a poppy which had set itself among the potatoes, and thus forced itself upon my notice. It was white, its fringed edges tipped with scarlet, the other

part of the flower was beautifully and symmetrically striped; inside was the perfectly-shaped seed vessel surrounded with its little stamens and crowned with its pistil. I could not but think, with wonder, who made this, and who made it so beautiful to me? "The new biology shows us that every living thing has been slowly moulded into its existing shape by surrounding circumstances, and that it bears upon its very face a thousand traces of its earlier stages," and I am told that the insects make the flowers, but surely there must be some power behind the insects that has painted them so beautifully, and has established the relationship between them and me. Professor Tyndall tells us that it takes 477 millions of millions of vibratory waves to produce the sensation of colour we call red, and 577 millions of millions to produce green; surely then it must require some nice adjustment to colour and stripe the flower so symmetrically and harmoniously. In the Pansey or Heartsease, the sap running up its narrow stem immediately turns off and so arranges itself as to produce on the velvet petals of the flower the exquisite violet colour which takes 100 millions of millions more vibrations to produce than other colours. It takes, according to Tyndall, 699 millions of millions of ether waves to enter the eye in a single second to produce the impression we call violet in the brain. There is no jumbling together or mixing of these millions of millions of forces, no "fortuitous concourse of atoms," but all are "confederate and linked together to produce a pleasurable sense of beauty in us. Here is both power and purpose. And the world is covered with flowers, and surely we might leave off thinking of *our own*

Salvation and another world in admiration, gratitude, and awe for the Supreme Power that made and unceasingly upholds this. It is a beautiful world, and I am sorry to leave it. My love for Nature has increased with each passing year, and God and Nature are the same to me. "Our caresses, our tender words, our still rapture under the influence of autumn sunsets or calm majestic statues, or Beethoven Symphonies, all bring with them the consciousness that they are mere waves and ripples in an unfathomable ocean of love and beauty. Our emotion in its keenest moment passes from expression into silence our love at its highest flood rushes beyond its object and loses itself in the sense of Divine mystery."—(George Eliot.) Who finds not God in this world, in the "unspeakable beauty, the illimitable splendour, the infinite play of force" here, would never find him in any other. I am no Agnostic; to me God is not an unknown God; I may not know the *mode* of his Being or Working, but He is known to me as everything else is, by what He does. In the flower, in the insect, in the bird, I say here—this is God—His immediate work and presence. "It is my true and real feeling," says Uhlich, "when I bow down and gaze at a flower, that the Deity looks at me from it, and sends towards me a sweet perfume." "Lucretius denying God and deifying Nature," is not denying God at all, but simply saying that Nature is God. Each year I live, "The whole creation seems more and more Divine to me, the Natural more and more Supernatural."—(Carlyle.) As James Hinton says—"Now we say 'individuals and God in them,' hereafter we shall say. 'God and in this form':" and here James Hinton passes

from Theism to Pantheism. It has been said that man is the highest intelligence with which we are acquainted in this world, but could man have made a flower, or any of these things ! I find Mind in Nature everywhere, and with Bacon, "I had rather believe all the fables of the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame was without a mind ; and, therefore, God never wrought miracles to convince Atheism, because his ordinary works convince it. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth men's minds to Atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's mind about to religion ; for while the mind of man looketh on second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further ; but when it beholdeth them *confederate* and *linked together* it must needs fly to providence and deity." "Matter can never exist and be active without mind," says Goethe, and Hume bears testimony that "The whole frame of Nature bespeaks an intelligent author." That mind in Nature need not resemble in any way what is called mind in us. Ours is specialised by organization for a special purpose, as in fact is all other mind in what we call the properties of matter. God's power acts upon every atom, and thus "the universal frame"—the cosmos—the universe, is the body of God. No doubt I shall be called an Atheist, for I do not believe "in God, the Father Almighty," for God "acts not by partial, but by general laws," and there is much evil or suffering in the world, but it seems to be necessary to the greater good, that is, God *could* not give us the greater good without it. Thus we not only have among insects the silk-worm and the bee, with the "burnished Dragon-fly, with steel-

blue mail and shield," but bugs and fleas and mosquitoes—but the world nevertheless could not *exist* without the insects. "From the war of nature, from famine and death," says Charles Darwin, "the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving—namely, the production of the higher animals—directly follows. There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that while this planet has gone cycling on, according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning, endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being, evolved."—(*Origin of Species*.) Why this "war of nature, this famine and death" were necessary to this "most exalted object," why all should proceed *so slowly* from one or a few germs, why an age of great toads and other reptiles should precede the advent of man on this earth, why this "martyrdom of man," with war the great organizer, this pressure of population on the means of subsistence, have been necessary to his progress, is still a mystery, but it certainly cannot be reconciled to Almighty Power. To us also it would seem that the power that produced one germ could just as easily have produced hundreds, and have saved some millions of years in bringing about our present state; so also the conditions that produced one man might as easily have produced, and most probably did produce, all the marked varieties.

Still we find the Supreme Source of all

"From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again and better still
In infinite progression."—*Thomson*.

“Where’er I looked a younger hour
 Trampled his fellow gone before ;
 Change was in all, but evermore
 Power did succeed to other power,
 Life ever lived. The vital store
 Exhaustless did itself renew
 From death, whereout there always grew
 Fresh forms of life which Nature bore.

* * * *

And it shall be
 When earth is old, and He who gave
 Resumes her essence, I can have
 No being in eternity.”—*Maurice Penderrick.*

Such is my conviction as regards myself, and I am perfectly reconciled to it.

Francis Quarles, writing in 1634, says :—

“Let wit with all her studied plots effect
 The best they can ;
 Let smiling fortune prosper and perfect
 What wit began ;
 Let earth advise with both, and so project
 A happy man ;
 Let wit or fawning fortune vie their best ;
 He may be blest
 With all the earth can give ; but earth can give no rest.

 Whose gold is double with a careful hand,
 His cares are double ;
 The pleasure, honour, wealth of sea and land
 Bring but a trouble ;
 The world itself, and all the world’s command,
 Is but a bubble.
 The strong desires of man’s insatiate breast
 May stand possess
 Of all that earth can give ; but earth can give no rest.

If this were true, and I am not disposed to take this pessimist view of things, what man requires in early life, when he is young and strong, is not rest, but full activity in the path of duty, and when he gets old and has finished his allotted term of threescore years and ten, what he wants is Rest. Life is dependent upon "the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations." With much time and trouble this adjustment has taken place here much to our advantage, but we do not know to what extent this adjustment might be disturbed in any other world, or even on the road to other worlds, particularly when we have left our bodies behind us, and some 40 millions of naked souls are going the same way every year. What I seem to require, and to long for, is Rest, and not to begin life again in some new world. Altogether I would rather not face the uncertainty, but would prefer to be as I was before I was born, particularly as there will be many to take my place here, and no want of increasing happy life. W. R. Greg seems to have felt on this subject very much as I do. He says :—" *Age cannot, from the very law of its nature, conceive itself endowed with bounding energies of youth*, and without that vigour, both of exertion and desire, renewed existence can offer no inspiring charms. Our being upon earth has been enriched by vivid interests and precious joys, and we are deeply grateful for the gift ; but we are wearied with our life, and feel scarcely qualified to enter on the claims, even though balanced by the felicities and glories, of another. It may be the fatigue which comes with age—fatigue of the fancy as well as of the frame ; but

somehow, what we yearn for most instinctively at last is *rest*, and the peace which we can imagine most easily, because we know it best, is that of sleep."—*Miscellaneous Essays*, p. 258. I have enjoyed my term and am thankful, and I do not complain that the term of life allotted to us is so short. If there were any real or reasonable cause of complaint those have most to complain of who have never come into existence at all. In a very short time now I shall be gone,

" Quiet at last reposing
Under the moss and fern."

and they shall write upon my grave

THE WEARY ARE AT REST.

Permitte cætera Deo.

CONCLUSION.

Sept. 18th, 1884.

The last stage of all that ends this "strange, eventful history" has now come to me: not in the Shakspearean sense of the seven ages, since I suppose I am only in the sixth stage. But my time is come, and in about a month, in all probability, it will be finished. From the nature of my disease there must be a gradual wasting of flesh and strength till the end comes. This process does not appear to me to be attended with much pain. I shall get weaker and weaker till the weary is at rest. For fifty years and more I have been an unbiassed and unprejudiced seeker after truth, and the opinions I have

come to, however different from those usually held, I am not now, at the last hour, disposed to change. They have done to live by, they will do to die by. I have long been of the same opinion as that recently expressed by Herbert Spencer, "that the one absolute certainty that remains is that we are in the presence of an Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed." And also, "that the Power that manifests itself in consciousness is but a differently-conditioned form of the power which manifests itself beyond consciousness." It has been seen I have endeavoured to carry this out in some little detail, and to show that—

" The Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees alike in flowers and stars a part
Of that same Universal Being,
That is throbbing in thy brain and heart."

As to the question of the continued individuality in some other world after death, I have no hope or expectation or belief even in its possibility. Body and soul make a man : when they are separated neither can retain its identity. I am very thankful for the long term of happy life that has been allotted me. I am quite willing to retire and make room for some better fellow to come after me. We cannot die. Our individuality may be lost. But is the individuality of the very best of us worth retaining ? Much less that of the great multitude.

" We live in the Eternal Order, and the Eternal Order never dies." I do not know where this has been better expressed than by Constance C. W. Naden in her " Songs and Sonnets of Spring-time," in the concluding verses of her " Pantheist's Song of Immortality " :—

“ Yes, thou shall die ; but these almighty forces,
That meet to form thee, live for evermore :
They hold the suns in their eternal courses,
And shape the tiny sand-grains on the shore.
Be calmly glad, thine own true kindred seeing
In fire and storm, in flowers with dew inpearled ;
Rejoice in thine imperishable being,
One with the essence of the boundless world.”

Mr. Bray lived scarcely three weeks after the above Conclusion was written from his dictation, and Sunday, October 5th, was his Day of Rest.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

My autobiography was printed October, 1882. This was done to save trouble, as it was so interlined, &c., that it would have been very difficult for any but the writer to make it out correctly. I am 73 years old this month—January, 1884—and I may yet live to add many “wise saws and modern instances” to what has already been written. My memory for names is fading, the mind acts more slowly, or stands still—that is, time passes without consciousness, but my judgment, when my health is at its best, is, I think, as strong as ever. What I may add will be illustrative or confirmatory of what I have already written; it is seldom at my time of life that new thoughts arise. If I have found a thought which I think calculated to interest, or to be of service to the reader, I have given it in the words of the author.

Life.

Life is dependent upon “the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations.” Mind is dependent upon Life, and happiness is a condition of the mind to be reached only through the path of duty. The path of duty is not confined to the following of a few moral maxims which regard only our relations to our fellow creatures, but it must include all upon which life depends, as all depends upon life. In order to effect this nice adjustment of our internal to the external a knowledge of Natural Law in

all departments is required. From ignorance of these natural laws, and consequent want of obedience to them, most of the ills of life arise, and good people often do wrong from ignorance, as well as the bad who do wrong knowingly and intentionally. The nice relationship of our bodies to Physics, Chemistry, Animal and Vegetable Physiology, and Mental Science, is very imperfectly understood by the wisest, and little, if at all, by the multitude. To the want of such knowledge George Combe traces not only a general deterioration of constitution in his own person, but some permanent structural injuries. "The bones," he says, "were imperfectly developed; and bent clavicles and a slight distortion of the spine, with chronic irritability of the mucous membrane of the lungs, were the consequences." To the suffering caused by his inability to sit upright during the long hours of confinement at the High School on the backless seats he attributes the distortion of the spine. Combe's parents were among the most enlightened of their day, and most religiously anxious to do their duty to their children, yet, he says, "Neither in church, nor school, nor in the family circle, was one solitary rational idea communicated to me concerning my own nature, or the nature of men and things, or my own relationship to them." Things are not quite so bad now as they were in George Combe's time, thanks to the wide circulation of his *Constitution of Man*, his brother Dr. Andrew Combe's *Principles of Physiology*, and similar works, still it is a question whether in ignorance or forgetfulness of the fact that the brain is the organ of mind, as much mischief is not being done to young, unmaturing, growing brains by overwork as was done to George Combe's spine at the High School.

No connection can be traced between cause and effect in the world, except one of purpose for the benefit of the whole sensitive creation. This connection was originally ordained, and is constantly upheld with that view, and it is our duty to place ourselves in harmony with that Divine Order. We are definitely related to everything around, we have to learn what that relation

is, and our well-being depends upon the more or less perfection with which we can adjust our internal relations to these external ones.

It is quite true, as George Combe says, that "a consequence of good or evil is attached by the Creator to every action of man, and that the good follows actions which conform to reason, morality, and religion, while evil is the consequence of error, passion, and injustice in its every form." "There is no stronger conviction in this age," says Max Müller, "than the conviction of the scientific men that all happiness depends upon the knowledge of the Laws of Nature and the careful adaptation of human life to them. (*"Natural Religion,"* p. 365.)

We go now to church, and in our prayers ask God to interfere with those laws which he has thus established for our benefit. We hear there of Ten Commandments: eventually we shall learn that the whole Order of Nature is Divine and God's Laws, and the difference between the religious and secular will completely disappear. We shall go to church, then, to learn what these Laws are, and Science will take the place of Superstition. The earth travels at a fearful rate, both in its orbit and on its axle, and we go with it in perfect safety. Why? Because we move with it. It is precisely the same with all its other movements, called the laws of Nature; if we move with them we are unhurt, if we do not we suffer. "We are bound," says J. A. Picton, "to conform ourselves with the Divine order of the world, and to sacrifice pleasure, profit, life itself, if necessary, for the working out of that order into higher forms of human society." "It is only by the identification of ourselves, body and mind, with Nature, that we truly live: all non-identification is error, disease, death." We are going that way, although not fast: thus Sir W. Siemens, President of the British Association, 1882, in the concluding words of his address, says, "We shall thus find that in the great workshop of Nature there are no lines of demarcation to be drawn between the most exalted speculation and common-place practice, and that all

knowledge must lead up to one great result, that of an intelligent recognition of the Creator through his works." And Emerson says :—" I look for the new Teacher that shall follow, and for those shining laws (the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures), that he shall see them come in full circle ; shall see their rounding complete grace ; shall see the world to be the mirrors of the soul ; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart ; shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one thing with Science, with Beauty, and with Joy."—" Emerson at Home and Abroad," by Moncure D. Conway, p. 137.

[George Combe has left a portion of his property in Trust, that the Trustees " may as seems best in their judgment," inculcate and carry out the above doctrine.]

Life in Other Worlds.

Professor Whewell, the great mathematician, wrote a very learned essay to show that in the whole Universe the Earth is most probably the only habitable globe. The Professor's idea of the stars, as to their utility at least, seems very much to resemble that of the little child who thought that they " were little gimlet holes to let the glory through." Fancy, — of all the countless worlds our own the only inhabited one, and with such creatures ! " We now know that our earth is but a fraction of one out of at least 75,000,000 worlds."—" Sir Jno. Lubbock." Force is everywhere, and Force is Mind ; acting intelligently, and from the fiery mist evolving a beautiful world like ours. Given Life, which is one of the modes of manifestation of this universal force or mind, and there is no reason why there should not be " the continuous adjustment of the internal relations to the external relations," as with us, in as varied conditions as there are varied worlds. Conditions have greatly varied with us in the geological eras. In the times of the great toads the atmosphere that supported life was probably very different to what it is now ; as also is the difference now between land and water. The differences in Light and Heat and

Cold in Mercury, Venus, and Mars are scarcely greater than these. And why are we to suppose that Man is the most perfect creature that can be made? What is wanted is the creation of happiness—the evolution of pleasurable sensibility; and there is no reason to suppose that this requires conditions in any way resembling our own. Our instincts and mental powers are inherited experiences, and probably transmissible in states differing widely from animal structure here.

The Survival of the Fittest.

“Nature, which governs the whole, will soon change all things which thou seest, and out of their substance will make other things, and again other things from the substance of them, in order that the world may be ever new.”
—*M. Antoninus.*

“It is a condition of our race that we must ever wade through error in our advance towards truth; and it may even be said that in many cases we exhaust almost every variety of error before we obtain the desired goal. But truths once reached by such a course, are always most highly valued; and when, in addition to this, they have been exposed to every variety of attack which splendid talents quickened into energy by the keen perception of personal interests can suggest;—when they have revived undying from unmerited neglect; when the anathema of spiritual, and the arm of secular, power have been found as impotent in suppressing as their arguments were in refuting them, then they are indeed irresistible. Thus tried and thus triumphant in the fiercest warfare of intellectual strife, even the temporary interests and furious passions which urged on the contest have contributed in no small measure to establish their value, and thus to render these truths the permanent heritage of our race.”—“Babbage’s Bridgewater Treatise. Our race is a part of Nature, equally, with all other things, obedient to its laws, and Man, Mind and Body, is “part of the great series of cause and effect, which, in unbroken continuity, composes that which is, and has been, and shall be—the sum of existence.” Minds are born very much as bodies are, and in each case we have to recognise the survival of the fittest. “Of fifty seeds

she often brings but one to bear." Nature seems as much to require experience as Man does. She seems to try all modes of being, and all forms of life, and infinite numbers of these forms, and the best only are retained and become permanent. The weak have always gone to the wall, and the least profitable have been "stamped out." It is by the martyrdom of Man that his highest interests have been assured.

" Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love Creation's final law."

Whatever we may hope as to the final triumph of love, it is probable that up to the present time more progress has been derived from strife. Whatever is best worth having we must fight for, and in that fight is found health and strength of body and mind, and space is cleared for the exercise of all our highest faculties. The strong thing, *in the long run*, is the right thing, and might is right, for that only can endure. The survival of the fittest, that is, that the weakest should go to the wall, does not accord with our sense of justice, but if it is best for the interests of the whole it must be right, and we must educate our moral sense up to the point in which we shall be willing to stand aside and make room for the "fittest;" but if we are not willing, Nature will not cease to act upon the law. The highest law of life is subordination to the universal good. It is this law that has raised such a cry from the sufferers, who do not feel at all willing to retire and make room for the better endowed, but *demand* "another and a better world." But surely to live at all is more than any of us have a right to demand. True philosophy sets itself to face the facts of this life, however disagreeable to us as individuals, rather than at once to proceed to make another world more to our liking.

Our Own Well-being.

The Ant and the Bee, we are told, have risen to the virtues of self-sacrifice and patriotism, but if it gives as much pleasure to these creatures, as it evidently does, to

devote themselves to the care of other individuals' offspring, as to their own, and to the good of the community as to their own individual good, where is the self-sacrifice? So, as a rule, men are not likely to divest themselves of moral restraints so long as it is the law of their nature to seek their own well-being—the highest enjoyments. If they please themselves, and know their own interest, they will seek their highest enjoyment in the highest and strictest morality. "Virtue," according to Shaftesbury, "is a part of the existing harmony of the world, and may be left to take care of itself." "Supreme Wisdom," he says, "has made it to be according to the private interest and good of everyone to work towards the general good." Sacrifice has hitherto been the base of all religions, but self-sacrifice is ordinarily our highest good; where it is not it cannot become a moral law, for that only can be a moral law that admits of universal application; and if self-sacrifice were the law in any other sense than our own good what would become of the race? Vicarious atonement has hitherto been an essential doctrine of Christianity, but as the breach of necessary laws entails inevitable penalties, such penalties being for our good could not be suffered vicariously.

Creation.

The Kumis of Chittagong believe that their Deity made the world and the trees and the creeping things, and lastly he set to work to make one man and one woman, forming their bodies of clay; but each night, on the completion of his work, there came a great snake, which, while God was sleeping, devoured the two images, At length the Deity created a dog, which drove away the snake, and then the creation of man was accomplished. We might suppose that this account of the creation was taken from the Hebrew, according to Moses, only the Kumis Deity appears to be so much wiser than the Hebrew, who set no watch, but allowed the snake to enter and seduce poor Eve into an act of disobedience for which single act the earth was cursed, and she was damned with all her posterity. That all should suffer for the sin,

of our first parents does not seem just according to our ideas of justice, any more than we can reconcile it to our sense of justice than any should afterwards be saved by the sufferings of an innocent person. No doubt the giving a religious sanction to this account of the fall and the atonement has done great injury to the greatest of all virtues—justice. But we are now told that such “records of barbaric thought and life, as contained in the Hebrew Scriptures, have passed into the culture of the 19th century.” Dr. Norman Macleod (“Good Words,” June, 1875) tells us that “the Bible practically says to all seekers after God, ‘Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.’ . . . It professes to give a true history, in harmony with reason, conscience, and experience of God’s revelation of Himself during past ages, culminating in Jesus Christ, and continued in the Church of His Spirit.” It is to be hoped that the good Doctor did not often read his Bible, but was satisfied with as much of it only as had passed into “the culture of the 19th century.” Dr. Macleod tells us that “God has manifested in humanity the same kind of joy He Himself had in beholding the works that He had made very good, and in which He rested and reposed.” (Idem. p. 421.) Why, while He was thus resting and reposing in beholding the Paradise he had made very good, Eve was just about to get herself turned out of it, and to bring upon herself and posterity all the evils that were the supposed consequences of such fall. The Kumis Diety created a dog to keep out the snake, but nothing was provided here, because the woman was to be left perfectly *free*. But if she were *really free*, then what she would do would be undetermined, uncertain, might happen or might not happen, and Omniscience itself could not foresee that which was left contingent, that is, uncertain as to what would happen or not, and thus the Deity would not know of the approaching catastrophe, and this would account for His joy and rest and repose in what he had made very good. If God did foresee what would happen, and that Eve would certainly get turned out, then Paradise was only “a mockery, a

delusion, and a snare." But doubtless Dr. Macleod had his own way of satisfactorily accounting for the Fall. I trust it was not that of his brother Calvinists in Scotland as expressed in the Westminster Confession of Faith, "That this their sin God was pleased, according to His wise and holy counsel, to permit, having purposed to order it to *His own glory*."

The Mystery of Evil.

As all actions are equally "determined" or "necessary," there is nothing in the actions themselves that renders them either good or bad, their character must depend upon their tendency (*i.e.*), their tendency to produce either pain or pleasure, and the only evil then is pain. But is pain an evil, or rather has not all the good in the world been produced by it? As I have previously shown, "a consequence of good or evil is attached to every action of man, and the good follows actions which conform to reason, morality, and religion, while evil is the consequence of error, passion, and injustice in its every form." "Evil deeds must bear bitter fruits"—"an evil deed, like a newly-drawn milk, does not all at once turn sour; yet, smouldering like fire covered by ashes, it follows the food,"—"a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage."—(Gotama the Buddha.) This pain is the most efficient corrective of the error we can conceive. "Pains are the subjective concomitants of such organic changes as are harmful to the organism, while Pleasures are the subjective concomitants of such organic changes as are beneficial to the organism—or, we must add, to the species." [Mental Evolution in Animals, p. 106, G. J. Romanes.] All finite intelligences are liable to error, and all require a corrective. But the question is, Could we not have the good without the evil, the pleasure without the pain? It would appear not, for what can we reason but from what we know. As to man, pain has made a "man" of him, and raised him from a savage to his comparatively proud position. As Fiske says, "Thus, with Michelet,

we come to regard pain as in some sort the artist of the world, which fashions us with the firm edge of a pitiless chisel, cutting away the ill-adjusted, and leaving the nobler type to inherit the earth. ("Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy," vol. 2, p. 462.) It is long since all things began to evolve themselves or to grow out of, as we are told, "the fiery mist." Different creatures have appeared as the world has become prepared for them, and we have had to pass through an era of great toads before man could live here. In each case the internal and external environment had to be nicely adjusted before life was possible, and the earth is suited to its inhabitants, because they have thus grown out of it. Man is the last and the highest creature that has come into the world, and this adjustment, that has made his life possible, is yet very imperfect. Much of what is called Evil is owing to this; man, as yet, is ill-adapted to the physical changes going on around him, but it is the efforts towards a more perfect adjustment, as we have seen, that have made man. The world acts as our bodily functions do, unconsciously, by what we call physical laws. Our bodies are liable to derangement, and when this takes place, a bell does not ring inside as in our machines, but pain, proportionate to the possible injury, advises us of it. It is the same in the world, but the storms and tempests, hurricanes and earthquakes are necessary to put things right; it is beyond man's power to do so, but he may anticipate their coming and evade their consequences.

Pain, if an evil, appears to be a necessary one, *and the only one*; and man, as usual, has made the mystery. He is free to act as he wills, but he is not free to will; his will is determined by motives, by the laws of his mind, but if he is not free then there can be no "Sin," and if no sin it is said no "Virtue." But if there is no sin there is error that requires correcting: and virtue is not that which is free, but that which gives pleasure—produces happiness.

"But note," says Mr. Fiske, "that such a solution (as the one I have given above) of the mystery of pain

is attainable only by the complete elimination of anthropomorphism from the problem, . . . instead of postulating a quasi-human Will as the source of phenomena, we must rest content with an Inscrutable Power, of which the properties of matter and motion, necessitating the process of evolution, with pain and wrong as its concomitants, are the phenomenal manifestations."—Vol. 2, p. 463. As I have shown, I do not agree with Mr. Fiske, but I agree still less with those who connect Infinite Power and Benevolence with pain and suffering, or a Perfect God with an Imperfect World—these to me are not mysteries, but contradictions. Neither do I agree with those who hold that God made a perfect world and then allowed one of His creatures to spoil it, in order, as the Westminster Confession of Faith says, "That he might turn it to his own glory ;" but I believe the best has been done that could be done ; and herein I do not make a mystery, as the facts seem plain enough, but limit God's Power rather than his Benevolence.

The *Spectator* seems very much exercised to reconcile the catastrophe at Sunderland, June, 1883, in which some 200 children were crushed to death, with Theism. "It is an inexplicable Will, it says, especially to those who believe, as we do, that God governs as well as reigns. What should we say of a man who, merely by putting a thought into Mr. Fay's head, the thought to stand at the gallery-door and see the children out in batches, could have prevented that ghastly massacre, and did not put it? Yet that must be true of the Almighty, if any one of our ideas about his attributes is true, if he foresees, if he is all-powerful, if he has free-will. . . . The Theologian, like every other man, is studying the Infinite, and when he has thought himself out, he can only acknowledge that he is always at last face to face with a mystery past his solution." To assume that God could prevent all the evil in the world and does not would be a mystery indeed, but the mystery is of our own creation by assuming that He could do so by our increasing His power at the expense of His goodness. By so doing we make God responsible for the evil, for to

permit evil that you can prevent is the same as causing it. Out of compliment to what we assume to be Almighty Power we hand over the government of the world from the principle of Good to the principle of Evil. Then as to Prayer and Special Providence, we are wise enough to see that interference with general law would make the exercise of both Instinct and Reason impossible. If parents could bring themselves to believe that their children were under God's special care, it is very little care that they would take of them themselves. The consequences of wrong-doing must be *inevitable* if we are to learn to do right.

James Hinton says, "Abstract the love of a mother for her babe and what have you? Pain, weariness, wakefulness, anxiety, toil. But add the mother's love, and you have the unspeakable joy of a mother over her first-born." So the presence of pain in the world, the only evil, may it not be entirely absorbed in the greater pleasure? Force, the active element in the world, which underlies all change or phenomena, is everywhere present, and being spiritual in its nature may thus constitute a Spiritual Unity, and the happiness that grows out of it may be one also; if so, the great aggregate of happiness must completely obliterate the pain. The necessary evil is swallowed up in the greater good.

The Laws of Nature are simply God's mode of working, or rather, may they not be supposed to indicate His Nature and Attributes? Nature and God are inseparable; as Dr. Caird says, "When God has constructed this machine of the universe (or should we not rather say on the principles of evolution, grown into it), he cannot so leave it, or the minutest part of it, in its immensity and intricacy of movement, to itself; for, if He retires there is no second God to take charge of this machine. Not from a single atom of matter can He who made it (or rather whose body it is) for a moment withdraw His superintendence and support; each successive moment all over the world the act of creation must be repeated."

Pessimism.

Imperfect as the world is at present and full of the pain requisite to set us going and to keep us in the right path, Pessimism is a madness. The world is the worst of all possible worlds says Schopenhauer ; and existence is in itself an evil says Von Hartmann. Will, in its nature, we are told, is striving, and all striving is necessarily suffering. How stand the facts ? As Locke says, all volition originates in uneasiness, and where the end desired is a necessary one to our existence, pain may be necessary to set us going, but it is only to set us going in the path of pleasure. If we forget to eat the pains of hunger remind us of it ; but eating is not suffering, and the pain bears but small proportion to the pleasure. It is the same with all our feelings and faculties—their legitimate gratification is attended with pleasure, and the striving necessary to attain this gratification is itself often pleasurable, and is the means of keeping the body in the health required to secure the pleasure. The aggregate of the pleasurable feelings we derive from all our faculties constitutes happiness, always *naturally* greatly in excess of the pain. These facts are so plain that I wonder any can be found to deny that happiness is the rule and pain the exception. Still there is a great deal of pain and suffering in the world greatly exercising the faculties of those who try to reconcile so imperfect a world with a Perfect and Almighty Creator. In “Reasonable Apprehensions and Reassuring Hints,” the Rev. H. Footman (Simpkin and Co.) tells us what we ought to think about it, and in places seems to me, with much candour, to come nearer to the truth than his brethren of the cloth generally. Mr. Footman says “The thought of the pain, of the apparently undeserved and hopeless and useless suffering of which the earth has been for countless ages the theatre, is a thought which generates harrassing and harrowing questions, as to the goodness of God ; and apart from the *Revelation of God in Christ*, I must own I know of no answer to those questions, no answer which even hope itself can seize on as

completely reassuring." How "the Revelation of God in Christ" can affect the countless ages before man so recently came upon the earth, or how it can affect the vast majority of men in the world who never heard of Christ, I cannot imagine, but the rev. gentleman gets more comprehensible and nearer the truth as he goes on. He says "I speak with great diffidence, with great deference, but as far as I can see, the law, which is paramount, and the furthest reaching in Nature, is the one which combines into one decree these two clauses: *Be fruitful and multiply—slay and eat.* And the main object, if I may venture to construe in inadequate language the apparent object of an Infinite Mind proclaimed in facts, seems to be the production, *through sacrifice*, of higher life out of the death of the lower. The more I read and think and try to observe of 'Nature,' the more deeply does this view of God's work seem 'ingrained in me.'" Others of our highest minds have reached the same conclusion by a different and more scientific route. Thus Sir W. W. Gull tells us that "Suppression and reappearance in a new and higher form was to him the fundamental law of physiology." The object aimed at in "Nature" seems to be a higher and still higher degree of life, not as an end, but as the means of producing a still higher and higher degree of happiness. Death, which we consider the greatest evil, but which in fact is the greatest good, is simply the invisible way in which this law of progress is passed on from one form to another. It is our self-conceit, our wish to retain our own individuality and personality, which makes the good here less clear.

Mr. Footman is no Pessimist, he says, "if we fully recognise the purpose which, as I have said, Nature seems to lead us to infer is paramount in the mind of her Author, we shall be very much struck with the immense and incalculable amount of happiness which prevails in the sentient creation at any given moment, and which has prevailed upon the earth through countless ages of pre-historic times. The feeling which will then attend our contemplation of Nature will be one of wonder, that

a design and a method, which, prior to experience, we should have said must be attended at every turn by individual suffering, and which must almost exclude pleasure from the universe, should yet have been executed in a manner so wise and so kind as to have filled the earth with such a vast aggregate of pleased and enjoyable existences."

"Generally speaking, the preservation of the happiness of sensitive creatures appears to be the great object of creative exertion and conservative providence. The expanding of our faculties, both bodily and mental, is accompanied with pleasure, the exercise of those powers is almost always attended with gratification; all labour so acts as to make rest particularly delicious; much of labour is enjoyment; the gratification of those appetites by which both the individual is preserved and the race is continued, is highly pleasurable to all animals; and it must be observed that instead of being attracted by grateful sensations to do anything requisite for our good or even our existence, we might have been just as certainly urged by the feeling of pain, or the dread of it, which is a kind of suffering in itself. Nature, then, resembles the law-giver who, to make his subjects obey, should prefer holding out rewards for compliance with his commands rather than denounce punishments for disobedience. But nature is yet more kind; she is gratuitously kind; she not only prefers inducement to threat or compulsion, but she adds more gratification than was necessary to make us obey her calls. How well might all creation have existed and been continued, though the air had not been balmy in spring, or the shade and the spring refreshing in summer; had the earth not been enamelled with flowers, and the air scented with perfumes! How needless for the appreciation of plants was it that the seed should be enveloped in fruits the most savoury to our palate, and if those fruits serve some other purpose, how foreign to that purpose was the formation of our nerves so framed as to be soothed or excited by their flavour! We here perceive Design, because we trace adaptation. But we at the same

time perceive Benevolent Design, because we perceive gratuitous and supererogatory enjoyment bestowed." (Henry Lord Brougham.)

"You write," said a popular novelist, "as if you believed that everything is bad." "Nay," said the other, "but I do believe everything might be better." ("Fortnightly," Jno. Morley's valedictory address.) The Rev. Footman evidently does not believe that everything is bad, only that everything might be better. This is the proper feeling, and it is our duty to help to make it so. The world has been greatly improved by others for us before we came into it, and it is our duty to leave it a little better for our having been here, for those who are to come after us. It is the function of Dominant Will thus to act upon matter, and the evils in the world retire before it. Discarding optimist and pessimist, George Eliot suggested the word Meliorist.

If we choose to dwell on Death and not on the life preceding it, we may make out a case for Pessimism. Schopenhauer says, "Life is only a struggle against Death, with the certainty of being conquered." If, as is so often the case, in the passion of Love, which fills the world with the most intense happiness, we dwell only on the present too frequent cross loves, we may also make out a case for Pessimism; but we might as well do away with fire because some people burn themselves or burn down their houses."

Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest, and the Pressure of Population on the means of subsistence have been God's principal means of producing the Greatest Happiness in the world, but we must judge by the end, not the means.

Death.

"Death is here, death is there, death is busy everywhere."

"All things that we love and cherish,
Like ourselves must die and perish,
Such is our rude mortal lot,
Love itself would did they not."—*Shelley.*

Everything dies that it may be born again in a new and improved form, from a monad to a man, from an atom to a world.

St. George Mivart makes Frankland say in "Nature and Thought," why may not the universe be Eternal? Why may not the whole myriad suns and systems have pulsed rhythmically, through an eternal past, to and from a state of nebula to a state such as that in which they now exist, or, (as is perhaps more probable) why may they not so alternate, bit by bit, first one and then another system of worlds collapsing into nebula, to be again slowly reformed into suns and planets? I see no reason why such a process should ever cease or ever not have been, or why life may not be ever repeating and creeping, as it were, over the face of the cosmos as one cosmical body after another happens, here and there, to get into a state fit to give origin to and sustain it—a state in which it may continue for a passing moment of a few billion years." p. 181.

Death is simply a mask of Life's transformation. Whatever grows in time is the child of time, and is born, and lives, and dies, at its appointed day. We are no exception to this law. Dr. Darwin was more impressed than Buffon with the evenness of personality between parents and offspring, so that these latter were not "new" creatures, but "elongations of parents," and hence "may retain some of the parent system."

"And, oh! how blessed it will be when it is all over to lie down in that dear churchyard." (Charles Kingsley, *Life and Letters*, p. 245.)

"Twenty times a day death is present to my thoughts, and even in my happiest moments I contemplate it with satisfaction, without any reference to a future state whatever, as a mere dismissal of this mortal body when its powers of usefulness and enjoyment are exhausted." So writes Geo. Combe, and he there expresses my feeling exactly.

Deity.

Professor Tyndall tells us that "Matter contains the promise and potency of every form of terrestrial life." "By supposing the present material world," says Huxley, "to contain the principle of its order within

itself, we really assert it to be God ; and the sooner we arrive at that Divine Being, so much the better. When you go one step beyond the mundane system you only excite an inquisition which it is impossible ever to satisfy." (*Hume's Life*, p 151.)

The author of "Ecce Homo" says that if men have ceased to believe in anything beyond Nature, the best thing for them to do, if they must have a God, is to deify Nature. Lucretius affirms "That Nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself, without the meddling of the gods," *i.e.*, of man-made gods, made after man's own image. If God is set aside in the name of universal evolution is this more than saying that the Universe is God, and that evolution or growth is the main attribute of His Being?

God dwells within, and moves the world and moulds,
Himself and Nature in one form enfolds.—*Goethe*.

Bishop Butler also, in other words, says the same thing, "What is natural as much requires and presupposes an intelligent agent to render it so, *i.e.*, to affect it continually, or at stated times, as what is supernatural or miraculous does to affect it for once." *Analogy*, part 1, c. 1.

"But examine the matter from first principles, from this: If all things are not mere atoms, it is Nature which orders all things: if this is so, the inferior things exist for the sake of the superior, and these for the sake of one another." (*M. Antoninus*.)

The Ever Present Spirit, the All Pervading Mind.

God is all, "the ever-present power—that presents itself to us as force—a power that does everything and assumes all forms." It is universal gravitation ; it is the all-pervading luminiferous ether—the light of the universe. There is nothing apart from the totality of things. God is known to us, not in essence or mode of Being, but in the history of evolution. He tries all forms of Being and all forms of Life, and insures the "survival of the fittest." May we not even believe that life is a lesson, and God is the learner ;

that like ourselves He is guided by experience. The world, like everything else that has a beginning, must die; but its animating Spirit will not die with it, and the progress it has made may be retained in other worlds, which may be made, through the experience gained here, in less time, and without the great toads.

Sir H. Davy, under the influence of Nitrous Oxide exclaimed, "nothing exists but thoughts—the universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains." Judge Holmes, of America, when not dreaming, says "all Nature is God's thought, without forethought." Both Bacon and Newton hold that there is an universal spirit-investment, the source of all movement, but Bacon knew nothing of the universality of gravitation. Gravitation governs matter and not matter gravitation, and gravitation with Newton was a Divine action.

Final Cause.

"It is manifest that nothing can be of consequence to mankind, or any creature, but happiness."—Bishop Butler.

I look upon the world, and the universe, as far as we are acquainted with it, as a great spiritual organism for the manufactory or evolution of happiness of which God is in some way the recipient, and of which he is the soul or intelligent moving power. As all things are equally necessary, one is not before or after, or higher than another; but as the true, the good, and the beautiful produce most happiness, we deify them and give them a preference, but they do not differ in kind, only in degree, from our other feelings. Virtue and piety, truth and duty, are erroneously treated as ends in themselves and not means towards the production of happiness.

"The object of Being is to create Deity," Deity being the centre of all the happiness which it is the function of all Being to produce.

The Supernatural.—Miracles.

If God and Nature are one, of course there can be nothing supernatural or above Nature, although there may be interference with Natural Law. All power is Will Power—conscious or automatic. There is no

necessary connection between cause and effect, invariable sequence is all we find. The connection is one of purpose, and will continue probably only so long as the purpose is answered. All life is dependent upon this invariability, being the nice adjustment of organization to things without, instinct being this experience organized. Of course, life would cease if this adjustment were disturbed by the laws of nature being altered. Hume says "the whole frame of Nature bespeaks an intelligent author," and Goethe is of opinion that "Matter can never exist and be active without mind," but we must not suppose that this "intelligent author"—this "mind," is altogether passive and content with merely upholding the laws which it has established. In the evolution of this beautiful world from the fiery mist much direct interference must have been required. From the first appearance of life upon the globe, from the monad to man, the plan has been to replace an inferior type by a superior one. The growth of the world has been constant in this direction, that is, to pass into higher and higher forms of existence. This evolutionists call "inherent tendency," by which they really mean the "intelligence" and "mind" of Hume and Goethe, and which all the world has imperfectly recognized as God, however widely it may differ from the God of the Theist. All the wonderfully complicated functions of our bodies go on unconsciously and act perfectly, but if there is anything wrong with them we become conscious of it, and the mind is called upon to interfere; and so it is in the great body of the universe, the Supreme Intelligence is always present, not to interfere with the established order of things, as that would be destroying its own work, but to supply any necessary interposition, or "necessary link," in the chain of progress. As the Will of man dominates the mere mechanical tendencies of the body, so does the Supreme Will the mechanical tendencies or laws of the universe—physical science and physicists notwithstanding. Of course this interference must be rare, and in accordance with the recognised order of nature. I believe, then, in the possibility of miracles (*i.e.*) in an

interference with the established order of nature, and which may take place as frequently as the Supreme Intelligence may see reason for interposing, but "Miracles" could not be brought in evidence of any Revelation, they could prove nothing but the presence of a power capable of interfering with the established order ; but of the nature of that power, whether it was supreme or not, whether it was good or evil, true or false, it could tell us nothing. The Rev. Mr. Reynolds tells us that "God foresees all things, but forces nothing." How God foresees that which, if left free, may never happen, or how the Rev. Gentleman reconciles God's not forcing anything with Special Providence or Prayer, I am not able to understand, except that there are no contradictions that theologians cannot reconcile, and the Rev. Reynolds shows a most remarkable talent in that way.

Theism and Pantheism.

Some of my friends, principally among the Positivists have accused me of going *back* to Theism. There ought to be no mistake about this. I am not a Theist, as I understand the term, neither am I a Pantheist according to its usual acceptation. No Pantheist, I think, would accept the views of "The Supreme" contained above. The Theist believes in a God apart from Nature—infinite, and yet not including all ; to me, God is everything or nothing. "In the things that are held together by nature there is within, and there abides in them, the power which made them ; therefore the more is it fit to reverence this power, and to think, that, if thou dost live and art according to its will, everything is in conformity to intelligence. And thus also in the universe the things which belong to it are in conformity to intelligence." (*M. Antoninus.*) To me God is the ever present power, that presents itself to us as a force, a Power which does everything and assumes all forms. The world, which is all I know, is a growth towards higher and higher perfection—an evolution of higher and higher types of being, culminating at present in man. One underlying force, which is mental, supports and unites the whole—giving

Unity and perhaps Personality. I know of no other God than this, and the more we know, the more does this unity become apparent. Good and Evil are purely subjective, indicative only of man's pleasures and pains, and Morality is the indication of man's relation to each other, and comprises the rules and regulations by which they may live together in the most happy manner possible. The perfection of the whole is measured by the amount of happiness evolved, for "it is manifest," as Bishop Butler says, "that nothing can be of consequence to mankind, or any creature, but happiness," and this must apply equally to creator as to creature, for in reality they are one, all parts of the Great Whole. Happiness must constitute the essence of His being,—the evil being *lost* in the good, the pain in the pleasure. The Theist says "Individuals and God in them," the Pantheist "God and in this form," for to him, all "is the varied God." This is all we know, and yet the world will scarcely hold the books that have been written on Theology and Ethics.

We talk of "the great mystery" with respect to death and its consequences, but all creatures are born and die, and personally no more is heard or seen of them, and if that is not plain and without mystery I do not know what can ever be made so. I go farther, and take the optimistic view of the Irish Parson, "that it is a very Providential thing, for which we have reason to be thankful, that death has been placed at the *end* of life, instead of at the beginning."

Force and Inherent Tendency

"No form of matter that we are acquainted with can originate action: matter can only obey the forces that act upon it. . . . In Nature there is no inherent tendency whatever, nor can be—it is simply the denial of causation. All tendencies whatever are manifestations of effects; are the result of operant forces, either present or past. . . . Through all inorganic bodies force passes; it enters them, affecting them more or less intimately, continuing in for a longer or shorter time,

and then leaves them, being transmitted onwards to another recipient; but within organic bodies it *circulates*" —(*James Hinton*.) The fact is that the office of matter is not to originate action or motion, but to direct its mode of manifestations, giving to inorganic matter its peculiar properties or attributes, its "inherent tendencies" as they are called, to organic matter its functions. Thus force passing through the brain becomes conscious force or mind; it is then no longer known to us as a mode of motion, but it retains its force—mental force (Will-power) being the strongest of all forces. What is thus capable of becoming mind it is reasonable to suppose must always have been of the nature of mind, so that physical phenomena and mental phenomena, although apparently diverse, are really identical, and all physical motions, resulting from force, which is mind, are really mental. It seems to be the nature of mental acts, often repeated, to create their own body, by means of which they become automatic, that is, pass from the conscious to the unconscious—"adaptive actions always originating in conscious volition—by repetition may become mechanical or unconscious,"—(*G. J. Romanes*)—and thus all power becomes Will-power, conscious or automatic. "Mind," says Fiske, and his is the current opinion "still continues to us a something without any kinship to other things." On the contrary Mind is the only thing known to us—we know only our own consciousness, and "other things" all resolve themselves into forces which are transformed into mind, and are therefore directly akin. Thus all is mind, or if we prefer to say, force is material, why then, all is matter. In this way matter creates mind, and mind creates the world, that is, the world of our Perception.

Atheism.

Atheists admit the progress that has been made since the beginning of the world, but they ascribe this continued change for the better, not to Mind in Nature, which is called God, but to "inherent tendency" in things themselves to take "form" like the crystal and

snow-flake, with increasingly improved form everywhere. When Topsey was asked who made her she said, "She s'pose she growed," and this is exactly the answer these philosophers give to the question, Who made the World? They suppose it grew. In this I quite agree with them, for evolution and growth are the same things. But the question is, Whence came the power by which it grew, and the direction of that power so as always to secure its progress? The persistence of force, or, that "each manifestation of force can be interpreted only as the effect of some antecedent force," shows that the power was not in things themselves, or in what we call matter, for "no form of matter that we are acquainted with can originate action;" Mind only can do that; but matter appears to condition it or to determine the direction of the force—that is, its mode of manifestation. The Atheist says this tendency was always there, that is, that it was inherent; the Pantheist says that ever-present Mind only can account for it, as there is so much more to account for than these tendencies, viz., their combination to produce the order and beauty now everywhere present. The Universe is One—a great Personalty: it grows like as *our* bodies grow, is directed by Mind in the same way as our bodies are, and acts both consciously and automatically in what is called Natural Law. We are parts of the Great Whole, with all our powers of mind and body borrowed from the Supreme Power. I can form no other conception of this Supreme Power. Most of the epithets applied to it, to me, are either contradictory or inconsistent with all we know of things. We are told the Divine Being is eternal, unchangeable, immaterial, omnipresent, omniscient, almighty.

The author of "Ecce Homo" says of the men who call themselves Atheists: "Whether they say God, or prefer to say Nature, the important thing is that their minds are filled with the sense of a Power to all appearance infinite and eternal, a Power to which their own being is unseparably connected, in the knowledge of whose ways alone is safety and well-being, in the contemplation of which they find a beatific vision."—*Natural*

Religion, p. 23. "That reign of Science which is announced in these days as a kind of ultimate Reformation, what is it but the general diffusion, and the acceptance as a practical rule, of this very conception of God in Nature."—*Idem*, p. 92. If the order of Nature is studied and its invariability acknowledged, it seems to make little difference practically as to whether men ascribe the source of this order to God or to self-evolution or "inherent tendency;" "the name of God may be dispensed with provided the reality that answers to that name is not wanting." I know of no better man among the Christians than Dr. Richard Congreve, the Positivist. Professor Tyndall tells us that, "though he has now rejected the religion of his earlier years, yet, granting him proper health of body, there is no 'spiritual experience' such as he then knew, no resolve of duty, no work of mercy, no act of self-renouncement, no solemnity of thought, no joy in the life and aspects of nature, that would not still be (his), and this without the least regard to any personal reward or punishment looming in the future." So also Professor Huxley says "that come what may to our intellectual beliefs and over-education, he sees no reason to doubt that the beauty of holiness and the ugliness of sin are, for those who have eyes to see them, 'no mere metaphors,' but real and intense things." (*Nineteenth Century*, No. 3, p. 537.) "None have reached," he says, "the lowest depths of immorality so long as they hold to the plain rule of not pretending to believe what they have no reason to believe, because it may be to their advantage to pretend." *Idem*, p. 539.

Sir Isaac Newton's great discovery was not of gravitation, but of the Unity which furnishes the proof of God's existence. Modern discovery has made this clearer, in its recognition of force as an entity, and of its indestructibility and persistence. Force is everywhere, and the active cause of everything. It rolls the planets in their sphere, and keeps them in their course, filling the interstellar spaces. Light and Heat, we say, are modes of motion—modes of motion of what? What moves? For there cannot be motion without something moving. The

entity Force moves. We can dispense with the Ether, in which the phantom atoms are theoretically supposed to swing. But this Force, what is it? Under the molecular action of the brain it everywhere resumes its original form, that of sensibility, consciousness, or mind. Force is Mind,—what we have hitherto called spiritual;—it is universal, and Universal Mind is God. As Sir I. Newton affirmed, the power or force that acts upon our earth, through 90 millions of miles, the distance from the sun, is spiritual.

A Priori Reasoning in Theology.

The late Professor Clifford, in his review of the "Unseen Universe," says:—"Our authors assume as absolutely self-evident the existence of a Deity who is the creator of all things." The common theological arguments the Professor represents as follows:—"Because atoms are exactly alike, therefore manufactured articles, and apparently indestructible, they must at one time have come into existence out of nothing. This can only have been effected by the agency of a conscious mind, not associated with a material organism," the logic of which the Professor illustrates by the following parody:—"Because the sea is salt and will put out a fire, there must at one time have been a large fire lighted at the bottom of it; this can only have been effected by the agency of the whale who lives in the middle of Sahara."—*Spectator*, Nov. 8, 1879, p. 1412.

Kant's religious instincts, it has been suggested, drove him to seek for proofs of the fundamental doctrines of Theology, after he had destroyed the old demonstrations of their reality in his "Critique of Pure Reason."

From the indications of order, of adaptation to end, of the greatness and majesty of Nature, we may infer the existence of a Divine Personality, who is wise and good and powerful, but we cannot infer that he is *infinite* in power, wisdom and goodness. The conception of such a Being, however, is, Kant contends, legitimated by the agency of the Moral principles, which requires for its purposes the existence of a Being of supreme perfec-

tion. He must be Omniscient, that he may be intimately acquainted with the profoundest mysteries of the human heart, and that not only in the past and present, but in the future. He must be Omnipotent, that he may award to all appropriate retribution. Similarly he must be Omnipresent and Eternal, and be possessed of all the other attributes which the Practical reason demands.

The idea of God is thus the creation less of the intellect than of the Conscience. The Conscience insists that Justice, according to its own notion of Justice, shall be done. It insists that every good man has a right to be happy. It argues that as he is not happy here he is to be happy hereafter, and that he is not only entitled to a future life, but to an eternal existence, because perfect virtue and perfect happiness demand an eternity for their conjunction, though even in eternity this ideal is never really attained. . . . Thus while the intellect is pronounced bankrupt, the solvency of the Conscience is affirmed. Such in substance is Kant's celebrated argument for the existence of God, the Soul, and Immortality. (See an admirable article on Kant's Moral Philosophy in *Westminster Review* for July, 1882.

In two articles on The Religious Future of the World in the January and February Nos., 1883, of the *Contemporary*, by W. S. Lilly, the conclusion the writer comes to is that "the two *great facts* of human nature are the sense of the Absolute and the sense of sin." He says also "The voice of conscience is mainly an accusing voice. Self-disapproval, guilt, remorse—these are its most notable phenomena; it speaks of a law broken and of a Lawgiver outraged; and thus it is the creative principle of natural religion."

Thus out of conscience Kant makes a Heaven; Mr. Lilly a Hell!

Hume says "that all doctrines are to be suspected which are favoured by our passions," and the doctrine that we are immortal, because we should extremely like to be so, contains the quintessence of suspiciousness." "If any purpose of nature," he says, "be clear, we may affirm that the whole scope and intention of man's

creation, so far as we can judge by natural reason, is limited to the present life." *Hume's Life by Huxley*, p. 176.

He also says experience certainly affords no presumption that the strong desire to live after death, which we call the aspirations after immortality, is any more likely to be gratified than that of the mother's wish that her child may live.

He also adds his testimony to the logic of Theologians. He says, "to oppose the logic of scholastic religion by such feeble maxims as these, that it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be, that the whole is greater than the part, that two and three make five, is pretending to stop the ocean with a bulrush. Will you set up profane reason against sacred mystery?" *Life of Hume*, p. 143.

Our Love of Life and yearning for continued existence is ordinarily in proportion to what Phrenologists have called the organ of Vitativeness; this differs greatly among different nations and different individuals. It is small in the Chinese and large in Europeans, where it has been cultivated by Christianity for some two thousand years. This instinct must be very strong in Miss Cobbe, who would like her friends' spirits to visit her on her death bed to assure her of this Life to Come, and she sees no reason, she says, why she should "not indulge so ineffably blessed a hope."

Let us hear what another of our first women says upon the subject. Mrs. Carlyle, in a letter to her husband, July, 1846, says: "The most outrageous sceptic—even I, after two nights without sleep, cannot go ahead against that fact—the belief in death—a rather cheering one on the whole—that, let one's earthly difficulties be what they may, death will make them all smooth sooner or later, and either one shall have a trial again under new conditions, or sleep soundly through all eternity. That last used to be a horrible thought for me, but it is not so any longer. I am weary, weary to such a point of moral exhaustion, that any anchorage were welcome, even the stillest,

coldest, where the wicked should cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest, understanding both by the wicked and the weary myself." But "our difficulties, be what they may," in another world are to be unending. An awful thought ! which I, either for myself or friends dare not face, but Miss Cobbe without the prospect of such a responsibility is driven to *despair*. That *dear* Mrs. Carlyle. The 3 vols. of her letters are not a page too much. Of all the women in the past I think I love her the most. She had all the genius of her husband, although it was of a different gender—feminine, his masculine : she had all his wit, and more than his wisdom.

Hear what another great woman, Harriet Martineau, has also to say on this subject. "When once Christianity," she says, "ceases to be entertained as a scheme of salvation, the question of a future life becomes indeed one of which every large-minded and unselfish person may and should say,—'what does it signify' ? Amidst many alterations of feeling, I soon began to enjoy breathings of the blessed air of freedom from superstition,—which is the same thing as freedom from personal anxiety and selfishness ;—that freedom under a vivid sense of which my friend and I, contrasting our superstitious youth with our emancipated maturity, agreed that not for the universe would we again have the care of our souls upon our hands." *Autobiography*, vol. 2, p. 219.

A Priori Reasoning in Theology—Prayer.

William George Ward, D.Ph., in a rather celebrated Essay, reprinted from the *Dublin Review*, of April, 1867, on the subject of Prayer, says, "It is a most certain truth of that religion—(the Christian and Catholic)—it is declared so repeatedly in Scripture that it would be absurd even to attempt an enumeration of texts—that the most available of all methods, for averting temporal calamities and for obtaining a healthy proportion of temporal goods, is prayer to God. . . . On the other hand, modern physical science has added strength to the proof otherwise existing of another and supple-

mentary truth ; viz., that external phenomena proceed uniformly and invariably on fixed laws. There is no inconsistency whatever, nor any approach to inconsistency, between these two truths ; and the only reasonable course, therefore, is heartily to embrace them both." Certainly it is only in proportion as we do embrace them both that we can expect any answer to prayer. Temporal calamities are not likely to be averted, or a healthy proportion of temporal goods obtained, without obedience to the uniform and invariable fixed laws by which alone such things are to be achieved. A man may say the Lord's Prayer five times over in one service, still he never expects his "daily bread" to be given to him unless he takes the natural and proper means to obtain it. God only blesses the means—that is, maintains the uniformity of the laws by which we may supply our own wants.

Belief, Tolerance, and Compromise.

Can we believe that which appears to us to be incredible or untrue? Can we believe black to be white, whatever may be the penalty for not doing so? The Early Church thought we could, and persecution with it was a matter of conscience, and consequently "in every prison the crucifix and the rack stood side by side ;" and what was a little temporal burning to the eternal fire which awaited the unbeliever? and slow burning at the stake with green wood was accorded as a favour, as it gave more time for faith and repentance, and for that clear judgment which enabled the heretic to see what he could not see before! Lecky tells us that according to the unanimous belief of the Early Church, all who were external to Christianity were doomed to eternal damnation, not only on account of their own transgression, but also on account of the transmitted guilt of Adam, and therefore even the new born infant was subject to condemnation until baptism had united it to the Church. As some theologian expressed it, "he doubted not there were infants not a span long crawling about the floor of Hell." St.

Thomas Aquinas afterwards suggested the possibility of the infant being saved who died within the womb—"Almighty God," he says, "may have means of saving it for aught we know." It is only a Saint who dare have suggested this, as the contrary was thought a mere truism, consequent on original sin and transmitted guilt.

But all this, and much beside, is gone by ; the increasing moral sense of the world has been too strong for it, and the question now arises, what, and how much, can be retained? Matthew Arnold is of opinion that we may give up "the existence of a personal God, the consubstantiality of Jesus Christ with this personal God who is his Father, the miraculous birth, resurrection, and ascension of Jesus," and yet that there will be more that "makes for righteousness" left in Christianity than has been, or is still to be found, elsewhere in any other religion in the world. But there are not many who go so far as this with respect to what may be left out, or as to what may be retained. Lecky (Rationalism) tells us that "men have come instinctively and almost unconsciously to judge all doctrines by their intuitive sense of right . . . and that where Bible doctrine does not accord they re-translate it to make it fit." This, I think, is very true, and the question is, considering the good that is in Christianity, and that we have nothing as yet to take its place, how far we can be a party to it, how far our "tolerance" may extend, or whether we are justified in making any "compromise" with our conscience on the subject? May a man, who believes as Matthew Arnold does, that there is more that makes for righteousness in Christianity than in any other religious system, still call himself a Christian, although he is obliged to drop the supernatural and also the dogmas that have been added by the Church at different times? I leave every man to his own conscience in this matter, but for myself I agree with J. Allanson Picton, who in "The Essential Nature of Religion," says:—"It may occur to some readers of these pages that in the present state of opinion a good deal of this discussion might well have been spared. The notions with which we have been dealing

belong, it may be urged, to a day gone by; and though the words which embodied them may remain, the feelings answering to them are irrevocably dead. That this is so to a very large extent amongst the thinking portion of religious people has been already admitted. But it is not so with the unthinking numbers, who form of course a very large majority. And it never will be so with these, until those who think for themselves have the courage to speak according to their thoughts, and not according to the supposed necessities of a time which really requires nothing so much as plain speaking."

On the question of "compromise," however, Mr. Picton says, with equal wisdom, in his "Life of Oliver Cromwell," alluding more to politics than to religion, "Whenever the break-up of old institutions inspires half-educated men with the idea of judging everything by first principles, the best and bravest amongst them will often go farthest wrong. Knowing nothing of the conditions that make the process of evolution necessarily slow and apparently tortuous, they want to accomplish in a day, and at a stroke, what can only be achieved in a thousand years, by the slow co-operation of countless forces. They cannot understand that the fall of institutions leaves human nature still what those institutions have made it. Hence, the more daring and earnest and honest such men are, the more intolerant do they show themselves of accommodations, adaptations, and delays.—p. 282.

Revolution.

The author of *Ecce Homo* in "Natural Religion" tells us as of a thing of awful importance, which almost threatens the death of European civilization itself, "of a vast rebellion of the less prosperous classes against the whole system which has nursed them, a fierce repudiation on their part of the whole system or law way of viewing the universe, or worship, which lies at the basis of the civilised world. It includes a mortal hatred against all visible authority, a complete political revolution. . . . These are not reformers or progressists.

Their conceptions are of the archaic or primitive kind. They hold that happiness is a fixed thing within easy reach of all, and that civilization is the mass of frauds by which it is appropriated to the few. Their object, therefore, is not to advance civilization, but to destroy it by assassination and massacre."—p. 220.

No doubt the present phase of civilization favours too much the interests of the few at the expense of the many, but that can not be remedied by violence. Democracy must advance—nothing now can stop it, and power has passed and is still slowly passing into the hands of the people, and it is not likely that they will be satisfied with our present social system, and it must pass away. But if mechanical invention or new social arrangements could free the working classes from labour before they are morally and intellectually prepared for it, it could only be to the retarding of real progress. What we want and must have to render all progress safe and permanent is the development and perfecting of every mental and moral faculty. This is necessarily a slow process, and every real reformer will throw his weight into the machine so that we shall not attempt to go faster than this can take place.

Superstition.

"For no more can he who understands but one religion understand even that religion, than the man who knows only one language can understand only one language." *Primitive Culture*, Edward B. Tyler. Sir Samuel Baker, writing of the Kytch, says, "Nor is the darkness of their minds enlightened by even a ray of superstition." No doubt superstition has had, and still has, its uses, and it must continue till science takes its place; but it has also its dark side; thus Martin Luther thought the witches spoiled the farmer's butter and eggs, and he said "I would have no pity on these witches; I would burn them all." As Tyler says, "As men's minds change in progressing culture, old customs and opinions fade gradually in a new and uncongenial atmosphere, or pass

into states more congruous with the new life around them."

Buddhist Infallibility.

"He was called omniscient by his earliest pupils; but when in later times it was seen that on several points Buddha had but spoken the language of his age, and had shared the errors current among his contemporaries with regard to the shape of the earth and the movement of the heavenly bodies, an important concession was made by Buddhist Theologians. They limited the meaning of the word omniscient, as applied to Buddha, to a knowledge of the principal doctrines of his system, and concerning these, but these only, they declared him to be infallible. . . . Within the domain of sense and reason Nagasena does not claim omniscience and infallibility for Buddha, but he claims for him both in all that is to be perceived by meditation only, or, as we should say, in matters of faith." *Max Müller, Lectures on the Science of Religion.* Precisely the same change has been, and is still, taking place with respect to our Scriptures. [See Cardinal Newman's and Canon Curteis's articles in the *Nineteenth Century* for February, 1884.

Inspiration.

"It is a simple fact," says the *Westminster Review* July, 1875, "that nearly two centuries elapsed before it occurred to any one that any book of the New Testament ought to be called Scripture, or was either of divine or inspired origin. Then the four Gospels were separated from a multitude of other accounts of Christ's life. (*Allotropic Christianity.*) The Church at first necessarily took the place of the Scriptures, and the Pope represented the Church, and he was supposed to be inspired and infallible. He abused his power, and at the Reformation Luther put the Scripture—Old and New Testament—in the place of the Pope. It was the Scriptures *then* that were supposed to be inspired, every

word the Word of God and "put by the Spirit of God in its right place." We know how the Scriptures have been abused by Calvinists, Puritans, and the many sects into which Protestants have been divided. J. S. Mill says in his Autobiography, "I have a hundred times heard him (his father) say, that all ages and nations have represented their gods as wicked, in a constaptly increasing progression; that mankind have gone on adding trait after trait till they reached the most perfect conception of wickedness which the human mind can devise, and have called this God, and prostrated themselves before it. The *ne plus ultra* of wickedness he considered to be embodied in what is commonly presented to mankind as the creed of Christianity," p. 41. The Christianity, however, of the present day has been modified by the renovating force of reason and Free Thought so as to be practically a new religion. "The freethinking of one age, says Matthew Arnold, is the common sense of the next." Dr. Elam, in Man and Science, gives it as his opinion, "that when the history of modern thought comes to be written in the future, nothing will appear more remarkable to the student of those times than the great divergence, or rather the irreconcilable antagonism, between the utterances of philosophy and the revelations of exact science." This is doubtless mainly owing to philosophy being trammelled by a belief that is supposed to have a higher source than observation and experience. It is owing to the difficulty of reconciling science to the traditions of a so-called divine revelation. Science, however, must take the place of Christianity, but it must be very slowly, for until we get rid of spontaneity or free-will there can be no Science of Mind.

Aspiration.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

"The dove cleaving the thin air, and feeling its resistance, might suppose that in airless space her movements would be more rapid. Precisely in this way Plato thought

that by abandoning the sensuous world, because of the limits it placed to his understanding, he might more successfully venture into the void space of pure intellect." (*James Hinton.*) It is precisely the same with the religious aspirations of our most pious people, and for which they take so much credit as being above the world. The atmosphere of their other world is far too thin and æthereal for any of the virtues with which we are acquainted to soar in. The love of God, we are taught to suppose, will be all sufficient. Mr. Hutton says (*Symposium, Nineteenth Century, Sep., 1877,*) that "as far as he knows, his thoughts, affections, and volitions are not likely to perish with the body." Now, whatever may be the nature of the force called the soul, its special "thoughts, affections, and volitions" are entirely dependent upon the body, (*i.e.*) upon the brain, and they perish, or do not exist even in this world if the brain is imperfect. If the organ of colour is defective people are colour-blind, and it is the same with all our other thoughts and feelings, they exist only in proportion as the brain is perfect. The soul has been defined as our conscious personal self, which in spite of change remains always one and the same; but as far as we know it changes with the changing condition of the body and brain, from youth to old age.

Instead of dreaming of another world, with all its improbable and impossible conditions, and thinking that we are raising ourselves by such "aspirations," we require to come nearer to earth, and by the study of its "order," to do our duty more perfectly there. It depends upon ourselves very much as to whether we make a heaven there or a hell. If we seek God, He is everywhere; here is Heaven; "all is but the varied God."

Civilization.

It is still much disputed as to what constitutes civilization. It has been said to be measured by the quantity of soap used in a country, and that the question, "How

are you off for Soap?" is not altogether irrelevant. Tried by this test England would probably greatly exceed France. The French say the English must be dirty people to require so much water and washing! It is said to be that which decreases the evil, and which multiplies and extends the range of the good. This is a good definition; we may say also that it is measured by the happiness in a country, but then are not the savages of Central Africa—the laughing, careless, irresponsible Negro, for whom nature has provided almost all that he requires, happier than the hard-worked, toil-worn people of what are said to be more civilised countries? Still, happiness is the only test, and as pleasure attends the action of all our faculties, the aggregate of which pleasures constitutes happiness, then that must be the highest state of civilization which tends to develope, and provides for bringing into legitimate activity, all our faculties.

It is to Christianity that we owe our civilization, it is said. This is stated as a mere truism, but I think it very doubtful. The difference between Europe and Asia is owing more to Race than to difference in Religion. Civilization comes first, and then Christianity is civilised to accord with it, and the Bible, both Old and New Testaments, is translated to meet the culture of the age. No doubt they may help one another, still if this were not the case, and we had attempted to act literally upon Christian doctrine, its principle of non-resistance, its avoidance of providence and forethought, its condemnation of riches, would have made Society impossible. What is it, then, to which civilization is owing? Simply to observation and experience—experience of what tends to decrease the evil and to increase and perpetuate the good—observation of the "order of nature" and experience of the good that comes from obedience to its unvarying course. This experience is registered for our present and future benefit; first as instinct, which is experience organised, both intellectual faculty and feeling creating the conscience; then as oral tradition;

afterwards in written records. It is this that constitutes progress. Science is the true civilizer. This shows us the right path, and it is practice in the right path that makes perfect. Herbert Spencer truly says, "countless illustrations have shown us that all strength, all faculty, all fitness, presented by every living thing, has arisen partly by a growth of each power consequent on exercise of it, and partly by the more frequent survival and greater multiplication of the better endowed individuals, entailing gradual disappearance of the worst endowed." All perfection, bodily and mental, he says, has been achieved through this process. He is probably right, and it is to this, and not to religion, that our civilization, such as it is, is owing. Religion has hitherto been too much mixed with superstition; but even that has had its use, and must continue till Science can take its place.

In practice we do not go to the Priest or to the Philosopher for guidance, for in opinion all philosophers differ, and it is long before opinion becomes workable. It is seldom, either, that we trust to a principle. If a farmer, a man looks over his neighbour's hedge to see what he is doing; and the same in all departments of life we seek the highest experience. It is our Priestleys, Faradays, Newtons, Watts, Stephensons, Smeatons, Baltons, Bridgewaters, Comptons, Arkrights, Wedgwoods, Franklins, Adam Smiths, Bacons, Lockes, Bentham's, who form and fashion the age. The Clergy are all too busy making their tenets square with the culture of the 19th century, and the Catholics seem to think that the greater the contradiction the more merit there is in believing it; it requires more faith; in fact, any one can believe what is credible!

Character.

Mrs. Poyser says:—"It's hard to tell which is old Harry, when everybody's got boots on." (*Adam Bede, Geo. Eliot.*) Education and conventional habits supply all with "boots" to hide the cloven foot, and a man can

readily assume the character he thinks most likely to please the company he is in. A great desire to please can, in a clever person, talk any language and take any part which it is thought will be most likely to accomplish this purpose. There is, consequently, nothing in which so great mistakes are made as in the estimation of character, so often fatal to young people who have to choose partners for life, and almost as fatal to all who have to choose partners for shorter periods, or friends or servants. Experience is a very slow teacher, and written characters are almost worthless, for a man will give another a character where he would not give him a shilling. I recollect a leading man in our town giving an old and used up tailor a character for Master of the Workhouse, because he was an honest man, and in the village they both came from, years ago, he had made his father's breeches. Competitive examinations furnish no test of character, only of the amount and degree of cultivation of the intellect. How then, where all are so well furnished with the boots that hide the real character are we to tell the false from the true, the mere seeming from the real? The knowledge of character is the most valuable of all knowledge, and this can only be based, not upon the limited experience which we all possess, but upon a true Science of Man. There is nothing on which so many mistakes are made as upon character, when judged by our own experience or by popular report. But have we such a science of man? Certainly we have. Gall and his followers, by comparing function with development, have given us a very complete knowledge of a man's mental faculties, and of the groups which form character. Bulwer Lytton says, "there are two lives to each of us, gliding on at the same time, scarcely connected with each other! the life of our actions, and the life of our minds. . . . History reveals men's deeds, men's outward characters, but not themselves. There is a secret self that has its own life 'rounded by a dream,' unpenetrated, unguessed." Is not one man as good as another? said a stump orator. "To be sure he is," said Pat, "and bether." Notwithstanding Pat's real

discrimination, people are all thought to be very much alike, and very much like ourselves — as the Negro woman said of her twins, “dem bery like, ’tickler Pompey.” There never was a greater mistake. A man who has a deficiency of brain under the centre of the eyebrow is colour blind, and with a similar deficiency of brain in other places he may be equally blind to everything else; to wit, to music, to number, to the properties of matter, especially to those required by an artist or sculptor, to localities, and to reasoning, &c., and this deficiency is often not known or suspected by the defaulters themselves. I have known a man, for instance, eloquent in several languages, who saw everything, and knew everything, but who was so deficient in reflective faculty, that he was blind in reasoning power, and his judgment could never be trusted. He, however, did not know this, nor did the people who were charmed by his learning and eloquence. Where his instincts or his memory could not guide him, his reason could not. It is the same with the feelings as with the intellectual faculties, and people may be blind in conscience, and often are blind to “the true, the good, and the beautiful.”

“The other day a deaf man got one end of a telephone and a dumb one the other. They both went away believing that the telephone wasn’t up to much.” This is only a slight caricature of opinion in general, formed as it is on imperfect faculties and imperfect knowledge, and is quite sufficient to account for its divergence and variety. But a man carries his real character about with him in the shape of his head, and the corresponding expression of face. If people will not qualify themselves to read what is so plainly written, they must suffer from the consequences. Those who want a knowledge of character, based on the true Science of Man, must go to Gall and his followers.

Marcus Antoninus says, “The voice ought to be plainly written on the forehead. Such as a man’s character is, he immediately shows it in his eyes, just as he who is beloved forthwith reads everything in the eyes of lovers. The man who is honest and good ought

to be exactly like a man who smells strong, so that the bystander as soon as he comes near him must smell, whether he choose or not. But the affectation of simplicity is like a crooked stick. Nothing is more disgraceful than a wolfish friendship. Avoid this most of all. The good and simple and benevolent show all these things in the eyes, and there is no mistaking." They show them more unmistakeably in the shape of the head, and the Phrenologist *smells* them out at once.

In confirmation of what I have said before, Dr. Wordsworth (*Autobiography*) affirms that Mr. Gladstone's father, while most cordial with his son, and fully acknowledging his abilities, thought him wanting in stability, an opinion in which Dr. Wordsworth subsequently heartily concurred—and in which every Phrenologist would agree.

Modes of Motion, and what they represent in the Mind.

All science is only varied modes of motion ; but these modes of motion, to become known to us, must all first be transformed into thoughts. These thoughts depend upon the more or less limitation of our mental being, and that depends upon the brain. Should the organ of colour be defective we are colour-blind. Our own thoughts only are known to us. By an apparatus constructed for the purpose, Sir George Grove has shown that a single sunbeam may be made to exhibit itself as light, heat, magnetism, chemical action, each in turn showing so far the unity of force ; but by a more cunning apparatus of the eye and brain these varied modes of motion are converted into thoughts, and this, the most important half of the chain of sequences, has hitherto been ignored by our physical philosophers. However perfect the musical instrument may be, it is but a mass of wood and strings, the music is in us—we make the music. This is admitted, but it is not equally admitted that it applies to all other creations of the mind. We know only thoughts, and space and time to us are only thoughts, and we do not know for certain that they have any existence apart from mind—thoughts may be all.

What we call matter is now said to be force, our highest physical philosophers having abolished the atom and put a centre of force in its place—and force is mind. If there is no space, objectively, then there can be no motion, as motion is a change of place, and force, said to be known to us only as a mode of motion, translated into the language of our thoughts, means only mental change. Our world is the creation of our own perceptions, and our perceptions are dependent upon our bodies, and the question is, what are our bodies, and what is the world, independent of our perceptions? We have no means of knowing. Suppose, as James Hinton says, we perceived all light and heat and sound as only so many varieties of motion, what would the world be worth? Our thoughts are real, and so are their relation to things without us, and that is all that concerns us. "I hold it quite as absurd to say that thought is material, as to say it is immaterial," says James Hinton; the fact is we know only thoughts, and they tell us nothing of their own essential nature or essence. The world is what it is in itself, but *our world* is what we make it.

On challenging my friend Atkinson to tell me of any knowledge he had but of his own thoughts, he replies, "You utterly perplex me about knowing nothing outward. We know nothing else, or how could we exist or correspond, or the cat or dog, or bird, fish, or insect?" Of course this is the *common-sense* view, but he adds, "directly we only know our feelings and perceptions, but through these have information of all around." Mr. Hinton puts it best. "I think," he says, "with respect to all phenomena and all the ideas we can form of things, although we do not believe in them as existing, we believe in some existence which we perceive in and through them. Matter and motion, for example, cannot be existing, they are but phenomena; but in this way—as matter and motion—we perceive that which is existing."—"*The Art of Thinking, and other Essays*," p. 178.

"To know external objects, says F. A. Lange, is a contradiction: it is impossible for a man to go outside himself. When we believe that we see things we see

only ourselves." We can, properly speaking, know nothing of anything in the world except ourselves, and the changes that take place in us." . . .

"What is the Body? What is Matter? What is the Physical? And modern physiology, just as much as philosophy, must answer that they are all only our ideas; necessary ideas, ideas resulting according to natural laws, but still never the things themselves." . . .

"The consistently Materialistic view thus changes round, therefore, into a consistently idealistic view." . . .

"It is enough to establish that genuine Idealism, in the whole sphere of the explanation of nature, as far as the relations between phenomena are concerned, goes at least as entirely hand-in-hand with natural science as Materialism by any possibility ever can."—*History of Materialism*.

"The great fact insisted upon by Descartes, that no likeness of external things is, or can be, transmitted to the mind by the sensory organs; but that, between the external cause of a sensation and the sensation, there is interposed a mode of motion of nervous matter, of which the state of consciousness is no likeness, but a mere symbol. . . . A more or less complete Idealism is the necessary consequence. . . . Sensations (muskiness or any other odour) have no attribute in common with those which we ascribe to matter; they are, in the strictest sense of the word, immaterial entities. . . . Our consciousness tells us nothing of its own nature or essence, as to whether, therefore, it is material or immaterial. . . . We know, however, more of mind than we do of body; that the immaterial world is a firmer reality than the material, the one is known immediately, the other only by inference or mediately. And, if beliefs are properly termed 'testimonies of consciousness,' then undoubtedly the testimony of consciousness may be, and often is, untrustworthy."—*Huxley*.

Realism and Idealism.

"The intellect the product of matter, and the whole world of matter the product of intellect."

In the above we have the unity or the blending of realism and idealism, but there must have been a time when they stood alone. The world has gradually been evolved from a fiery mist, its present comparative perfection has been a very slow growth, and, as we have previously seen, it would have been impossible that it could have arrived at its present state of *adaptation* without the aid of mind. It seems to have taken long ages to prepare the world for the existence of life upon it, and surely its existence, during that period, did not depend upon its being perceived in the Berkeleian or Idealist sense. It may be said that not being perceived is the same as non-existence; not, however, if things were preparing the way for their perception. It took long ages even to fill the coal-cellar for our future use. But time is nothing, for you might take any amount of it from eternity, without eternity being any the less. Then again, as to the Idealist dogma that things are not existent that are not perceived, how long have the fossil bones been lying in the earth that have only just now come to light? Surely they were existent although not perceived. The perception only was non-existent, not the things afterwards perceived. But let us see what actually has taken place, as far as science will now guide us. When the world was at last prepared for life upon it, comparative anatomy is now able to trace an unbroken chain from the formless spec of protoplasm to the highest mammal, man, the last term of the long series; and if comparative anatomy can show us the bodies, comparative psychology can show us the degree of sensibility (*i.e.*), the mind, dependent upon each. Spurzheim, in his "Anatomy of the Brain," gives us in eleven excellent plates a general view of the Nervous System, to which this sensibility is attached, from a caterpillar to man. We have the brains of fishes; of reptiles and of birds; of mammiferous animals; of cats, dogs, and monkeys; of

idiots ; and finally of a complete human brain in all its forms and phases. As they increase in size and complexity so is the increased power of feeling and thinking ; but the cat and dog, the monkey and the man, are so alike that it is simply ridiculous to affirm that they differ in kind, and not in degree only. In the progress of evolution one organ would appear to grow out of another, and becoming modified and adapted to present purposes by the surrounding conditions, becomes a new organ, with a new faculty, and we have thus the wonderful complexity of man's brain and its varied functions ; and, as Herbert Spencer has pointed out, the mental powers are inherited products of accumulated experiences which thus moulded the nervous system, and through it act instinctively ; conscience and our moral intuitions being slowly organised experience of utility thus received by the race.

Matter having thus produced the brain and through it the intellect, it having grown out of the world as the world has gradually been prepared for it, let us see how the intellect returns the compliment and creates the world. The beauty of the world depends upon its Colour, but colour is a perception, a feeling in us, dependent upon the brain, and if the part of the brain immediately over the eye is absent or defective, there is no sense of colour, and people are what is called colour-blind. It is the same with the other properties of matter, the form, size, weight, order, number, locality, motion, and individuality — they are creations of the brain, and if the brain is not there neither are the ideas, and the ideas are vivid in proportion to the size and quality of the brain. The sense sets the brain in motion, and its molecular action transforms the force supplied to it by the blood into these ideas, which we transfer to the object and call matter and its properties ; but what it really is that acts upon the sense we do not know. We thus carry the world of our own intellectual creation about in our own head ; what there is without and besides our own consciousness we do not know. With respect to colour we are told that it takes millions of millions of vibratory motions acting on the eye to

produce it, so that the sense, as well as the brain, requires to be in good condition. But what is it produces these vibratory motions? There must be something in things themselves to do it, as they are produced alike in all persons similarly organized. The perception alone is not all there is, as Idealists affirm. "If Idealism is true," as Herbert Spencer says, "evolution is a dream;" still we must admit that "the various sensations, or ideas imprinted on the sense, cannot exist otherwise than in the mind perceiving them." This Bishop Berkeley considered, as we also must do, as self-evidently true.

With reference to colour, we know the relation of the perception to the brain, of the brain to the eye, of the eye to the vibratory motions of the ether causing light, and we reasonably suppose there is something sets the ether in motion. But this relationship is all we know, we do not approach anywhere near to objects themselves, to know anything about them. As George Combe says, "We cannot tell what matter is, and we are travelling through a world in which all that we can comprehend is truly relationship and nothing more. We know that the relationship established between things, and between our own mind and them, gives rise to certain impressions in us, but we can penetrate no deeper into the mysteries of nature." "No relation in consciousness," says H. Spencer, "can resemble or be in any way akin to its source beyond consciousness." "Colours, forms, or sounds, are not so much beautiful in themselves as rather the vehicles or channels by which certain spiritual attractions are suggested to our spirit. . . . The Beautiful is God. 'Is it possible,' Newman says, 'that the inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich and yet so simple, so intricate and yet so regulated, so various and yet so majestic, should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes?'"—*Proteus and Amadeus*.

A statement about the nature of our perceptions, and not about the things perceived, is all of which we are capable. As illustrative that "the mental powers are inherited products of accumulated experiences

which have moulded the nervous system," I would mention the fact that the Esquimaux see only blue and white in the sky and snow—they have no perception of any other colour. Here is an illustration that there is something more than perception. Mrs. Croad was deaf, dumb, and blind. A very interesting biographical account of her is given by Mr. F. G. Westlake. (*W. Mack*, 4, *Paternoster Square*). Although blind she could distinguish colours, and this is her explanation of how she did it. Colours, she says, are known to her by their degrees of heat, smoothness or roughness—white being cold; black, hot or raised; red, very hot and smooth; blue, hot and grating, edging my teeth; brown, very grating; and so on. It would be curious to know whether Mrs. Croad had any real perception of colour, or only of these differences of "heat, smoothness or roughness," dependent upon the sense of touch. As colour is dependent upon an organ of the brain, it is most probable, I think, that these differences brought that organ into activity, and that she had a real perception of colour; it brings us at least a step nearer to things themselves, and shows that there are real differences to account for the different vibratory motions that alone affect us.

The beauty of Sirius, however, we are told, is conveyed to our senses through the medium of atomic shivers, kept up during the past 22 years, at the average rate of six hundred millions of millions per second.

It would take, Tyndall tells us, 57,000 waves of violet colour to fill an inch, and as light travels at the rate of 192,000 miles a second, it would take 699 millions of millions of such waves to *enter the eye in a single second* to produce the impression of violet on the brain.

These vast numbers are known to us only as ideas or mental changes, and it is very difficult indeed to conceive that they have any objective existence, that is, anything at all corresponding to them out of ourselves. We cannot but suspect that our faculties in some way deceive us. We know only our own consciousness, that is, mind, and if everything is of the same nature, then these

immeasurable distances and motions can have no reality, for a thought cannot be millions of millions of miles long. It is more easy to take an ideal view of the thing, and to believe that the two apparently *diverse* classes of phenomena may be only one, and that the material order may exist only as mental. James Hinton says, "We have to learn why an existence that is not a material world should impress us as if it were—the material universe being the appearance to us of some existence not yet recognized."

Is Matter more than a mere assumption to account for our sensations? Huxley says "every form is force visible; a form of rest is a balance of forces; a form undergoing change is the predominance of one over others." In fact all is Force, and that is Mind. Schelling also is of opinion "that Matter is nothing but Spirit, viewed in the equilibrium of its activities." Kant supposes that Space and Time are necessary forms of perception, imposed upon it by the perceiving mind; that things are in space and time as they appear to us, and not in themselves; and that consequently the statement that all things exist in space and time is a statement about the nature of our perceptions and not about the things perceived," so says the late Professor W. K. Clifford; he also says, "Idealism established in a security that has never yielded to attack the subjective character of the world of phenomena; that the world which I perceive *is* my perceptions and nothing more. Whether there is anything else quite different which corresponds to it in a certain way is another question; Berkeley said there were also spirits." (*Lectures and Essays*, p.p. 271, 288.)

On the Analogy between Sir Isaac Newton's Universal "Spirit" and the "Force" of our Modern Discovery.

From a Paper read before the Aristotelian Society,
January 7, 1884.

What Sir Isaac Newton says on this subject is "And now we might add something concerning a most subtle

Spirit which pervades and lies hid in all gross bodies ; by the force and action of which Spirit the particles of bodies mutually attract one another at near distances, and cohere if contiguous ; and electric bodies operate to greater distances, as well repelling as attracting the neighbouring corpuscles ; and light is emitted, reflected, refracted, inflected, and heats bodies ; and all sensation is excited, and the members of the animal bodies move at the command of the will, namely, by the vibration of this Spirit, mutually propagated along the solid filaments of the nerves from the outward organs of sense to the brain, and from the brain into the muscles.” “But,” Sir I. Newton also observes, “there are things which cannot be explained in a few words, nor are we furnished with that sufficiency of experiments which is required to an accurate determination and demonstration of the laws by which this electric and elastic Spirit operates.” This is quoted from G. H. Lewes’ “Problems of Life and Mind,” vol. 1, p. 52, and Mr. Lewes, in introducing it, says that in the very passage that follows Newton’s famous denunciation of hypothesis, “he has no hesitation in propounding a view which in these days must startle the most speculative by its wildness.”

The question is, on the contrary, whether in these days we have not found Newton’s “wild hypothesis” to be literally true.

The Rev. H. W. Watson, F.R.S., tells us that “the crowning triumph of physical discovery in the last fifty years is the science of Energy, the revelation of a new *entity* indestructible like matter, and the source and store-house of all physical activity.” I quote this Rev. President of the Birmingham Philosophical Society because he does not regard this Force or Energy as a mere mode of motion, or as action, as most other physicists do, but as an entity in itself and the cause of all physical activity or motion. Perhaps it would be more correct to admit that this Force is an abstraction, the force of something—not of matter, that only conditions it, but, as we shall see, of Spirit ; it is as inseparable, however, from that of which it is the force

as motion is from the thing moving. This entity, whatever we may call it, in its various modes of motion, is known to us as Light, Heat, Electricity, Galvanism, Chemical Affinity, Attraction and Repulsion. It has not yet been generally recognized in the departments of Life and Mind, but Herbert Spencer says, and in this I perfectly agree with him, "that no idea or feeling arises save as the result of some physical force expended in producing it." Mr. Spencer states that this is fast becoming a common-place of science, but the science of the present day does not recognise it, and considers that the whole of the force we derive from the food is used up in the mechanical or automatic action of the body, and that the chain of causation, where each manifestation of force is recognised only as the effect of some antecedent force, is complete without taking into consideration the strongest force of all—mental force. All facts appear to me to point to an opposite conclusion, viz., that what we call physical force, under the molecular action of the brain, throughout the whole animal creation, is passing into sensibility, consciousness, or mind, in proportion to the size and complexity of the brain and nervous system. The vital force of the body passes into mind, where it is no longer recognised as a mode of motion, and passes back again, through the will, into muscular force, again recognised as motion. If we keep back the food, or put pressure on the brain, we have no consciousness; and of the existence of Mind as a force we may easily satisfy ourselves. Pull a man's nose and he will probably knock you down with a force proportionate to his mental state of indignation. It is difficult to conceive of this as a case of mere reflex action, which it must be if the mind never acts upon the body. No doubt it is a plain case in which so much mental force is transformed into physical; and this transformation or correlation of physical force into mental, and mental into physical, is going on all day long, all the world over; and yet science has not recognised it! As simple an illustration as occurs to me of the correlation of a feeling into a mode of motion is where a slight tickle the in

nose produces a sneeze. But it requires only to have our attention called to this fact of the correlation of the physical and mental forces to see it everywhere. “Touch the smallest fibre,” says the Hon. Roden Noel, “in the corporeal man, and in some infinitesimal way we may watch the effect in the moral man. When we rouse chords of the most glorious extasy in the soul, we may see the vibrations of them visibly thrilling upon the skin :” and George Sand says, “I have no enthusiasm for Nature which the slightest chill will not instantly destroy.”

This newly discovered force or energy, “the source and storehouse of all physical activity,” *unconsciously* performs half the actions in the world ; *consciously*, from the sensibility, consciousness, or Mind into which it is transformed in the brains of animals, it performs the other half.

But must not that which can thus become mind be originally of the nature of mind, and if will-power can act on matter, must it not be because they are essentially of the same nature or substance ?

And if so, have we not here Sir Isaac Newton’s “most subtle Spirit,” the very supposition of which Mr. Lewes tells us must startle the most speculative by its wildness ?

Force and mind, although apparently diverse, are as we have seen, really identical, and the material order probably exists, as the Idealists say, only as mental. The two apparently diverse classes of phenomena, the mental and physical, are only one. Mind is all, and all things are known to us only as they exist in our consciousness, and our idea of force or energy, objectively considered, is merely the reflex of our own minds, of the force or energy which we are able to exercise as Will. I can form no other idea of power but as Will-power. Now it is the nature of Mind, judging from the small spark that has been lighted in our own consciousness, on frequent repetition, to pass from conscious action into automatic or unconscious,—and this fact throws considerable light on the nature of things around us. Our physical philosophers

of to-day say there is no such thing as "design;" following Kant they say that reflecting reason brings design into the world, and then admires a wonder created by itself. But in the evolution or growth of the world, from the original state of chaos to the comparative present perfection, was there no purpose or design? The power at work was a spiritual one, and each purposive action in bringing this about was most probably attended by a distinct conscious volition, which, according to the nature of mind, has passed, on frequent repetition, in the ages, into the unconscious or automatic, constituting the fixed laws and order of nature. Bacon thought that all mechanical and physical movement of bodies had always been preceded by perception—i.e., conscious action in those bodies (De Augm. Scienc. L 4), and Kepler was of opinion that the planets must have had knowledge in order to keep their elliptical courses so correctly, and to regulate the velocity of their motion so that the triangle of the plane of their course always remains proportioned to the time in which they pass through its base.—*Essay De Planeta Mortes.*

The Universal Spirit is not, then, the less present because in Natural Law it appears to us as Force and acts unconsciously.

The discussion on this Paper by the Society turned principally on the nature of Force—on Force as Energy—on Force, Static and Dynamic, &c., and it may be interesting therefore to know what view J. S. Mill takes upon the subject, he says: Mind is the only possible cause of force—or rather, Mind is the force and all other derived from it being the only thing capable of originating change. In inanimate nature the force which works is always a preexisting force, not originated but transferred. One physical object moves another by giving out to it the force by which it has been itself moved. . . . As far as anything can be concluded from human experience Force has all the attributes of a thing eternal and uncreated. (*Essays on Religion*, p.p. 146, 147.) Force

is only known to us physically as a mode of motion, that is, from its connection with a medium, but that which can be *transferred*, must, during the time of the transfer at least, however limited that time may be, have an independent existence. Mill says "It is self-evident that nothing can have produced Mind but Mind.—*Ibid*, p. 150.

The Ego.

The Fichtian Ego is no individual Ego, but the universal World-Ego come to consciousness. The Fichtian process of thought is not the process of thought of the individual, of a definite individual called Johann Gottlieb Fichte; it is in the universal process of thought which manifests itself in the individual. Then, as one says, it rains, it thunders; so would Fichte say not "I think but it thinks—the universal world-process of thought thinks in me." (*"Life, Work, and Opinions of Heinrich Heine,"* vol. 1, p. 435.)

Fichté seems to me, in the above, more correctly to represent facts, as we now know them, than any other writer on the subject. Force, the active and immediate cause of all motion or change, represents the universal World-Ego; passing through the brain under its molecular action it lights up into consciousness and assumes various forms of thought and feeling, the individual Ego or feeling of personal identity being one of the forms of thought. A stream of Force flows through the organism from the great cosmic force, and returns, by various channels, to the ocean whence it came. *Cogito ergo sum* is a delusion, there is no "I." The "Ego" is a mere form of thought; all that we know is that thinking is. The universal Force, which resumes its consciousness, thinks in me—

"All is but the varied God."

The Senses.

Professor Tyndall tells us that two-thirds of the rays emitted by the sun fail to arouse in the human eye the

sense of vision, and must be known therefore from their action upon something else than the eye; the rays exist, but the visual organ requisite for their translation into light does not exist. "And so," he says, "from this region of darkness and mystery which surrounds us, rays may now be darting which require but the development of the proper intellectual organs to translate them into knowledge, as far surpassing ours as ours surpasses the Iguanodon and his contemporaries."—*Fragments of Science*.

"What," the Professor asks, "will be our material and spiritual powers when our senses are more opened? . . . For it must be remembered that the five senses are five hindrances to the full perception even of matter; they limit us in sensibility to certain forms of existence only."

The fact is that it is not to the senses but to the "proper intellectual organs" that we owe such knowledge as we possess; the senses are only the medium by which these organs are acted upon from without, and our knowledge of the external world is confined to only modes of motion (vibrations), that affect our senses of hearing, feeling, and seeing, and so act upon the brain. The intellectual organs are the slowly organized results of these actions from without, giving us certain forms of thought which we transfer to the things without, although in reality there can be no real resemblance between them. If the part of the brain upon which our perception of colour is dependent is not there we cannot *see* colour, and so of all our other perceptions of form, size, &c., whether they are called primary or secondary. Certain vibratory motions, acting through the eye upon the brain, give us the perception of colour, but there can be no possible resemblance between the sensation and the vibrations. The difference between our knowledge and that of the Iguanodon is that it is infinitely more varied, admitting of infinitely more varied modes of action on our part, but we know no more of the real nature of the world without than it does; we know only how our brain is affected by it,—of its modes of motion. "All our knowledge *springs from*, and is *limited by*, Feeling. The universe

represented in that knowledge can only be a picture of a system of things as those exist in relation to our sensibility . . . Undulations cannot become colours, even the undulations themselves are to us only forms of feeling . . . Matter is for us (as for the Iguanodon) only the Felt; its qualities are differences of Feeling.”
G. H. Lewes.

“The world is what it is in itself, and also what we make it,” but it is what we make it that is alone known to us, (*i.e.*) we know only our own feelings, what the world is in itself we don’t know, neither do we know what our feelings are in themselves, nor why they should appear to us as a whole external world. We are limited to our requirements and we may be thankful that we are, for if, as *George Eliot* says, we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary life, it would be like hearing the grass grow, and the squirrels heart beat; and we should die of that roar which lies the other side of silence. May there not be cause then for congratulation in the limitation of our senses, and perhaps also of our other powers? And yet what would madden or kill us now is what we imagine will be our normal condition after death. It is well man did not make himself or his world either, or his heaven would have been an hell indeed.

Causation.

“Man the minister and interpreter of Nature,” says Bacon, “can only understand and act in proportion as he observes or contemplates the order of nature; more he can neither know nor do.” That is the question. Is the “order of nature,” or invariable sequence all that we can know? Most of our physical philosophers accept Bacon’s aphorism, and as *Jno. Fiske* says, “what Comte *did not* see was the hidden power underlying and sustaining the world of phenomena.” (*Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*, vol. 1, p. 171.) It is the inherent power of matter itself that produces all effects, say our physicists, when the fact is that matter does not and cannot act upon matter or exercise any power at all, but “each manifestation of force can

be interpreted only as the effect of some antecedent force." In all volition, mind as well as matter, forms a part of the sequence of cause and effect. This presence of mind appears in our consciousness as a sense of effort. When we put out our arm, for instance, to move a chair, there is not only the nervous and muscular force, but this sense of effort, often stronger than the other forces. Philosophers are not able to discover any connection between cause and effect, only invariable sequence; is it not, therefore, reasonable to suppose that the only connection of which we are conscious is the real one, viz., mental effort; that the connection between cause and effect has been voluntarily established to serve a purpose, that it is not *necessary* but will be continued and substained only so long as that purpose is, and requires to be, answered? May we not also infer this from what we now know of the nature of force itself? It is indestructible, and what we call *physical* force under the molecular action of the brain becomes conscious or mental force, and what can thus become mind must be of the nature of mind, and all power may be will-power, conscious or automatic. "Each atomic force is a striving," says Hartman, "and what he asks is this? Will. A something striven after. The activities of the atomic forces are simply individual acts of volition." This living Force is the hidden Power underlying all phenomena,—is the active cause of all things, and has been called God. The Order of Nature, as man develops all his faculties, makes his well-being to depend upon the exercise of his higher powers, or those which peculiarly distinguish him as man, and the interests of morality are thus assured without any factitious aid, as he *necessarily* seeks his own happiness or well-being. But Hume says "the doctrine of a future state is so strong and necessary a security for morals that we ought never to abandon or neglect it." That is we are to accept that which may be false, because of its supposed good consequences: this is not necessary, "for true it is, as all reason and experience teaches, that as easily may the course of the earth round the sun be stopped, as the progress of humanity towards a yet unimagined perfection

of freedom and true civilization. Souls cannot, like bodies be embalmed to withstand the influence of time." *Autobiography of Heinrich Zschokke.*

Also it is said that if the doctrine of Necessity be true, still the doctrine of Free Will is morally beneficial. Again this is not true ; for if Necessity, or law in mind, is not true there can be no Science of Mind—the thing of all most wanted. The order of Nature is God's special doing. He arranged it and he supports it. To me it is a more marvellous power which makes things create themselves by evolution or growth, rather than by special creation. Hegel recognized in the Life of the universe only God's self-development. "Now I see," says James Hinton, "that there is no special creation, because all is God's direct and special act. . . Why does the silkworm produce silk? Because it acts out its nature. Thus all truly great and valuable deeds are done. . . Do we thank the silkworm or the bee? Not so ; we take all they do as a matter of course, and thank God. Just so should we feel with the men of genius. No thanks are due to them ; they have simply done what it was their nature to do. Take all that of course, and thank God." *Philosophy, and Religion*, p.p. 81, 123.

The Formative Principle, or "Laws impressed on Matter."

There is no physical cause discovered by the microscope why ova should develope each according to its kind. To a philosopher, a hen bringing forth a crocodile would not be so wonderful as the hundred thousands of hens never bringing forth anything but hens. To talk of its 'being done, "by laws impressed on matter," is to use mere words. How can a law be *impressed* on matter? Is it *in* the matter? Is it impressed thereon as a seal on wax? Or even as a polar arrangement of parts on a solid? If it were so found, that would not be a Law, but only a present and temporary phenomenon—an arrangement or formation of particles for the time being—not the Law or formative cause thereof ; and we should be just as far from the 'causa causativa' of the development as ever." . . .

For myself I agree with Dr. Asa Gray, in his admirable pamphlet on Darwin, that the tendency of physical science is "not towards the omnipotence of Matter, but to the omnipotence of Spirit. And I am inclined to regard the development of an ovum according to kind as the result of a strictly immaterial and spiritual agency." (p. 174.) That is, it is the direct, immediate, never ceasing power of God acting automatically or unconsciously. Working, however, through "structure," although the powers of the microscope are not yet able to see it—it is in this way only, probably, that "law can be impressed on matter."

Fatalism and Automatism.

It is as certain that what will be, will be, as that what has been, has been, and nothing can be more certain than that. What is to happen cannot be altered, says the Mahomedan, and he resigns himself to the inevitable, and does nothing. Whatever happens, he says, is God's will, which it is his duty to accept. The Christian believes that everything that will happen has been foreseen, and Jonathan Edwards says truly, "There is as much of an impossibility but that the things which are infallibly foreknown, should be (or which is the same thing) as great a necessity for their future existence as if the event were already written down, and was known and read, by all mankind through all preceding ages, and there was the most indissoluble and perfect connection between the writing and the thing written." It is impossible to believe in this foreknowledge, for it would reduce God to the same dead level of fatalism as the Mahomedan; neither could alter what it had been foreseen was to happen. Everything with God would be the same as if it had already happened, with no possibility of change, and He could do nothing but what he had foreseen was to be. It is easier to believe that all life is this life of God, and all change a part of his Being, of which there is no consciousness till it happens; the great aggregate of thought thus created being beyond our conception.

What we do however certainly know is that the fatalism of Islam paralyses useful action and public spirit, while science puts the future in our own power. The one creed represents every event as immediately caused by God himself, acting independently of law, the other that all takes place according to laws which he may learn and use for future guidance: the future is no less certain, but he thus creates it. The Automatism of Huxley, he affirming that the mind has no more influence upon the action of the body than the steam whistle upon the engine, can differ very little in its consequences from the fatalism of Islam.

Schopenhauer says, "Though everything may be regarded as irrevocably predetermined by fate, yet it is so only through the medium of the chain of causes; therefore in no case can it be determined that an effect shall appear without its cause. Thus it is not simply the event that is predetermined, but the event as the consequence of preceding causes; so that fate does not decide the consequence alone, but also the means as the consequence of which it is destined to appear. Accordingly if some means is not present, it is certain that the consequence also will not be present: each is always present in accordance with the determination of fate, but this is never known to us till afterwards."—*The World as Will and Idea*, p. 389. The cause or means is found in our own Will, which is dependent upon our own knowledge and feeling.

Unity in Apparent Diversity.

The author of "Ecce Homo," in *Natural Religion*, would have us suppose that there is a cord that unites all creeds, however apparently differing, if we would but see it, and Cellarius, in his "New Analogy," endeavours to show that discrepancies which exist in Revelation are only on the surface, and would disappear, if we went deep enough, as they do in Nature. Certainly the unity, to the unlearned, is not always so apparent in Nature as the disparity. For instance, we are told,

that the fore hoof of an ox is exactly the " same organ " with the wing of a bat ; that pachyderms and ruminants are now united in a single order, and that by numerous connecting links the pig is now seen to be closely united with the camel and the antelope. The difference between a Queen Bee—a true female—and a neutral, is owing principally to feeding, and probably the difference between the antelope and pig is produced in the same way. No notice is taken of the close affinity between the pig and human beings ; but if feeding can make such a difference, the lady who admitted that she was a pig at salmon, and many like her for other eatables, must mind what they are about, or there is no knowing what even outwardly they may turn into ! Much more depends upon the way in which we are fed than has yet been taken into account, and gastronomy may be found quite as important to us as astronomy.

Eleemosynary Charity.

Sportsmen complain that the grouse get weaker every year. " The explanation is that, on the lands where this occurs they have been so carefully preserved by men, that all the sickly ones, which ought to have fallen a ready prey to the hawk and kite, the ferret and the weasel, have survived, and reproduced themselves in a puny progeny, until the whole breed has become infected with a tendency to disease." The eleemosynary charities fostered by Christianity have done for mankind what game preserving has done for the grouse. We can make but slow progress under a social system, however necessary it may be, where the prudent and provident man, is keeping the population within the means of subsistence, and having no more children than he can support and bring up properly, while the idle, vicious, and improvident, can have as many children as he pleases, and throw them on the provident men to keep in poor-rates. The Irish, at least the Celtic part of the nation, are idle and improvident. However comfortable they may be made they soon breed up to it. Put a man upon land

that will keep four—himself, his wife, and two children—and he will soon put ten upon it, and when he meets the necessary consequence in the pressure of population on the means of subsistence he lays it to Saxon tyranny and mis-rule; and should there come a bad agricultural season or two a *Liberal* Government ordains that England shall help to pay Irish Rents, as, I suppose, the lesser evil. English rule has certainly been bad for Ireland in one respect: it has prevented the Natural Law of the survival of the fittest being carried out. Had it not been for this the South of Ireland might have been as well peopled and as prosperous as the North. Charles Kingsley says (*Life and Letters*, vol. 2): “I have seen also, that the difference of race is so great that certain races, for instance, the Irish Celts, seem quite unfit for self-government, and almost for the self-administration of justice involved in trial by Jury, because they regard freedom and law, not as means for preserving what is just and right, but merely as weapons to be used for their own private interests and passions.”

Origin of Man.

Professor Tyndall gives it as his opinion that man is *proximately* the lineal descendant of some extinct ape; that *generally* he is the result of the “inter-action of organism and environment through countless ages past.” —*Belfast Address.*

“But until we find the missing link,” says Virchow, “The descent of man from an ape-like ancestor is not a conquest of Science.” But it is probable that the missing link will be found in mind, not in matter. Nature no more acts *on all occasions* mechanically or automatically than man does.

Conscience and Our Moral Intuitions.

“Good action has created the life of the world, and in so doing has personified itself in humanity.” . . .
“Conscience and Reason in these are bound up, em-

balmed, and embodied, through all the struggles and searchings of spirit of the countless generations which have made us what we are." (*"Cosmic Emotion," Professor W. K. Clifford.*) But as to the divine origin of Conscience, "it is a purely geographical and chronological accident." (*Captain Burton.*) In short, as Dr. W. Lauder Lindsay affirms, "there is no sin, however infamous, no crime, however abominable, but at some time or in some part of the world has been, or is still, held in the highest esteem." (*Mind in the Lower Animals*, vol. 1, p. 174.) "Some races," says Herbert Spencer, "think another life is earned by bravery; as do the Comanches, who anticipate it for good men—those who are daring in taking scalps and stealing horses. . . . In antagonism with other societies the life of the savage is a life of enmity, and the religion a religion of enmity; and the duty of blood-revenge the most sacred of all. . . . And as regards domestic sexual relations those are reputed the best and noblest-tempered who, without any pain or reluctance, will lend their friends their wives." Man is stronger than woman, and the way in which these wives are obtained, and the way in which Primitive Man abuses his strength and uses his gift of reason and *conscience* in his matrimonial relations, is thus described by Herbert Spencer:—"Stolen from another tribe, and perhaps made insensible by a blow which she may not resist; not simply beaten, but speared about the limbs, when she displeases her savage owner; forced to do all the drudgery and bear all the burdens, while she has to care for and carry about her children; and feeding on what is left after the man has done; the woman's sufferings are carried as far as consists with survival of herself and her offspring."—*Principles of Sociology*, chap. 10. *The Status of Women*, p. 746.

Much has been done for the rights of women by civilization since then, but certainly much more remains to be done. The question is argued, however, from the woman's side, as if her "disabilities" and "disqualifications" were of man's making, and not of God's. The first step towards civilization is safety to life and

property, and the man only can secure this. He has to fight for it; all government must be based on brute force, and for her share in this kind of government woman by nature is disqualified. How far her greater sensibility will enable her to assist in the time to come experience only can determine. In the meantime, as the weaker vessel, she ought to be under man's special protection, and to gain more from his chivalry than from fighting for her "rights."

On this question of the growth of Conscience, Lecky tells us that "The history of the abolition of tortures, the history of punishments, the history of the treatment of the conquered in war, the history of slavery, all present us with examples of practices which in one age were accepted as perfectly right and natural, and which in another age were repudiated as palpably and atrociously inhuman. In each case the change was effected much less by any intellectual process than by a certain quickening of the emotions, and consequently of the moral judgments."—" *The Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe*," vol. 1, pp. 333 *et seq.*

"*Moral Intuitions* are the slowly organised results of experiences received by the race while living in presence of these conditions."—*H. Spencer*.

"It is the total sum of inherited tendencies that forms the most solid basis of individual morality. Education may develop these tendencies; it cannot supply them."—" *Sociology Based on Ethnology*," *Dr. Charles Latimneau*.

"There is no absolute basis of right and wrong: the verdict of society, based on the unconscious perceptions of utility, transmitted through a thousand generations, makes a thing either right or wrong. . . . The progressive experience of the race, refined, disciplined, and consolidated through many generations, has given rise to the moral faculty."—" *Ethical Philosophy and Evolution*," *W. Knight*.

The Positivist Basis of Ethics.—Morality has no abstract principles, of conscience or otherwise, but simply regards our relations to each other, as to how we may live together in the most happy manner possible, and

Positivism professes to teach how so to govern ourselves as to contribute in the highest degree to the welfare of the whole.

On Food for the Mind.

Mrs. Carlyle, writing to her husband about her friends the Russells (*Letters*, vol. 3, p. 109), says, "Dr. Russell has both an open and a close carriage, the lucky man! Indeed he has as pretty and well-equipped a place here as any reasonable creature could desire. But Mrs. Russell has never ceased to regret the tumble-down old house in Thornhill, 'where there was always something going on!' Looking out on the trees and the river here makes her so melancholy, she says, that she feels sometimes as if she should lose her senses!" The wished-for, as usual, come too late? Ease with dignity, when the habits of a lifetime have made her incapable of enjoying it? The mind requires feeding the same as the body, and later in life can digest only its accustomed food. But how little this is understood! People put off their "pleasuring" till they have made their fortune and have more leisure, when, alas! such pleasures, from their increased age, are no longer pleasures to them; those who have spent a life in money-making can turn to no new pursuit in their old age, and die from want of exercise, over-feeding, and *ennui*: how often have I known small shopkeepers who retire and become gentlefolks, as they consider, at the end of life find the want of something to do intolerable, particularly the women, who cannot do without the small incidents and gossip of the shop.

It is the same with the love of power as with money-making; men having got once accustomed to it can seldom relinquish it, and will sacrifice everything else to it; as Macaulay says, however, "there is little reason to envy a pursuit in which the most its devotees can expect is that by relinquishing liberal studies and social comfort, by passing nights without sleep, and summers without one glimpse of the beauties of nature, they may

attain that laborious, that invidious, that closely-watched slavery which is mocked by the name of power."

How difficult it is to choose and follow the happy medium, in which all our faculties shall receive their daily food and be brought into daily exercise, in which our condition and circumstances shall be adapted to the changing requirements of the body. Epicurus held the virtuous state to be "a tranquil, undisturbed, innocuous, non-competitive fruition, which approached more nearly to the perfect happiness of the gods, who neither suffered vexation in themselves nor caused vexation in others." This applies, however, only to advanced life, or old age; each of the seven ages has its virtues or duties, and consequent happiness attached. Resignation, a duty at all times, is, perhaps, most required in old age; as George Eliot says of a friend, "he is not yet aware that he is getting old and needing that unembittered compliance of soul with the inevitable which seems to me a full enough meaning for the word 'resignation.'"

True Freedom.

Our freedom is subordinated to law, and then law secures our freedom, *i.e.*, the power to do as we like or will,—the only freedom we have,—for the Will itself is not free but determined. "There is no real 'spontaneity,' but action from within is called *ours* and *free* if there is nothing external to interfere with it. . . . As the immediate origin of my action is in myself, I really am free in the only useful sense of the word."—*W. K. Clifford.*

"Freedom is such a property of the Will as enables living agents to originate events independently of forcing or determining causes."—*Kant.*

Without freedom, it is said, there could be no virtue, but to represent virtue and vice as equally unmeaning and impossible because God is their author and not men, is not to me a religious idea.

What we all possess is freedom of *action*, not freedom of *will*. We feel that we are free, but it is of this free

dom alone of which we are intuitively conscious. True-freedom is the power to do what our own nature, or the laws of our own mind, prompt or determine us to do.

The gardener turned the toad out of the strawberry bed, where he was doing excellent service by eating the slugs, with the remark, "I'll larn 'ee to be a tooard." If necessity or determinism is true have we any of us a more rational cause of enmity?

"Consider how much more pain is brought on us by the anger and vexation caused by such acts," says Marcus Antoninus, "than by the acts themselves, at which we are angry and vexed." The necessarian is saved from this, as he knows that nothing, under the then existing circumstances, could have been otherwise. A large portion of the evil in the world is produced by the 'anger and vexation' caused by the erroneous supposition that things might have been otherwise.

We Must Live.

There are many of us, who, like the great Minister to whom this was propounded, as an undoubted truth, "don't see the necessity," unless people can keep themselves, or live upon such means as have been previously provided for them. Certainly no one has a *right* to live at another person's expense, that is, on the fruits of another man's labour. Nature is certainly not of opinion that all must live :—

"Of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear."

She looks only after the survival of the fittest. Is man an exception to this law? I think not, although the English nation says, through its Poor Law, that none shall die from actual want. Now how stand the facts, which are making themselves unpleasantly prominent at the East End of London, and other of our large cities, at the present time. In a village near here there are just as many pretty cottages as will house the people who can be employed upon the estate. Some of these,

people are provident, and, like the French peasantry, have no more children than they know their earnings will support comfortably, others, whose earnings would keep two, have six or eight, and should the wife have three or four at a birth, the Royal Bounty is awarded her. The question is, ought the provident man to work harder every day to help to keep the children of his improvident neighbour next door; for if he does not they must starve? The still lower animals eat one another and thus keep the population within the means of subsistence. The Poor Law that obliges him to do this, to keep his improvident neighbour's children, is an injustice, and it works very imperfectly, and very many of these children, for whom no provision has been made before they are brought into the world, do starve. They drift into the great towns, and fill the unhealthy holes in London and elsewhere which the Government still allows to be kept open for them, and there they die, not of positive starvation, perhaps, but of all the moral and physical ills that want engenders, and then we have the cry just heard, as if this state of things were the fault of the Government, or of the good comfortable Christians who live in other parts of the town. Of those who migrate to our great towns we have "the survival of the fittest," and it is the weakest who thus starve. They want more room, *i.e.*, more land, and more work. No doubt they do, but where are these to come from unless some provision has been previously made by those who brought them into the world. The secret of the great evils that afflict our great cities lies in this kind of improvidence, and we, as yet, scarcely hear a whisper of the necessity "for keeping the population within the means of subsistence." More land, whether in our towns or villages, would only find more room for people who had no work. The pressure of population has been a great cause of progress and civilisation, and much of the world is yet unpeopled, and there is plenty of land for those who want it, and can reach it; but in old and thickly peopled countries like our own, it is time that we gave up the old belief "that the Lord never

sends a mouth into the world without providing meat for it," and that we took up the less easy and comfortable one that no mouth should be brought into the world until a comfortable provision had been made for filling it.

The Ownership of Land.

An Irish Roman Catholic Bishop has lately published an announcement that land, belonging equally to all men, cannot be subject to private ownership. "The equal right of all men to the use of land," says Mr. Henry George (*Progress and Poverty*), "is as clear as their equal right to breathe the air—it is a right proclaimed by the fact of their existence. For we cannot suppose that some men have a right to be in this world and others no right." But that is exactly what we do contend for. How does land belong equally to all men? What right has any man to bring fresh beings into existence who shall have a *right* to share with those already in possession? The land has most of it originally been reclaimed from the waste, and belongs of right only to him who has thus created it. The "unearned increment" having been created by the people, properly belongs to them. Property generally belongs only of *right* to the man who has by his labour produced it, or to him to whom the original producer has made it over.

As to the Nationalization of the Land, it is a question whether it could be made to produce much more than it does at present, and therefore any profit to the Nation. The small quantity of land the Nation does possess, that is, the Crown Lands, furnish very little encouragement, either by their profit or management, to take more. But what is the object aimed at by those who would take the whole? Is it to keep the greatest number of people on the land, or the greatest number who can live most pleasantly? One-third of our population now live, not on bread, but on coal; at least the population must have been one-third less if it were not for those who spent their life in a coal pit. Is this the kind of thing, in all its varieties, that it is desirable to perpetuate? Must

our beautiful Garden of England be turned into potato plots, that, as in Ireland, Our Hodge, like Pat, may have a dozen children, when he cannot keep, even upon potatoes, half that number. And when these children grow up, what then? They will have to find other land abroad, and that may as well be done at first as at last.

The land, it is said, ought to "belong to the people," but who are the people? If it were taken by the Nation for the people, in what way could they be benefited? If it could be made to pay a profit equal to the National Debt,—and it is very doubtful whether it could be made to pay a profit at all,—that would not be a shilling a week all round. No doubt many alterations are required to bring the land more into the hands of the people, but could not those be best made under present arrangements?

The Slow Growth of Truth.

"Every great change in the popular creed is always preceded by a great change in the intellectual condition of the age. . . . Reasoning which in one age would make no impression whatever, in the next age is received with enthusiastic applause. . . . Speculative opinions which are embraced by any large body of men are accepted not on account of the arguments upon which they rest, but on account of a predisposition to receive them. . . . The changes are effected by a sense of the incongruity or discordance of the old doctrines with other facts of our knowledge. . . . The disbelief in Witchcraft presents a spectacle, not of argument or of conflict, but of a silent evanescence and decay. The priests continued to exorcise the possessed, to prosecute witches, and to anathematize as infidels all who questioned the crime—but the sense of the improbability of witches became continually stronger, till any anecdote which involved the intervention of the Devil, was on that account generally ridiculed. The Church of Rome taught that to spare a Witch was a direct insult to the Almighty,—an outrage to the Majesty of Heaven. . . . John

Wesley taught that the giving up of Witchcraft was in effect giving up the Bible. . . . The belief in witchcraft is a very reasonable assumption from the belief in the devil and the power of his agents—evil spirits. But when the belief in this active agency of Satan declined it was discovered that the word translated witch in the Levitical condemnation may be translated ‘poisoner.’” —“*The Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe,*” by W. E. H. Lecky.

Galileo was condemned because the Scripture says “the sun runneth about from one end of the earth to the other,” and that “the foundations of the earth are so firmly fixed that they cannot be moved.”—*Lecky*.

Lactantius (an early Father) was of opinion that the pursuit of astronomy was mad and senseless, and argued that it was ridiculous to suppose that there are men whose footsteps are higher than their heads, and that the crops and trees grow downwards, and that the rains and snow and hail fall upwards towards the earth. A friend of the writer had a very valuable maid-servant, who had been with him many years, and who had made up her mind to follow her friends to New Zealand. No argument could induce her to remain till she was shown the globe, where she saw that at the Antipodes the people must be with their heads downwards. She thought this would be inconvenient, if it were altogether decent, and she gave up going. And the good and learned Melancthon does not appear to have been much wiser. “The eyes,” he says, “are witnesses that the heavens revolve in the space of twenty-four hours. But certain men, either from the love of novelty or to make a display of ingenuity, have concluded that the earth moves, and they maintain that neither the eight spheres nor the sun revolves. Now, it is a want of honesty and decency to assert such notions publicly, and the example is pernicious. It is the part of good men to accept the truth as revealed by God, and to acquiesce in it.” Lord Bacon speaks quite as confidently on this question of the earth’s motion, “It is the absurdity of these opinions,” he says, “that has driven men to the diurnal motion of the earth; which I

am convinced is most false.”—*De Augmentis Scientiarum*, B. 111.

“Innovation of every kind by the church in the middle ages was regarded as a crime. If it was shown in speculation, it was called heresy. If it was shown in the study of nature, it was called magic. Roger Bacon had fourteen years’ imprisonment.”—*Lecky*.

The present day is distinguished above all things by diversity of opinion among all men who attempt to think for themselves. We have questions, on the conduct of Governor Eyre for instance, in which we find Carlyle and Professor Tyndall appearing on one side, and Mill and Herbert Spencer on the other, and Carlyle says, “Mill’s work on Liberty appears to me the most exhaustive statement of precisely that I feel to be untrue on the subject therein treated.” In fact such is the diversity of opinion among our leading minds, arising mainly from the want of a true Science of Mind, that the public are beginning to think there is no such thing as truth, or at least none that is attainable, and they consequently look, not to *what* is said, but to *the way* in which it is said—to style rather than to matter.

Criticism.

Pericles, at the last moment of his life, said that while those about him were commending him for things that others might have done as well as himself, they took no notice of the greatest and most honourable part of his character—“that no Athenian, through his means, ever went into mourning.” Does not this pretty fairly represent criticism generally, and must it not always be so where the larger mind is judged by the smaller? Depreciation is, perhaps, all the critic is capable of; if appreciation is wanted, that probably requires a higher power than the critic possesses. The fact is that even supposing the rare case of a critic being competent, he has no time,—no one is allowed time to read and think; such is the pressure put upon him by business requirements. Mr. John Morley gives us an illustration of this in his last

article in the *Fortnightly*, October, 1882. "A reviewer," he says, "on the staff of a famous journal once received for his week's task "General Hamley on the Art of War," a three volume novel, a work on dainty dishes, and a translation of Pindar." So that, as the *Spectator* tells us, February 10, 1883, p. 179, "the class that uses its brains works as it never yet worked, and is harassed as it never was harassed before, till physicians are recognising 'over-work' as a specific cause of disease." If we think of the quantity of paper that requires to be filled with print daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, we may form some estimate of what its quality is likely to be. Or taking another view, viz., that Great Britain contains so many inhabitants, as Carlyle says, "mostly fools" and writers have to suit the supply to the demand, the result is not so extraordinary. Mr. Anthony Trollope tells us that "Much of the literary criticism which we now have is very bad indeed ; so bad as to be open to the charge both of dishonesty and incapacity. Books are criticised without being read, are criticised by favour, and are trusted by editors to the criticism of the incompetent. If the names of the critics were demanded, editors would be more careful. But I fear the effect would be that we should get but little criticism, and that the public would put but little trust in that little. An ordinary reader would not care to have his books recommended by Jones ; but the recommendation of the great unknown comes to him with all the weight of the *Times*, the *Spectator*, or the *Saturday*."—*Autobiography*, vol. 1, p. 255.

I take this advertisement from the *Spectator*, February 2, 1884

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FIRST PRINCIPLES.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

"This is nothing but a philosophy of epithets and phrases, introduced and carried on with an unrivalled solemnity and affectation of precision of style, concealing the loosest reasoning and the haziest indefiniteness."—*Edinburgh Review*.

This criticism furnishes an admirable illustration of how

a book like "First Principles" would be likely to appear to the ordinary critical mind, where the smaller intellect, as is too often the case, sets itself to judge the larger one.

The Soul and Its Identity.

"Visions and dreams were regarded as actual intercourse with spiritual beings, and thus a morbid phantasy becomes supernatural experience." (*J. S. Mill on Religion*) No doubt we have here the *origin* of the belief in the Soul and a Future State, and we find the "survival" of this early faith among our modern Spiritualists, one of the most intelligent of whom, writing to me, says (February 1st, 1884), "I myself have been in the Spirit World, and out of my body, which I contemplated as if dead, not a dream or a hallucination, but a positive experience, and therefore no quantity of reasoning or argument can deprive me of the conviction that my Spiritual Ego is the person I, myself.

Mind is everywhere and in everything, but its special manifestation depends upon the body with which it is temporarily connected, then only does it become phenomenal or sensible to us. Body and Soul make a man, when they are separated neither can retain its Identity. "The Soul is no more man apart from the body than the body apart from it."—*André Lefèvre*.

"We live in the eternal order, and the eternal order never dies."

The universal belief concerning the origin of death (that by sin came death) is disproved by geology.—*Lecky, Rationalism*, vol. 1, p. 302.

Universalism.

"Perhaps the most acute pain the human body can undergo is that of fire; and this, the early fathers assure us, is the eternal destiny of the mass of mankind. . . . The sense of Divine Goodness being destroyed, the whole

fabric of natural religion crumbled in the dust, and was replaced by Dogma and every kind of intellectual dishonesty. . . . They felt, with St. Augustine, that the end of Religion is to become like the object of worship, and they represented the Deity as confining his affections to a small section of his creatures, and inflicting on all others the most horrible and eternal suffering." — "*Lecky's Rationalism*," vol. 1, pp. 341, 350, 351, 353.

God can do everything in the orthodox belief, and C. Kingsley says "To believe that God should determine to torment endless one whom he *could* reform is an insult to His love and justice which I will die rather than utter." So would I! but I also believe that all punishment is for the good of the offender, and that all other would be revenge, and it is impossible to attribute that to God.

The Communion of Saints.

"My own belief is," says Dr. Charles S. Drysdale, "that we are so many natural Leyden jars, unequally charged with electricity or magnetism, which is always seeking to find its own level, so that we are always either giving or taking it from those with whom we come in contact and those with whom we live." Spiritualists affirm that in their "circles" good or bad thoughts and feelings arise according to the characters of the people with whom they are associated. The Communion of Saints is a physical fact.

A pupil of Leibig asserts that chemical analysis reveals a marked distinction between the blood of a gentleman and the blood of a boor, so that modern discovery confirms the popular saying that it takes three generations at least to make a gentleman.

PowerThe of Will on Life.

Dr. Beard, of New York, says, "One does not need to practice medicine long to learn that men die who might just as well live, if they resolved to live; and that myriads

who are invalids might become strong, if they had the nature or acquired will to vow that they would do so." No doubt the brain contains a large reservoir of potential force that may be resolved at will, that is, *consciously*, into active vital force. Vital, nervous, mental force is the same power manifesting itself under varied conditions, and readily changing from one to the others as the conditions change.

Goethe on Originality.

"Everything that exists depends upon the past, prepares the future, and is related to the whole." (*Oerstead.*) Goethe frankly said, What would remain to me if this art of appropriation were derogatory to genius? Every one of my writings has been furnished to me by a thousand different persons, a thousand things: wise and foolish have brought me, without suspecting it, the offering of their thoughts, faculties, and experience. My work is an aggregation of beings taken from the whole of nature; it bears the name of Goethe." — *Emerson, Letters and Social Aims*, p. 177.

The Future State.

The Christian places his chief good in continued existence, although the state of happiness or misery is a little uncertain; the Buddhist in Nirvana or individual annihilation. The Buddhist is a pessimist, and considers individual existence as the great evil, and the highest reward for its votaries to be re-absorbed into the great whole. But this is not non-existence, it is the complete extinction only of the individual.

Light and Sound.

"Sound, under the same conditions as here, would take one hundred years to reach the sun, while light reaches it in 8min. and 8secs. In one second light would make the round of the globe seven times."

Action and Reaction in Mind as in Matter.

"Though it is the higher minds that act, it is the mediocre minds that react, and history teaches that the progress of humanity is as much the result of the reactions which communicate motion as of the actions which first determine it." — *Professor Th. Ribot, "Heredity,"* p. 351.)

Durance and Endurance.

"Who has never known durance never learns endurance. . . . But how different are the sufferings of the sinner to those of the saint! The former are an eclipse of the moon, by which the dark night becomes still darker and wilder; the latter are a solar eclipse, which cools off the hot day, and casts a romantic shade, and wherein the nightingales begin to warble." — *Richter, "Titan."*

"Men's actions and character are far more determined by emotion than by knowledge. To take an illustration from the material universe: it is not the light that issues from the sun, but the heat, which melts the glaciers, causes evaporation, and thus maintains the vitality of the universe." — *Anna Swanwick.*

Evolution.

"The mystery to human intelligence in the development of a feathered fowl out of the albumen of an egg is not intrinsically greater than would be the evolution of all the flora and fauna of the universe out of a common protoplasmic germ. We know that the one takes place incessantly, and its mystery is forgotten in its constancy and commonness, while the other is unknown to experience." — *"Ethical Philosophy and Evolution," W. Knight.*

When reason is against a man, man will be against reason." — *Hobbes.*

"When a man has made up his mind already, he can prove anything whatever, from any fact whatever."

(*Charles Kingsley.*) As for God's book, men have made it to mean anything and everything.

The North American Indians believe that the Great Spirit made all things except thunder and rice. Christians believe that He governs all things but the human will, which is free.

"When a man's knowledge is not in order, the more of it he has the greater will be his confusion of thought."
—*H. Spencer.*

When men have invented words for unknown causes they think they have explained them.

"Our duty surely is to follow the truth, wherever it leads us, and to leave the consequences in the hands of God."—*Dr. Colenso.*

If mechanical invention should free the working classes from labour before they are morally and intellectually prepared for it, it can only be to the retarding of civilisation rather than to its advance. At present we have the triumph of steam, electricity, and gas, and mechanical progress has given our age many times the resources of any that have preceded it, but the moral advance is not proportionate, and people are therefore not much happier.

We take up the childish notions of a childish age, and then because we cannot reconcile them with the wisdom of the present we call them mysteries.

Eloquence.—"As soon as a man shows rare power of expression, like Chatham, Erskine, Patrick Henry, &c., all the great interests, whether of state or of property, crowd to him to be their spokesman, so that he is at once a potentate, a ruler of men."—*Emerson.*

Life and Sensibility.—A gnat dies in a day, while a tortoise lives two or three centuries. Is not this typical in a somewhat less degree, of many human beings

Life is properly measured by sensibility or feeling, and not by mere continued corporeal existence.

"Savages have the character of children with the passions and strength of men."—*Sir John Lubbock*, "*Prehistoric Man*," p. 465.

The brain is a musical instrument—an organ ; its perfection varying according to the number of tunes it can play in harmony with all around.

"In the Roman States all the teachings and exactions had reference to a future life, and in exact proportion the temporal welfare of the people was neglected."—*Geo. Combe's Life*.

Positivists consider phenomena altogether apart from their source ; we may as well consider motion apart from the thing moving.

"The highest perfection of research would be the thorough spiritualisation of Natural Laws, reducing them to laws of Intuition and Thought."—*Schelling*.

"What is Nature ? says Pascal. Perhaps a first habit, as habit is a second nature."

"The Will, as the principle of all things (the universal essence), slumbers in the rock, awakens in the plant, becomes fully developed in man."—*Schopenhauer*.

Nature is the "living visible garment of God," with which he clothes himself—Nature is God, and the Laws of Nature are God's Commandments. God is the only Ego.

Whatever may be the Reality underlying the phenomenal world, whatever all this seeming may be referred to, there is one reality to us, the happiness resulting.

INDEX.

- A.K.H.B.—see Country Parson.
A Priori reasoning in theology, 232.
 Allman, Prof. G. J.—on Mind and Matter, 189.
 Amativeness—125.
 Amberley, Lord—his phrenology, 31; his children's tutor, 104.
 Anthropology, Manual of—published, 103; critiques upon, 104.
 Anti-Corn Law Agitation—68.
 Antoninus, M.—on the circulation of life, 211; pantheism, 224, 227; on the outward expression of character, 246; on the folly of anger, 272.
 Arnold Matthew—on the modern creed, 237, 241.
 Arnott, Dr. Neil—on the organisation of industry, 60; value of his "Elements of Physics," 116; on cosmopolitan feeling, 153.
 Aspiration—241.
 Aspland, Rev. Robert—49.
 Atheism—229.
 Atkinson, H. G.—correspondence with, 78; would identify Shakspeare with Lord Bacon, 78; on materialism, 248.
 Auerbach, Berthold—on another existence, 180.
 Authority, and liberty, equally necessary—
- Babbage, C.—on the value of proven truths, 211.
 Baker, Sir Samuel—on English colonization and commerce, 146; on religion and superstition, 239.
 Bacon, Lord—on atheism, 200; on obeying nature, 261; disbelieved the rotation of the earth, 276.
 Beard, Dr.—on the power of will over health, 280.
 Berkeley, Bishop—idealism, 247, 252.
 Brain—organ of mind, 260; importance of harmony with all around, 284.
 Brougham, Lord—on a knowledge of creation, 221.
 Buddhist infallibility, 240; doctrine of future state, 281.
 Burton, Captain R.—on conscience, 268.
 Butler, Bishop—all nature the working of God, 224; happiness man's only object, 225.
- Call, W. M. W.—on the coming religion, 155.
 Card, Mrs.—mesmeric experiments, 108.
 Carlyle, T.—religious difficulties in early life, 16; his phrenology, 26; on organization of labour, 59, 131, 154; on the French Revolution, 119; on political liberty, 147; on his father's cheerfulness, 157; his father's fear of death, 177, 178; on cheap living, 160; quotations from, 191, 195, 199.

- Carlyle, Mrs.—on a future life, 235 ; compares her lot with that of her neighbours, 270.
 Causation—261.
 Cerebral psychology—105.
 Chance—no such thing, 17.
 Character—244.
 Charities, demoralizing—85.
 Civilization—242.
 Clifford, Prof.—test of good actions, 119 ; motive for doing well, 185 ; on theological arguments, 252 ; on idealism, 254 ; on Conscience and its work, 267 ; on Free Will, 271.
 Cobbe, Miss—on a future life, 234.
 Cobden—his commercial spirit, 145.
 Colenso, Bishop—his trust and confidence in truth, 283.
 Combe, Abram—death through efforts for social improvement, 118.
 Combe, George—author first reads his "Phrenology," 21 ; applies for the Chair of Logic at Edinburgh, 24 ; visits at Rosehill, 70 ; valuable work, 208 ; yearning for rest in death, 223 ; idealism, 252.
 Commercial Immorality—139.
 Communion of Saints—280.
 Community of goods—not practicable yet, 64, 118 ; at Orbiston, 118 ; at Queenwood, 61.
 Compromise—236.
 Congreve, Dr. Richard—231.
 Conolly, Dr. John—on phrenology, 24 ; visitor at Rosehill, 70 ; letter from, 94.
 Conscience and our Moral Intuitions—267.
 Co-operative Society started, 64 ; fails through the credit system, 67 ; co-operative congress at Leeds, 1869, 133 ; at Oxford, 1882, 136.
 Co-operation—Lord Derby on, 133 ; difficulties of, 138 ; important future, 147.
 "Cosmos, The"—pamphlet, 105.
 "Country Parson, The"—170, 179, 182.
 Coventry—cursed with many charities besides Lammas lands, 85 ; Hospital, 88.
Coventry Herald—purchase of, 81 ; supports the diversion of eleemosynary charities, 86 ; transferred to Mr. J. M. Scott, 160.
 Creation—Hebrew account of, with that of the Fall compared with that of the Kumis of Chittagong, 213.
 Criticism—277.
 Croad, Mrs.—deaf, dumb, and blind, yet distinguished colours, 253.
 Crystal Palace—advantages of, 165.
 Darwin, Charles—his phrenology, 31 ; on the results of the struggle for existence, 201.

- Davy, Sir Humphry—idealism, 225.
 Death—222.
 Deity—223; difficulties as to his omnipotence, 217, 225; in nature, 218, 224, 226; his happiness the final cause of creation, 225; supposed exception to his all-pervading action, 283.
 Derby, Lord—on Co-operation, 133.
 Design in creation—257.
 Dickens, Charles—his phrenology, 28.
 Didier, Alexis—on mesmerism, 108.
 Diversity of opinion—277.
 Drysdale, Dr. C. S.—on the effect of companionship, 280.
- Education in its widest sense, importance of, 125.
 "Education of the Body," published, 50.
 "Education of the Feelings," published, 52.
 "Ego," The—259.
 Elam, Dr.—discrepancy between science and present philosophy, 241.
 Electro-biology—109.
 Eleemosynary charity—266.
 Emerson, R. W.—visits Rosehill, 72; his high opinion of the "Philosophy of Necessity," 72; optimist teaching, 210.
 Emigration, desirability of—146, 147.
 Emotion—more powerful than knowledge, 282.
 English institutions—slow growth of, 140; colonies deserve supporting and spreading, 146.
 Epicurus—his ideal of the virtuous state, 271.
 Equality among men, no such thing as—150.
 Evil, mystery of—215.
 Evolution—282.
 Eyre, Governor—diversity of opinion on his conduct, 277.
- Faith—not voluntary, 184.
 Fatalism and Automatism, 264; untenable and mischievous, 265.
 Final Cause—225.
 Fiske—on mental and physical force, 99; quotation from Michelet on the good results of pain, 215; incorrect opinions on the ruthlessness of nature, 217; on mind, 229.
 Food for the mind—270.
 Footman, Rev. H.—difficulty of evil in the world, 220.
 Force, distinct from matter, 228; mind one of its manifestations, 229; force and inherent tendency, 228; the active power of all phenomena, 262.
 "Force and its Mental Correlates," published, 97; its conclusions, 101.
 Formative principle—263.
 Fowle, Rev. T. W.—on future life, 173, 181.

- Fraternity, 151 ; requires high organization, 153.
 Free Trade—not the highest social organization possible, 69, 130.
 Free Will—no such thing, 18, 216, 271.
 Freedom, true—271.
 French Revolution—premature, 119.
 Froude, J. A., 75 ; on commercial immorality, 139.
 Future State, the, 166 ; author's feelings with regard to, 166 ;
 Dr. Donald Macleod upon, 173 ; a doctrine of little
 working influence, 176, 183 ; incredible, 182, 281.
- Gall, Dr.—importance of his science, 30.
 "George Eliot"—first acquaintance with, 76 ; intimate friendship with, 73 ; a phrenologist, 74 ; her phrenological development, 74 ; and character, 74 ; accompanies Mr. and Mrs. Bray to Italy, 75 ; returns to their house from Geneva, 75 ; translates Strass's "*Leben Jesu*," 77 ; on independence, 151 ; Christian burial, 186 ; on the beauty of this world, 199.
- George, Henry—on property in land, 274.
 Gladstone, W. E.—his phrenology, 28, 247.
 Goethe—on dead matter, 200 ; on originality, 281.
 Gotama the Buddha—pain follows evil, 215.
 Government organization—141.
 Gravity, a spiritual force, 252.
 Gray, Dr. Asa—on the omnipotence of spirit, 264.
 Greg, W. R. —on immortality, 175 ; on satiety of life, 203.
 Grove's Correlation of the physical forces, 97.
 Gull, Sir W. W.—death the renewal of life, 220.
- Habit of looking at the bright side of things, 156 ; of good reading, 158.
 Happiness—the result of the author's philosophy, 157 ; a certain reality, 284.
- Hartmann—on will and force, 262.
 Hats—recent reduction in sizes used, 39.
 Health, public—influence upon, 51.
 Henderson Trustees—assistance from, 103.
 Hennell, C. C.—Unitarian brother-in-law, 49 ; publishes his "*Origin of Christianity*," 49, 76 ; its influence upon "*George Eliot*," 76 ; his marriage, 77.
- Heredity—indisputable fact, 120.
 Hinton, James—194, 199 ; on the mother's love, 218 ; on force and matter, 228 ; necessity to us of the sensuous world, 242 ; realism and idealism, 248, 254 ; direct and special working of God in nature, 263.
- Hobbes, T.—reason *versus* interest, 282.
 Houghton, Lord—on co-operative societies, 136.
 Hume, D.—on a future state, 196, 234 ; on a Creator, 200, 226 ; on a theologian's contempt for logic, 234 ; necessity of teaching a future life, 262.

Hutton—on the soul acting without the body, 242.

Huxley, Prof.—on marriage and human breeding, 120 ; on lesson-bibbing, 125 ; pantheism, 224 ; morality independent of religion, 231 ; idealism and realism, 249 ; every form is force visible, 254 ; his automatism mischievous, 265.

Idealism, the author's—the Fichtean Ego, 259.

Illusion and Delusion—98, 106.

Improvvidence of the poor—273.

Individuals sacrificed to the general good—19, 152.

Inspiration of both Buddhist and Christian scriptures limited, 240.

Jolly, W.—his utilization of phrenology, 26 ; edits "George Combe on Education," 26.

Kant—on the object of all knowledge, 195 ; his teaching as to the attributes of the Deity, 252 ; on free will, 271.

Kingsley, Rev. Charles—on the power of the soul over the body, 130 ; yearning for rest, 223 ; on Irish juries, 267 ; disbelief in eternal punishment, 280 ; foregone conclusions, 282.

Knight, W.—right and wrong the result of experience, 269 ; mystery in small things, 282.

Knowledge—all subjective, 33.

Labour question—59.

Labourers' and Artizans' Co-operative Society, 64, 90.

Lactantius—his difficulties about Antipodes, 276.

Land question—133, 274.

Lange—his estimate of phrenology, 38, idealism, 248.

Latinneau, Dr. Charles—on the growth of morality, 269.

Lefevre, André—on union of soul and body, 279.

Le Fontaine lectures at Coventry on mesmerism—107.

Lecky, W. E. H.—on persecution, 236 ; on the growth of conscience and morality, 269 ; cessation in the belief of witchcraft, 276 ; death not caused by sin, 279.

Leopold, Prince—on the small cost of the highest pleasures, 164.

Lewes, George Henry—his objections to phrenology considered, 34 ; also to mental and moral correlates, 188 ; on Sir Isaac Newton's Universal Spirit, 255 ; all sensation is feeling, 260.

Liberty—148.

Life—207 ; in other worlds, 210 ; probably different from ours, 211 ; future life, 234.

Light and Sound, different rate of motion—281.

Lilly, W. S.—conscience the foundation of religion, 253.

Lindsay, Dr. Lauder—on the morality of the world, 268.

Literary criticisms—116 ; worthlessness of many, 277.

- Longfellow—on Burns, 192.
 Lubbock, Sir John—on savages, 284.
 Lucretius—denies supernatural interference, 224.
 Luther—his belief in witchcraft, 239.
 Lytton, Bulwer Lord—on man's inner life, 245.
- Macaulay—on the desire for "power," 271.
 Macleod, Dr. Donald—on "trusting the larger hope," 173 ; on death, 179.
 Macleod, Dr. Norman—orthodox views of the Fall, 214.
 Marshall, Mrs.—spiritual seance at her house, 110.
 Martineau, Harriet—depreciation of a future life, 235.
 Massey, C. C.—work of modern philosophy, 137.
 Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald—lecture on mesmerism, 108.
 Max Müller—happiness dependent upon knowledge, 209.
 Melancthon—difficulty about new astronomical ideas, 276.
 Memory—method of assisting, 43.
 Mental and physical force—identity of, 100, 247.
 Mesmerism—107.
 Mill, John Stuart—opinion of phrenology, 26 ; premature education, 127 ; on liberty, 148 ; his father's opinion of Christianity, 241 ; on force, 258 ; dreams the origin of belief in spirits, 279.
 Miracles—225 ; author's belief in one class of, 226.
 Mivart, St. George—suggests the eternity of worlds, 223.
 Morality—sufficiently supported by self-interest, 106 ; weakness of, 123.
 Morley, John—on the overwork of literary critics, 277.
 Morpeth, Lord—on the difficulty of sanitary reforms, 84.
- Napoleon III.—his phrenology, 29.
 Nationalization of land—274.
 Natural Law : as Automatic Mind or Unconscious Intelligence, 98 ; Pascal on, 284.
 Natural selection—212 ; mischievous to interfere with in Ireland, 266.
 Nature—the outward manifestation of God, 284.
 Newton, Sir Isaac—gravitation a divine action, 225, 231 ; analogy between his "Universal Spirit" and modern "Force," 254.
 Noel, Hon. Roden—on the influence of body upon mind, 257.
- Orbiston—Community at, 118.
 Organization of Industry—58 ; Carlyle upon, 60.
 Organization of the body—all improvement depends upon, 117, 144.
 Origin of Man—267.
 Originality—Goethe upon, 281.

Our own well-being—the result often of self-sacrifice, 212.

Overwork—mischievous of, 208.

Owen, Robert—opens the Millennium at Harmony Hall, 61 ; which fails, 63.

Pain—215, 218.

Pantheism—227.

Pascal—on nature and habit, 284.

Penderick, Maurice—on the renewal of life, 202.

Pessimism—reply to, 212, 219.

Philosophy of Necessity—first impresses itself, 17 ; quotation from the prefaces, 53, 57 ; critiques upon, 56 ; tranquillising effect of, 57, 92, 157 ; second edition, 91 ; unexpected agreement with Positivism, 93.

Phrenology—first introduction to, 21 ; the natural laws of mind, 23 ; importance of, 31, 34, 55 ; recent books on, 46 ; of Lord Amberley, 31 ; T. Carlyle, 26 ; Darwin, C., 31 ; Dickens, C., 28 ; Gladstone, W. E., 28 ; Napoleon III., 29 ; Sir W. Scott, 41 ; George Eliot, 74 ; an index to character, 245.

Phreno-mesmerism—109.

Physical force—automatic mind, 104.

Physical and mental force identical—187.

Picton, J. Allansen—on compromise with rejected beliefs, 237.

Political economy—imperfection of our present, 59, 69, 130.

Positivist basis of ethics—269 ; impossibility of considering phenomena apart from their sources, 284.

Powell, Rev. Baden—on the connection of body and mind, 187.

Prayer—58, 209, 218 ; Dr. Ward on, 235.

Provident Dispensary established in opposition to the medical men—87 ; its great success in Coventry, 87.

Psychological Society of Great Britain—papers written for, 105.

“Psychological and Ethical Definitions”—176, 187.

Punishment, divine—for the good of the offender, not for revenge, 280.

Quarles, Francis—pessimist view of life, 202.

Reading, good—recommended, 158, 162, 164.

Ready-money system necessary in co-operative stores—67.

Realism and Idealism—250.

Reay, Lord—on Co-operation, 137, 138.

“Reign of Law in Mind as in Matter”—pamphlet, 105.

“Religion Primitive and among the Lowest Races”—pamphlet, 105.

“Religion, The Christian”—pamphlet, 105.

Revolution—238.

Reynolds, Rev. J. W.—on the abundance of life, 194 ; difficulties in his teaching, 227.

- Ribot, T.—on Heredity, 122 ; on the action of mediocre minds, 282.
- Richter, J. P.—on the sufferings of the sinner and the saint.
Right to live—272.
- Roebuck, A.—method of speech-making, 115.†
- Romanes, G. J.—on pain and pleasure, 215 ; origin of instincts, 229.
- Sand, George—influence of body over mind, 257.
- Schelling—idealism, 254 ; highest perfection of research, 284.
- Schiller on a future state, 196.
- School Rates—unfair while religion is taught, 52.
- Schopenhauer his pessimism, 219, 222 ; fatalism does not interfere with cause and effect, 265.
- Science knowledge and obedience to, the coming religion, 209.
- Scott, Sir W.—phrenology of, 41.
- Scott, Thomas—pamphlets by the author, published in his series, 105.
- Seeley, Professor—recommends pantheism, 224 ; on atheists, 230 ; on science, 230 ; revolution impending, 238 ; unity underlying all religions, 265.
- Self-sacrifice—often necessary to our own well-being in the long run, 212.
- Senses, the—259.
- Shaftesbury—definition of virtue, 213.
- Shakespeare—possible identity with Lord Bacon, 79.
- Shelley's Queen Mab, 54 ; on death, 222.
- Simpson, James, of Edinburgh—71.
- Smiles, Dr., on happiness with small means, 165.
- Soul, the, and its identity—279.
- Souls secrete bodies—130.
- Spencer, Herbert—on indiscriminate charity, 51 ; on mental and physical force, 98, 251 ; on the development of civilisation, 244 ; idealism and realism, 252 ; on the morality of savages, 268 ; sufferings of the wives of savages, 268 ; on the growth of moral intuitions, 269 ; *Edinburgh Review* on his "First Principles," 278 ; on confusion of knowledge, 283.
- Spinoza—on freedom of will, 18.
- Spiritualism—107, 110 ; theory of spirits rejected, 112.
- Spurzheim—development of the brain, 250.
- Success—want of, 90.
- Superstition—239.
- Survival of the fittest—211.
- Swanwick, Anna—emotion more powerful than knowledge, 282.
- Talk—its power in these days, 114.
- Tennyson—on the future state, 193.
- Theists—distinction between their creed and the author's, 227.

- Thomson—good out of evil, 201.
 Translation of the Bible, argument from—12.
 Trollope, Anthony—on criticism, 278.
 Truth—slow growth of, 275.
 Tylor, E. B.—relationship of religions, 239.
 Tyndall, Professor—life in matter, 223 ; finds religion not necessary to his highest morality, 231 ; on the invisible rays of light, 259 ; on the descent of man, 267.
- Unity in apparent diversity—265.
 Uhlich—on the beauty of nature—199.
- Virtue—that which produces happiness, 216.
 Virchow, Professor—on the descent of man, 267.
 Vogt, Professor—his estimate of phrenology, 38.
- Wallace, A. R.—too easy belief in spiritualism, 111.
 Walther, Professor—of Landshut—on magnetic sleep—114.
 War—the first organiser, 152.
 Ward, Dr. W. G.—on prayer, 235.
 Watson, Rev. H. W.—on the discovery of “ Energy ” or “ Force,” 255.
 Watts, Dr. John—correspondence with, 43.
 Westminster Confession of Faith—14, 168, 171, 215, 217.
 Whence, Why, Whither ?—193.
 Whewell, Dr.—limited idea of the prevalence of life, 210.
 Will, subject to law, 106 ; will-power extends beyond the body, 113 ; power of the, on life and health, 280.
 Wilson, Dr. A.—estimate of phrenology, 36.
 Women—their powers and rights, 268.
 Working Classes—not fit yet for self-government, 142 ; nor for much leisure, 283.
 World—ideal, 106.
- Zschokke—progress inevitable, 262.

